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THE ST. ALBAN HYMNAL

THE ST. ALBAN HYMNAL

✓
THE
ST. ALBAN HYMNAL

Compiled for the use of FEB 3 1922

✓
THE
LIBERAL CATHOLIC CHURCH
IN
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE ST. ALBAN PRESS

LOS ANGELES

::

LONDON

::

SYDNEY

—
1921

THE
ST. ALBAN HYMNAL

Compiled for the use of

THE
LIBERAL CATHOLIC CHURCH
IN
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE ST. ALBAN PRESS

LONDON

1881

Foreword.

The St. Alban Hymnal is published to meet the needs of the Liberal Catholic Church, and a knowledge of the tenets of that Church is necessary in order to enable the reader to understand the principles which have governed the selection of the hymns, and the manifold alterations which have been made in them. The Liberal Catholic Church allows perfect freedom of opinion to all its members, but it has at the same time a definite doctrine to offer to those who feel themselves able to accept it, though it does not exact adherence to it or to any other dogma as a condition of access to its altars. Its central and paramount teaching is that God is Love and Light, and that in Him there is no darkness at all. Consequently it regards as blasphemous all assertions of hell and damnation, all prayers for salvation by blood, all ignoble cries for mercy, all expressions showing fear or doubt of the Loving Father. It holds that heaven is not a place but a state of consciousness, and that death is not a plunge into a dim unknown, but simply a passage into a higher and beautifully familiar life.

All this being so, it will be readily understood that its members find the ordinary hymn somewhat futile, since it is filled with expressions which the enlightened Christian cannot honestly endorse if he pays any attention to the real meaning and implication of the words. Yet many such hymns contain beautiful passages which are endeared to us by old association, and it would be sad if we were debarred from their use. Some such we have had regretfully to abandon; but we have been able by careful alteration to bring many into harmony with our convictions. We heartily apologize to their authors for the liberty thus taken with their compositions; but we feel sure that it will readily be pardoned when

it is understood that in this changed form a hymn may enter upon a fresh career of usefulness in an entirely new field which would not otherwise have been open to it.

THE MARKING OF THE ALTERATIONS

Realizing, however, that some writers may prefer the harsher mediæval interpretation of the Christian faith, we have been careful so to mark the hymns that they shall not be held responsible for more humane doctrines of which they disapprove. When the author's name appears without any qualifying mark before it, the hymn is unaltered; when very slight changes have been made, perhaps in two or three lines only, the name is preceded by a dagger †; when the alterations are considerable, the mark ‡ is employed; when the hymn is almost entirely rewritten, the words "based on" are inserted before the writer's name. Wherever changes have been made the compilers are solely responsible for the wider sentiments expressed. Some authors give permission for the insertion of their hymns only on condition that they shall be published verbatim; it therefore becomes a matter for our consideration whether we can conscientiously include them. In some cases we have felt that we must forgo the use of such hymns; in others their beauty and appropriateness are so great that we have accepted them, even though they contain certain passages which we ourselves should have expressed otherwise. Whenever we have been able to trace the authorship of a hymn we have mentioned it; but we regret that there still remain many to which we can append only the unsatisfactory word "anonymous."

THE USE OF THE HYMNS

We have arranged our hymns to follow the course of the Church's year; but we particularly wish it to be understood

that the divisions which we have made are in no way mutually exclusive. Most of the hymns appointed for special seasons are also suitable for general use; and, *vice versa*, many general hymns may appropriately be sung during Advent, Lent, or on the Sundays after Epiphany. For example, for us Lent is not a period of weeping, fasting and servile self-abasement, but rather a time to be devoted to quiet and earnest efforts towards self-improvement. Consequently the hymns allotted to that season are such as may reasonably be used at any time.

As the early Advent of the Christ is a prominent feature in our teaching, we have naturally a large number of hymns dealing with that subject, and we recommend that they should be freely used all through the year, so that this most important matter should be kept well before the minds of our members. All these Advent hymns (and some others) are suitable for use at meetings of the Order of the Star in the East. It is hoped that our Priests will make a careful and loving study of our hymnal, and familiarize themselves with its contents, so as to be able to utilize them to the best advantage.

A few of the hymns more obviously written for processionals are set apart under that heading, but any hymn of fair length may be used for that purpose, and many of the festivals have their own traditional processionals.

THE TUNES

The incredibly exorbitant cost of labour and material at the present time, and still more, the appalling difficulties surrounding the question of musical copyright, make it impossible for us for the present to publish an edition of this book with accompanying tunes, though we hope that that may be achieved in the future. In the meantime those congre-

gations who wish to use the St. Alban Hymnal should provide for their organists the undermentioned tune-books:

Hymns Ancient and Modern, published by William Clowes and Sons, 31 Haymarket, London, S.W.

The Church Hymnal for the Christian Year, published by Novello & Co., 160 Wardour Street, London, W.

The Sunday School Hymnary, published by The Sunday School Union, 57 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

The Lotus Song Book, published by The Theosophical Publishing House, 9 St. Martin's Street, London, W.C. 2.

The St. Alban Hymnal (Musical Supplement), published by The St. Alban Press, 4 Raymond Road, Neutral Bay, Sydney, Australia.

To save trouble to those who are unfamiliar with Church work, we suggest the tune which seems to us most suitable to each hymn; but in order to allow as wide a range as possible to individual taste we have supplied a metrical index, so that the organist may see at a glance what other tunes of the same metre are available, and may make his selection from among them. The numbers given in the columns of that index indicate in what book the respective tunes are to be found.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We desire to express our hearty thanks to the undermentioned authors, who have most kindly allowed us the use of their copyright hymns absolutely free of charge, in many cases accompanying their permission with the most cordial good wishes:

The Proprietors of Hymns Ancient and Modern, for hymns 6, 139, 150, 155, 219, 220, 239, 379.

The Rev. E. B. Birks, for hymn 35.

Canon G. H. Bourne, for hymns 226, 228.

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Mrs. Carlyle, for the Rev. W. C. Smith's hymns 327, 352.

Mr. G. E. R. Coldstream, for hymn 467.

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The Rev. Percy Dearmer and the Proprietors of the English Hymnal (published by the Oxford University Press), for hymn 291.

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Lady Harriette S. Franklin, for hymn 233.

Mrs. Dorothy Frances Gurney, for hymn 235.

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Mr. H. Walsham How, for Bishop Walsham How's hymns 127, 195, 422.

Mr. W. Knott, for hymns 9, 53, 54, 67, 89, 172, 174, 183, taken from The New Office Hymn Book.

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Miss Jane G. Matheson, for the Rev. G. Matheson's hymns 295, 375, 457.

Messrs. A. R. Mowbray and Co., Ltd., for hymn 52.

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The Rev. C. W. Scott-Monerieff, for hymns 11, 22, 41, 137, 232, 296, 305, 424, 345, 449.

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The Proprietors of the Westminster Hymnal, for Bishop Chadwick's hymn 66.

We wish also to acknowledge with thanks the permission given by the undermentioned authors and publishers to print copyright hymns belonging to them on payment of the usual fees—though we gratefully recognize that these were in several cases greatly reduced for our benefit:

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, for hymns 15, 253, 459.

Messrs. Gay and Hancock, Ltd., for Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's hymns 99, 108, 116, 266, 316, 319, 335, 355, 398, 443, 484, 489, 502.

Mr. W. Garrett Horder, for hymns 300, 358.

Mr. H. Ernest Nichol, for hymns 16, 24, 120, 307, 322, 474, 483, 487, 513, 515, 518, 524.

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Mr. George Sampson, for hymns 349, 477.

Mr. John Murray, for Mr. J. A. Symonds's hymn 447, and for Canon Julian's hymns 495, 499.

Miss Fanny J. Wright, for hymn 4.

We must also express our warm appreciation of the work of three collaborators who wrote hymns especially for this book—Mr. E. Armine Wodehouse, Mr. David Will M. Burn, and Mrs. Mary Bright; lists of their respective contributions will be found in the Index of Authors.

The work of selection, compilation and (where necessary) alteration has been done by Bishop C. W. Leadbeater, but the colossal labour connected with ascertaining and applying for the copyrights has been carried through by the Rt. Rev. Irving S. Cooper, Regionary Bishop for the United States of America. No effort has been spared to discover the owners of copyright hymns; but if we have failed in tracing any, or if through ignorance or inadvertence any have been overlooked, we desire to offer our apologies, and to give the assurance that if reliable information be sent to us we will gladly insert the omitted acknowledgment in the next edition.

The list of hymns suggested for the Sundays and Festivals of the Christian year is to be considered exactly as it describes itself—as a suggestion only, and not by any means as a prescription. It is added merely with the view of saving trouble to those who are unfamiliar with hymnology.

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Hymns.

ON OCCASIONS OF NATIONAL REJOICING.

1

The National Anthem.

6 6.4.6 6 6.4.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let Freedom ring !

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;

Long may our land be bright
 With Freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King !

S. F. Smith.

2

All Saints.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

LORD of Might, our land's Defender,
 God of Hosts, our Strength and Stay,
 Thanks and praise to Thee we render
 For Thy blessings day by day;
 King of Angel hosts above,
 Guard and bless the land we love.

Lord of Joy, we stand confessing
 Wealth and honour come from Thee;
 Pour upon us of Thy blessing,
 May we all Thy glory see;
 King of Angel hosts, etc.

Lord of Peace, our leaders guiding,
 Grant them wisdom, strength and skill;
 O'er their counsels still presiding
 Move their hearts to do Thy Will.
 King of Angel hosts, etc.

Lord of Lords, the All-Commander,
 Make us loyal through and through,
 May we, whereso'er we wander,
 To our Motherland be true,
 King of Angel hosts, etc. Amen.

Based on Mary B. Whiting.

By permission of Novello & Co., Ltd.

3

Salvatori.

7.6.D.

SOON shall the trump of freedom resound from shore to shore,

Soon, taught by heavenly wisdom, man shall oppress no more,
But every yoke be broken, each captive soul set free,
And every heart shall welcome the day of Jubilee.

Go forward! Day is breaking; it shall be dark no more;
Thousands of men are waking on every sea and shore;
The past has ceased to bind us, its chains are hurled away,
The deepest gloom behind us melts in the dawn of day.

The morn of peace is beaming, its glory shall appear,
Behold its early gleaming! The day is drawing near.
The spear shall then be broken, and sheathed the glittering sword,

The olive be the token, and peace the greeting word.

Yes, yes! The day is breaking; far brighter grows its beam;
The nations round are waking as from an evil dream;
They see its radiance shedding where all was dark as night,
And higher, wider, spreading a boundless flood of light.

O Father ever glorious, O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all-victorious, thrice Holy Three in One,
Great God of every nation, Whom earth and Heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration be Thine for evermore. Amen.

Anon.

4

Ellacombe.

7.6.D.

UNFURL we freedom's Standard, and sing aloud to-day
One great glad song of triumph that echoes far away;
For God and for our Country we pledge ourselves to be
True servants of America in strength and unity.

As citizens and patriots let all in concord stand,
 Uphold by noble living the honour of their land;
 For God and for our Country thus prove themselves to be
 True servants of America in faith and purity.

To think, to bear, to labour, to welcome duty's call,
 May each by self-surrender learn fellowship with all;
 For God and for our Country strive ever so to be
 True servants of America in love and sympathy.

The flag of the Republic unfurled aloft to-day
 Bids every loyal subject to work, to watch, to pray
 For God and for our Country, that future ages see
 The servants of America, heirs of eternity. Amen.

Adapted from Fanny J. Wright.

5

Sound the loud timbrel.*

11 11.11 11.6 6.11 11 11.

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,
 The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
 Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
 Sing peace and good-will now the new age is born.

With glad jubilations
 Bring hope to the nations;

The dark night is ending, and dawn has begun.
 Rise, Hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
 All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

Sing the bridal of nations with chorals of love,
 Sing out the war vulture and sing in the dove;
 Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in accord,
 And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord.

Clasp hands of the nations
 In strong gratulations;

*The last five words of each verse are sung thrice.

The dark night is ending, and dawn has begun.
Rise, Hope of the ages, arise like the sun;
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north and south, let the long quarrel cease.
Sing the song of great joy that the Angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man;

Hark! joining in chorus,
The heavens bend o'er us;

The dark night is ending, the dawn has begun.
Rise, Hope of the ages, arise like the sun;
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one! Amen.

J. G. Whittier.

Other hymns suitable for such occasions are:

- 264. All people that on earth do dwell.
- 298. God is the King of Glory.
- 327. Immortal, Invisible.
- 333. Infinite God, to Thee we raise.
- 339. Let us with a gladsome mind.
- 359. Now thank we all our God.
- 379. O praise ye the Lord.
- 385. O worship the King.
- 403. Praise the Lord, His glories show.
- 404. Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him.
- 405. Praise we our Master.
- 411. Sing praise to God Who reigns above.
- 425. Tell it out among the people.
- 500. To God most High our hearts belong.
- 506. We march, we march to victory.

MORNING

6

Jam lucis or Hesperus.

L.M.

O CHRIST, the Lord of light and grace,
Thou brightness of the Father's Face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
True Day dispersing shades of night;

Thou Very Sun of heavenly love,
Pour out Thy radiance from above,
And shed the Holy Spirit's ray
On every thought and sense to-day.

So we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name;
Before His throne our praise outpour,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,
And quench the darts of wickedness;
In life's rough ways our feet defend,
And grant us patience to the end.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease.
And all within be truth and peace.

May Christ our Food with us abide
And love our daily cup provide,
And the life-giving Spirit still
Our hearts with His abundance fill.

So let us gladly pass the day,
Our thoughts as pure as morning ray,
Our faith as noontide glowing bright,
Our minds undimmed by shades of night.

All praise to God the Father be.
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee.
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

†St. Ambrose (A.D. 340) tr. by J. Chandler and others.

7

Consolation or O Perfect Love.

11.10.11.10.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh—
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows.
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean
The image of the morning star doth rest.
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee, as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and heaven.

When sinks the man, subdued by toil, to slumber,
 His closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
 Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
 But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
 When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
 For in that hour, fairer than daylight's dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee! Amen.

†Harriet Beecher Stowe.

EVENING

8

Eventide or St. Agnes (Langran).

10s.

ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy Presence every passing hour;
 'Tis by Thy strength I foil the tempter's power;
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

†Rev. H. F. Lyte.

9

*Strength and Stay.

10.10.11.10.

COMES at times a stillness as of even,
 Steeping the soul in memories of love,
 As when the glow is sinking out of heaven,
 As when the twilight deepens far above.

Comes at length a sound of many voices,
 As when the waves break lightly on the shore,
 As when at dawn the feathered choir rejoices,
 Singing aloud because the night is o'er.

Comes at times a voice of days departed,
 On the dying breath of evening borne;
 Lags the traveller, faint and weary-hearted,
 "Long is the way," it whispers, "and forlorn."

Comes at last a voice of thrilling gladness
 Borne on the breezes of the rising day,
 Saying: "The Lord shall make an end of sadness";
 Saying: "The Lord shall wipe all tears away."

Amen.

I. Gregory Smith.

From the New Office Hymn Book, by permission of
 Mr. W. Knott.

*This tune will require careful adaptation. A melody still
 more suitable will be found in The New Office Hymn Book, No. 708.

10

Dryburgh Abbey, Wurtemberg, or Day is dying.

7 7.7 7.4.

DAY is dying in the west,
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
God of Hosts, eternal Word,
Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord, most High!

While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy Face
Our hearts ascend.
Holy, Holy, Holy, etc.

Lord of Life, beneath the dome
Of the universe Thy home
Gather us, who seek Thy Face,
To the fold of Thy embrace;
For Thou art nigh.
Holy, Holy, Holy, etc.

When for ever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of Angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morn arise,
And shadows end.
Holy, Holy, Holy, etc. Amen.

Mary A. Lathbury.

11

Præceptor or O Quanta Qualia.

11.10.11.10.

DAYTIME is ending, and slumber, descending
 Soft as the dew, falls caressing and light;
 Christ, ever tending Thy sheep and befriending,
 On us anew falls Thy blessing to-night.

Master, Thy treasure of love beyond measure
 Steadfastly keeping, unshaken may we—
 Through pain and pleasure, 'mid labour or leisure—
 Find that, in sleeping, we waken with Thee.

Evil redressing, the Father confessing,
 Praise we the Son so transcendent in love;
 Homage addressing, the Paraclete blessing,
 Worship the One, all resplendent above. Amen.

Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff.

12

Mendelssohn.

7s. (ten lines).

FATHER, by Thy love and power
 Comes again the evening hour;
 Light has vanished, labours cease,
 Weary creatures rest in peace.
 Thou, Whose genial dews distil
 On the lowliest weed that grows,
 May our night be free from ill,
 Grant Thy children sweet repose;
 We to Thee ourselves resign;
 Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

Christ our Lord, to Thee we bow,
 At Thy Feet we lay our vow;
 If to-day our love hath failed,
 If some sin our light hath veiled,

This our weakness we regret,
Knowing it unworthy Thee;
Pledging us that we will yet
Stauncher and more grateful be,
Mighty Thou, though feeble we;
In Thy strength our refuge be.

Holy Spirit, Breath of balm,
Rest on us in evening's calm;
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with Thee will vigil keep.
Shining ever from above
Yet within our hearts abide;
Breath of Life and Fire of Love,
Breathe on us this eventide.
Flame of God, increase our will,
Strengthen and encourage still.

Triune God, forever near,
Where Thou art, how can we fear?
Safe within Thine arms we lie
Thou Who rulest earth and sky.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Clothed in majesty sublime,
King of all the Heavenly Host,
Lord supreme of Space and Time,
Night and day are naught to Thee,
Thou dost fill eternity! Amen.

†Joseph Anstice, vv. 1 and part of 3 (vv. 2, 4, and part of 3, by C.W.L.).

13

Tallis' Canon.

L.M.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Assoil me, Lord, from every sin,
And fill my heart with love within,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed,
For life and death, like night and day,
Are steps upon my upward way.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

14

Vesper Hymn.

S. 7. D.

NOW on land and sea descending
Brings the night its peace profound,
• Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory
Stars of heaven shine out above.
Telling still the ancient story,
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our needs and troubles leaving
To His care Who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At His touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness seems victorious,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love shine glorious,
And before them darkness flies.

God of God, the All-Commander,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body, joined together
All Thy Saints for ever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fullness,
That we may for evermore,
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

‡Samuel Longfellow.

15

Lyndhurst or Eudoxia.

6. 5. D.

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Master, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.
Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above us,
Watching round our bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may we arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.
Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
While all ages run. Amen.

16

Vita secreta.

11.12.11.10.

O GIVE us light, we pray Thee, Lord, at even—
Light that shall touch our souls with glory of the morn;
Changing from gloom to softest hues of heaven,
Like the dim splendour of a day new born.

O give us truth, the truth of perfect whiteness,
So that our souls may lie all open to Thy glance;
No hidden sin to mar their limpid brightness,
Stainless and pure before Thy countenance.

O give us love, or all is unavailing;
Love from Thy deepest heart, compassion all divine;
Bind us in one with links of gold unavailing,
One in the love of Christ, the living Vine.

O give us peace beyond all earthly seeing!
Peace like the calmness of a still and starlit sea;
Peace that is deeper than our deepest being,
Where self is lost to self and found in Thee. Amen.

H. Ernest Nichol.

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17

Stella or St. Matthias.

8s. (six lines)

O MASTER, bless us ere we go;
Thy Word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O loving Master, be our light.

The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, etc.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, etc.

Lord, give us kindness and joy,
Sweet peace, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, etc.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy blessing make us glad;
Thou art our Leader and our all.
Through life's long day, etc.

O Master, bless us; night has come;
Thy holy Presence with us be;
Good Angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day, etc.

And while to Him Who reigns above
Homage we pay on bended knee,
The Source of light and life and love
In Godhead One, in Persons Three,
Through life's long day, etc. Amen.

18

Annue Christe or Tyrolese Evening Hymn.

Gs. (eight lines)

OPEN the East Gate now
 And let the day come in;
 The day with unstained brow
 Untouched by care or sin;
 For her we watch and wait,
 Wait for the birds and dew;
 Open the Eastern Gate
 And let the daylight through.

Open the Western Gate
 And let the daylight go
 In pomp and royal state,
 In rose and amber glow;
 It is so late, so late,
 The birds sing sweet and low;
 Open the Western Gate,
 And let the daylight go!

Lay down thy daily toil,
 Glad of thy labour done,
 Glad of the night's assoll,
 Glad of thy wages won;
 Thus be it soon or late,
 To thine own self be true;
 Eastern or Western Gate
 Let truth and love shine through. Amen.

Anou

19

Nova Vita or Lumen Verum.

S.M.

OUR day of praise is done;
 The evening shadows fall;
 But pass not from us with the sun,
 True Light that lightenest all.

Around the Throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

Yet, Lord, to Thy dear Will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine Angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of Angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

O Christ, the King of Saints,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

Rev. John Ellerton.

20

Pax Dei.

10s.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy Voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

Rev. John Ellerton.

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21

St. Clement.

9.8.9.8.

THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

Rev. John Ellerton.

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22

Wiltshire or Gerontius.

C.M.

THE end of one more day hath come;
O Lord of day and night,
Call Thou Thy true disciples home
To lands of fairer light.

We lay these bodies down to sleep;
May we, all wakeful still,
Near Thee, O Master, vigil keep,
Or speed to do Thy Will.

For this we ask of Thy dear grace,
Who would Thy followers be,
That, though the daytime hide Thy Face,
Night brings us back to Thee.

What joy to spend both day and night
In Thy high service still!
Let every hour with love be bright,
Let work each moment fill.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 Be glory, service, power,
 Of men and of the Angel Host
 The God, the Strength, the Tower ! Amen.

Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff, vv. 1-3 (vv. 4, 5, by C.W.L.).

23

St. Gabriel.

8.8.8.4.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
 And spent full soon her golden store;
 The shadows of departing day
 Creep on once more.

Our life is but an autumn day,
 Its glorious noon how quickly past,
 Lead us, O Christ, Thou living Way,
 Safe home at last.

Steadfast amid the daily strife
 We lift our thoughts to realms on high;
 We long to live the glorious life
 Of love for aye;

Where light, and life and joy, and peace
 In undivided empire reign,
 And thronging Angels never cease
 Their deathless strain;

Where Saints are clothed in spotless white,
 And evening shadows never fall,
 Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
 Art Lord of all. Amen.

†Rev. G. Thring.

24

Lux æterna.

P.M.

WHEN sunset comes, all sweet and soft and tender,
When all the western clouds with crimson radiance bloom,
When peak and crag are lit with parting splendour,
While all the vale below is wrapt in gathering gloom,
Be near us, Lord!

O Light everlasting, shine upon our way!

O Splendour immortal, be our strength and stay!
Love tenderly guiding, joy ever abiding,
Peace in our deepest heart by night and day.

When all Thy stars, in golden glory burning,
Watch o'er the sleeping town or shine upon the sea,
When all our souls are filled with holy yearning,
Dead to the cares of earth, alive with love to Thee,
Be near us, Lord!

O Light, etc.

O living Light! Thy children here adore Thee;
Each heart is waiting, Lord, Thy footsteps from afar,
Shine in our souls and chase the dark before Thee,
Come in the flush of dawn, O bright and morning Star.
Be near us, Lord!

O Light, etc.

When life's last glow on earthly heights is waning,
When down the vale we pass amid the deepening night,
Be near us, Lord, with strength and hope sustaining,
Lift us, O Father, into never fading light.
Be near us, Lord!

O Light, etc. Amen.

H. Ernest Nichol.

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Another hymn suitable for Evening is:

No. 334. Lead, kindly Light.

SUNDAY

25

St. Cuthbert.

8.6.8.4.

HAIL, sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free !
Hail, quiet spirit, bringing peace
And joy to me!

A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease,
No voice but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

On all we think or say or do
A ray of light Divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

All earthly things appear to fade,
As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

Accept, O God, our hymn of praise
That Thou this day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of life in heaven.

All glory to the God of Love,
To Father, Spirit, Son;
All praise to Him, the One in Three,
The Three in One. Amen.

Rev. G. Thring.

26

Wordsworth.

7.6.D.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Before the eternal throne,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great Three in One.

In fables of creation
Light had on thee its birth;
On thee, with acclamation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee with might victorious
The Spirit came from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land;
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls,
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 The Sacrament is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

New courage ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the Rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, Blest Three in One. Amen.

‡Bp. C. Wordsworth

27

O Quanta Qualia.

10s.

O WHAT the joy and the glory must be,
 Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see !
 Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
 God shall be All and in all ever blest.

What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
 What are the peace and the joy that they own?
 O that the blest ones, who in it have share,
 All that they feel could as fully declare !

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
 Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
 Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
 Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing,
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.

There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the Angels and us doth belong.

Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that vision with fervour must try,
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Though we be exiled on Babylon's strand.

Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit with Them ever One. Amen.

†Peter Abelard (A.D. 1079), tr. by Dr. J. M. Neale.

ADVENT

28

Ellacombe.

Irregular.

BEHOLD the Bridegroom cometh
In the middle of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt,
Whose lamp is burning bright;
Alas! for that dull servant
Whom the Master shall surprise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning,
And with slumber in his eyes.

Do thou, O man, beware, beware,
 Lest thou in sleep sink down
 Lest thou be given o'er to sloth,
 And lose the golden crown;
 But see that thou be sober,
 With a watchful eye, and thus
 Cry—"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
 Pour out Thy Love on us."

That day, the day of joy, shall come;
 O man, slack not thy toil,
 But light thy lamp, and feed it well,
 And make it bright with oil,
 Who knowest not how soon may sound
 The cry at eventide,
 "Behold, the Bridegroom comes! Arise!
 Go forth to meet the bride!"

Beware, O man; beware, beware,
 Lest thou in slumber lie,
 And, like the five, remain without,
 And knock, and vainly cry;
 But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed,
 And Christ shall gird thee on
 His own bright wedding-robe of light,
 The glory of the sun. Amen.

‡Ancient Greek Office Hymn, tr. by Rev. G. Moultrie.

29

Nicæa.

Irregular.

COME, O come, Thou Splendour! come, Lord of Glory;
 All the world is waiting and crieth out for Thee,
 All the holy Angels tell the wondrous story,
 Christ cometh down to earth to set us free.

Come Thou, come triumphant, Lord of Bliss and Beauty;
O Thou Lord of Wisdom, pour out on us Thy Light,
Come Thou to Thy people, show the path of duty
That leads to Thee, Thou Lord of Power and Might.

Come again and bless us, Lord of Light supernal,
Guide our faltering footsteps along the narrow way,
That we all may find Thee, Majesty Eternal,
See Thee, and know Thee, and ever with Thee stay.

Come, Desire of nations ! let us sing Thy story,
Wide proclaim the joyful news to all beneath the sun;
Unto God the Father be all praise and glory;
To the Son and Spirit be equal honour done. Amen.

M. Bright.

30

Tyrolese Evening Hymn.

6s.D.

COME, Lord of power and might,
Make Thou us brave and strong,
That in Thy cause we fight
Injustice, hate or wrong;
Thy banner we uphold,
Thy flag we keep unfurled
With fearless mien and bold
Amidst a careless world.

Come, Lord, come !

Come, Lord of wondrous Love,
For sorely now we need
Thine influence from above
To save from self and greed,

To strengthen feeble wills
With indecision fraught,
To kill the lust that kills
All higher, nobler thought.

Come, Lord, come !

Come, Lord of truth and life,
Read Thou us through and through;
Around is falsehood rife,
O let our lives be true,
From all deception clear,
From all that's low or mean,
Free from pretence and fear,
Pure, limpid and serene.

Come, Lord, come !

Come, Lord of living light;
O grant us wisdom true
That we discern the right
And evil paths eschew,
That we in turn may shed
Thy light on all around,
That men may safely tread
Amid the dark profound.

Come, Lord, come !

Come, Lord of heavenly peace;
The world is full of woe;
Make Thou all hatreds cease
That love may freely flow,
That men may understand
And learn to do Thy will
As brothers hand in hand
On that Thy holy hill.

Come, Lord, come !

Come, Lord of splendour rare,
And grant us of Thy grace
To see the vision fair
Of Thy most holy Face,
That to the Father, Son,
And to the Holy Dove
All praise by us be done,
As by the hosts above.
Come, Lord, come !

C.W.L.

31

Cruger.

7.6.D.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Hail to His victory won !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
That on His strength relying
They put their foes to flight.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;

Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness o'erflow.

Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His Throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of love.

To God our Heavenly Father,
To God, His Blessèd Son,
To God, the Holy Spirit,
Be praise and honour done.
From all His grateful people,
From choirs of Saints above,
From Angel-hosts for ever,
Be glory, praise, and love. Amen.

32

Merton.

8.7.8.7.

HARK, a thrilling voice is sounding:
"Christ is nigh" it seems to say,
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day."

Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ our Sun, all ill dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the King so long expected
Comes in wisdom, strength and love;
Let us all with hearts rejoicing
Greet the Master from above.

Let us bless Him, worship, praise Him,
Captain of the souls of men,
Ruler of the hosts of Angels,
Christ appears on earth again.

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee
High on Thine eternal throne;
Master, Thine the power and glory,
Thou dost reign, and Thou alone.

Honour, glory, might and blessing
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

33

Sonus lætus.

C.M.

HARK the glad sound, our Leader comes,
The Teacher promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release
In error's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes the broken hearts to mend,
The weary soul to bless,
And by the sunlight of His love
To foster holiness.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd Name.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

†Dr. P. Doddridge.

34

Happy Land or Vigil.

6.4.6.4.6 7 6.4.

HARK ! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake !
Our Lord Himself is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake !

Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake !

Call to each wakening band,
Watch, brethren, watch !
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch !
Be ye as men that wait
Always at their Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch !

Heed we the steward's call,
Work, brethren, work !
There's room enough for all
Work, brethren, work !
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford;
He will your work reward;
Work, brethren, work !

Sound now the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise !
Thrice holy is the Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise !
What more to us belongs,
Who will join the Angels' songs,
Whilst heaven the note prolongs?
Praise, brethren, praise ! Amen.

35

Light.

778.4.

LIGHT, that from the dark abyss
Madest all things, none amiss,
To share Thy beauty, share Thy bliss,
Come to us; come.

Light, that dost o'er all things reign,
Light, that dost all life maintain;
O Light, that dost create again,
Come to us; come.

Light, that makest manifest,
Beautifiest, hallowest,
Light in Thy joyous strength at rest,
Come to us; come.

Leave us not to say we see,
While we shut our eyes to Thee,
Who knockest very patiently:
Enter, and come.

All our good is Thine alone;
All our evil is our own;
O drive it from before Thy Throne—
Come to us; come.

Works of darkness put away;
With Thy harness us array
To walk in light and wait for day,
And Thee to come.

We have done great wrong to Thee,
Yet we do belong to Thee;
O make our life one song to Thee,
Come to us; come.

Come in all the majesty
Of Thy great humility;
Come, the whole world cries out to Thee,
Come to us; come. Amen.

Rev. E. B. Birks.

36

Fleury.

7.6.T.

LORD of the little children,
Lord of the bond and the free,
Are we not waiting and watching,
Looking and longing for Thee?
Lo! we have heard Thy heralds
Spreading the tidings round,
Not with the crowd in the market,
Not with the trumpet's sound,
But in all quietness working,
Sowing the blessèd seed
In the hearts of those who are ready
By thought and word and deed.

Showing the signs and the portents,
Telling of things that are
Just as they were aforetime
When last men saw Thy Star.
Lord of the little children,
Lord of the bond and the free,
Are we not waiting and watching,
Looking and longing for Thee?
O Christ, we yearn for Thy Coming;
To Thee we lowly bow
With Father and with Spirit;
Return to us e'en now! Amen.

Barbara S. Tiddemans.

37

Adeste Fideles.

Irregular.

MASTER and Lord, the world doth sorely need Thee,
'Tis only Thou canst cure its sad disease;
Send forth Thy word, for men will surely heed Thee;
O hasten Thou Thy coming, O hasten Thou Thy coming,
O hasten Thou Thy coming and bring release.

Send forth Thy Wisdom, let Thy power and glory
Through all the hearts of men so fully flow
That all the world shall hear the wondrous story,
And know that Thou art coming, and know that Thou art
coming,
And know that Thou art coming to earth below.

Send forth Thy Strength, till men of every nation
Know that Thy mighty Love can never cease
Till all mankind shall seek their true salvation,
And know that Thou art coming, and know that Thou art
coming,
And know that Thou art coming to bring us peace.

Send forth Thy Beauty, fill the world with splendour,
Fill all the hearts of men with joy and mirth,
Till all the world shall hail Thee, our Defender,
And know that Thou art coming, and know that Thou art
coming,
And know that Thou art coming to all the earth.

Now to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit
Be glory, as it was and shall be still;
Praise to our Lord for His transcendent merit;
We pray Him haste His coming, we pray Him haste His
coming,
We pray Him haste His coming, if that be His will. Amen.

M. Bright.

38

O Quanta Qualia or Præceptor.

11.10.11.10.

MASTER of Masters, majestic and mighty,
Star of the East, in our darkness give light;
Over the earth shed Thy wonderful glory,
Till all are wakened, and gone the dark night.

Come in Thy splendour, appear in Thy beauty,
Come in Thy stateliness, Master and Lord,
Touch all our hearts, make us feel Thy compassion.
Love Thee and praise Thee in joyful accord.

Teach us and lead us, O radiant Master,
Thou who art beautiful, holy, and true,
Fill all our lives with the strength that Thou givest,
Life from the fountain Thy love doth renew.

Father, the Ruler of land and of ocean;
Son, Who descended that man might be free;
Spirit, Who givest the gift of devotion;
Triune Divinity, glory to Thee. Amen.

M. Bright.

39

Veni, veni Emmanuel.*

8s (six lines).

O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And help Thy servant Israel

*The dotted semibreve at the end of the fifth line should be changed to a minim, so that no pause is made there. This was the ancient form of the tune, and it will be found so printed in the early editions of Hymns Ancient and Modern.

Who waits in eager longing here
Until the Son of God appear.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Eternal Wisdom, free
Thine own from error's tyranny,
From superstition's deadly thrall—
From selfishness, Lord, most of all.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And evil's shadows put to flight.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make plain the way that leads on high,
Through honour, truth and liberty.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of Love,
Sweet Name, all other names above;
O Love, we give ourselves to Thee,
Thine only, ever Thine, to be.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel. Amen.

40

Stella or Veni Cito.

8.8.8.8.8.

O QUICKLY come, dear Lord of all;
Thy teaching spread from sea to sea;
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, at sight of Thee,
O quickly come; for doubt and fear,
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin;
O quickly come, for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found.
O quickly come, for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

O quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way,
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day.
O quickly come, for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known. Amen.

41

Lewes or Helmsley.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

ONCE the great Desire of Nations,
Light of Light 'mid earthly gloom,
Came with tender consolations,
Came to save from death and doom.
But for welcome—bitter welcome—
All they gave Him was a tomb.

Vainly would that tomb enfold Him;
Chains of darkness see Him rend.
Lift your spirits' gaze; behold Him
(Master, Lover, King, and Friend),
Ever waiting, ever with us,
All the days until the end.

Now His watchers fast are waking;
Far and wide their voices sound;
Pales the sky; the Dawn is breaking:
Watch-fires gleam the world around,
Through the darkness, till their star-light
In His Sunshine's blaze be drowned.

Come in Power; Thy world is calling.
Come in Love; Thy children's pain,
Restless sighs, and sad tears falling
Call—and shall not call in vain.
Come, O Master, come and save us,
Come once more, and come to reign. Amen.

42

The Battle Hymn.

P.M.

OUR eyes will see the coming of the glory of the Lord;
He will raise on high His standard in the Name by all
adored,
He will wave us on to victory with His splendid flaming
sword;

Our Christ is marching on.

Hail, Thou Hope of every nation !
Filled with fervent adoration
Thee we greet with jubilation;
Come, Lord, and lead us on !

He is sounding forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat,
He is rallying an army that can never know defeat;
O man, be swift to answer Him ! spring up your Lord to
greet,

For Christ is marching on.

Hail, etc.

He comes to rescue thousands from their error and their
sin,
He comes to bring them happiness and perfect peace within,
That they through love of God and man eternal life may
win;

Our Christ is marching on.

Hail, etc.

He comes to preach the gospel now so little understood,
He comes to lay foundations sure of love and brotherhood;
To fortify the wavering souls who doubt that God is good.
Our Christ is marching on.

Hail, etc.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
 As He lives to make men holy, let us live to make them free
 While Christ is marching on.

Hail, etc.

He comes to spread the glory of the Father and the Son,
 And also of the Holy Ghost, Who with Them Both is One,
 That homage due and worship to the Trinity be done,
 Our Christ comes marching on.

Hail, etc.

‡Julia Ward Howe (vv. 3, 4, 6 added).

Trichinopoly.

43

7.6.D.

REJOICE, all ye who love Him,
 And let your lights appear;
 The evening is advancing,
 And darker night is near;
 The Bridegroom is arising,
 And soon He draweth nigh:
 Watch ye, and do not slumber;
 At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning,
 Replenish them with oil,
 And wait for His appearance,
 And gladly for Him toil.
 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
 Go, meet Him as He cometh,
 With alleluias clear.

Ye wise and holy virgins,
 Now raise your voices higher,
 Until in songs triumphant
 They meet the Angel choir;

The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The gates wide open stand;
 Up! up! ye heirs of glory,
 The Bridegroom is at hand!

The Saints, who here in patience
 Their cross and sufferings bore,
 Shall live and reign for ever,
 When sorrow is no more.
 Around the throne of glory,
 Their Lord they shall behold,
 In triumph cast before Him
 Their diadems of gold.

Our Hope and Expectation,
 O Master! now appear;
 Arise, thou Sun, so longed for
 O'er this benighted sphere!
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We wait, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's rejoicing
 That brings us unto Thee. Amen.

‡Laurentius Laurenti, (A.D. 1660), tr. by Sarah Findlater.

44

Pilgrims.

11.10.11.10.9 12.

SLEEPERS, awaken! see, the Day-Star rises!

Darkness and error soon will pass away;

Light scatters darkness, knowledge conquers error;

Love will be victor in the Coming Day.

O Love incarnate! O Love divine,

Grant us to know Thy Face, and see Thy glories shine.

Far in the East the shafts of life are centred,
Soft pearly dawn has touched the hill-tops grey;
Those who are waiting soon will see the Sun rise,
Strong in the glory of the Coming Day.
O Christ our Master! O Christ our King!
Grant us to share the work that Coming Day shall bring.

At the Creation Angel hosts assembled,
Each in his order came the grand array;
Singing for gladness, sons of God were joyful,
Knowing the beauty of the Coming Day.
O glorious dawning, shining afar!
Christ, draw Thou near us, our Bright and Morning Star.

Christ in His Kingdom gathers all the faithful,
Those who will love Him, honour, and obey;
Then will His servants true, and tried, and trusted,
Live in His presence through the Coming Day.
Sing with His Angels, heaven's mighty Host,
Glory to Father, Son, and to the Holy Ghost. Amen.

E. L. Foyster.

45

Adyar.

P.M.

THOU art coming, holy Master,
Thou art coming, mighty King,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent,
Well may we rejoice and sing.
Coming! in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say.
What an anthem that will be
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious Feet.

Thou art coming; at Thy Table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss,
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy Throne,
All for which we long and wait.

Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, our own belovèd Lord !
Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with one accord;

Thee, our Master and our Friend,
 Vindicated and enthroned,
 Unto earth's remotest end,
 Glorified, adored and owned ! Amen.

†Frances R. Havergal.

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46

Melita or St. Chrysostom.

8 8.8 8.8 8.

THROUGH midnight gloom from Macedon
 The cry of myriads as of one,
 The voiceful silence of despair,
 Is eloquent in earnest prayer,
 The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
 "Come o'er and help us, or we die."

How mournfully it echoes on !
 For half the earth is Macedon;
 These brethren to their brethren call,
 And by the Love which loved them all,
 And by the whole world's Life they cry,
 "O ye that live, behold we die !"

By other sounds the world is won
 Than that which wails from Macedon;
 The roar of gain is round it rolled,
 Or men unto themselves are sold,
 And cannot list the alien cry,
 "O hear and help us, lest we die !"

Yet with that cry from Macedon
 The very car of Christ rolls on;
 "I come; who would abide My day
 In yonder wilds prepare My way;
 My voice is crying in their cry;
 Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

O Christ, for men of Man the Son,
 Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon;
 O by the kingdom and the power
 And glory of Thine Advent hour,
 Wake heart and will to hear their cry;
 Help us to help them, lest we die ! Amen.

Rev. S. J. Stone.

47

Nearer Home or Chalvey.

D.S.M.

WE pray Thee come, great Lord,
 Herald of bliss and peace,
 And spread the glow of love abroad,
 Till all our strife shall cease.
 Come Thou and bless our land,
 Our land of liberty;
 Draw all men into one great band.
 Till all the world is free.

Deliverer, come Thou soon,
 Descend, high Lord of Love,
 And bring to earth a glorious noon,
 Spreading Thy hands above
 In blessing o'er our land,
 Our land of liberty;
 Draw nigh, great Captain, and command
 That all the world be free.

Come down to earth again,
 Bringer of joy and light,
 That all may know Thy glorious reign,
 And in Thy Church unite.
 Come Thou, and bless our land,
 Our land of liberty,
 Pour forth Thy Love on every hand
 Till all the world is free. Amen.

M. Bright.

48

Winchester New.

L.M.

WELLNIGH two thousand years have passed
Since John the Baptist's trumpet blast
Rang out on Jordan's banks to tell
The coming of Emmanuel.

Now once again the clarion swells,
Triumphant ring the golden bells;
Full soon, O Sun of Righteousness,
Thou drawest nigh the world to bless.

Then cleansed be every breast from sin;
Make straight the way for God within;
Prepare we in our hearts a home
Where such a mighty Guest may come.

For Thou art all our hope, O Lord,
Our Refuge and our great Reward;
Shine forth and let Thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee
Whose Advent doth Thy people free,
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Based on Rev. J. Chandler.

49

St. Anne.

C.M.

YE servants of the Lord, draw nigh,
And heed the Master's word;
For from the hosts above the sky
A triumph-song is heard.

The Master comes to earth again,
Sing ye with one accord,
And raise on high a joyous strain,
Ye servants of the Lord.

He cometh forth in Majesty,
To tread the roads of earth;
Then sing, rejoice ye, bond and free,
Proclaim our Master's birth.

The Angel-hosts around His throne
Sing ever day and night
Hail to the Christ, most Holy One,
Who comes in power and might.

He cometh as before He came;
Now is His promised Word
Fulfilled for us; then praise His Name
Ye servants of the Lord.

To God the Father glory be,
And His triumphant Son;
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Who with Them Both art One. Amen.

M. Bright.

Other hymns also suitable for Advent are:

- 272. Bells of Christ, peal forth His glory.
- 305. God the Father, God the Son.
- 314. Hail, Holy World-Teacher.
- 360. O backward-looking son of time.
- 395. Our Master has called us to work.
- 459. Through the night of doubt and sorrow.
- 474. We've a story to tell to the nations.
- 503. Come sing the sweet song of the ages.

CHRISTMAS EVE

50

The Manger Throne.

8.6.8.8.8.6.

LIKE silver lamps in a distant shrine,
The stars are sparkling bright;
The bells of the city of God ring out,
For the Son of Mary was born to-night;
The gloom is past, and the morn at last
Is coming with orient light.

Never fell melodies half so sweet
As those which are filling the skies;
And never a palace shone half so fair
As the manger bed where our Master lies;
No night in the year is half so dear
As this which has ended our sighs.

Now a new Power has come on the earth,
A match for the armies of hell:
A Child is born who shall conquer the foe,
And all the spirits of wickedness quell;
For Mary's Son is the Mighty One
Whom the prophets of God foretell.

The stars of heaven still shine as at first
They gleamed on this wonderful night;
The bells of the city of God peal out,
And the Angels' song still rings in the height;
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
Hid in Flesh from fleshly sight.

Faith sees no longer the stable-door,
The pavement of sapphire is there;
The clear light of Heaven streams out to the world,
And Angels of God are crowding the air;
And Heaven and earth, through the spotless Birth,
Are at peace on this night so fair. Amen.

William Chatterton Dix.

51

Bethlehem Ephratah.

8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth;
For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the Angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift appears!
So God imparts to human hearts
His blessings through the years.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where true souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children pure and happy
 Pray to the blessèd Child,
 Where misery cries out to Thee,
 Son of the Mother mild;
 Where charity stands watching
 And faith holds wide the door,
 The dark night wakes, the glory breaks
 And Christmas comes once more. Amen.

†Bp. Phillips Brooks.

AT THE MIDNIGHT EUCHARIST

52

Ellacombe.

7.6.D.

COME, for the Manger Cradle
 Has changed to the Altar-Throne,
 And there in His mystic Presence
 The Christ awaits His own;
 Thousands will throng around Him
 In the early morning light,
 Only a few may meet Him
 In the loneliness of night.

Yet the sweetest Christmas Carol
 That mortals ever heard,
 Thrilled through the midnight silence,
 Ere the sleeping world had stirred;
 When the choirs of happy Angels,
 Their burning love outpoured,
 And earthly gloom grew golden
 In the Glory of the Lord.

O Lord of holy Yuletide,
Grant us that burning love
That we may share our Christmas
With Angels from above;
That we, like them, may worship
Through all eternity
The Father, Son and Spirit,
One God in Persons Three. Amen.

G.W.

By permission of Messrs. A. R. Mowbray.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

AT THE EUCHARIST

53

Sicilian Mariners or Taormina.

8.7.8.7.

ALLELUIA ! Babe most holy,
On Thy Manger-throne all hail !
Alleluia ! Child of Mary,
Never shall our worship fail.

Alleluia ! choirs of Seraphs
Sing Thy glory in the night,
To the watchful shepherds telling
Of the Birthday of the Light.

Alleluia ! Star of Morning,
Shepherds bend Thy throne before;
Alleluia ! Eastern Monarchs
With their costliest gifts adore.

Alleluia ! still unending
 Rings the Angel-note on high;
 From our shrines in praise ascending
 Echoes earth's responsive cry.

Alleluia ! shine the tapers,
 Gleams the holly's burnished spray;
 Alleluia ! chant the Sanctus;
 Christ, we welcome Thee to-day !

Low in adoration falling,
 Hail, sweet Sacrament Divine !
 Hail, to Thee Thy Church is calling,
 Thou art ours, and we are Thine !

Glory let us give and blessing
 To the Father and the Son,
 Ever, too, His Love confessing
 Who from Both with Both is One. Amen.

‡Rev. H. N. Oxenham.

From the New Office Hymn Book by permission of Mr. W. Knott.

AT THE EUCHARIST

54

Lewes.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

“NOW to God on High be glory,
 And to men on earth be peace !”
 'Tis the Eucharistic anthem,
 Music that shall never cease,
 To His grateful Church proclaiming
 Jesu's advent, men's release.

Christendom at all her Altars
Once again the tale doth tell
Of His Birth, Who came to vanquish
Sin and error, death and hell,
Virgin-born and manger-cradled,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

See the shepherds, heaven-greeted,
Worship, while the Angels sing;
See the Magi, star-directed,
Their most costly treasures bring;
See earth's simple ones and wise ones,
Bending o'er their Baby-King.

Happy Mother, ever Virgin,
Mary clasps Him to her breast;
All succeeding generations
Speaking of her call her blest;
And Saint Joseph joins with wonder
In the homage of the rest.

Now, dear Lord, Thy Birthday keeping,
As we bend before the Shrine,
Find Thee, life and health bestowing,
Veiled beneath the Bread and Wine,
Make us like Thee, child-like, God-like,
Keep, O keep us ever Thine.

Yet again to God be glory,
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit comfort-giving
Who from Both with Both is One;
To the Trinity undying
Be eternal honour done. Amen.

55

Trichinopoly.

7.6.D.

BLEST Day, by shining Angels
O'er Bethlehem's plains foretold;
Our anxious eyes with gladness
Thy dawning rays behold:
The world in mist and darkness
Has longed thy light to see,
And turns, like flowers at morning,
With love and joy to thee.

The shades of sin are moving,
The night will soon be gone;
See, from the East advances
The golden gleam of dawn.
O day of peace eternal,
Thy beams the world shall bless;
Shine out in fadeless glory,
O Sun of righteousness !

O worn and weary watcher,
Look up with joyful eyes.
The day of God is dawning,
Behold its brightness rise !
O pilgrim in the shadows,
Let joy and hope be thine;
The light that knows no waning,
Upon thy path shall shine.

O ye by sin and sorrow
And burdens sore distressed,
O turn ye to the morning,
And in God's smile be blest.

It breaks in peerless beauty,
Its glories still increase;
The day by Angels promised,
The day of perfect peace! Amen.

Shapcott Wensley.

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56

St. Theresa or St. Gertrude.

6.5.T.

CAROL, sweetly carol happy songs to-day,
Cherub voices mingle in our festive lay;
Christ, the loving Master, gentle, pure, and mild,
Came from God to teach us, came a little child.
Carol, sweetly carol happy songs to-day,
Cherub voices mingle in our festive lay.

Angels o'er His cradle watched with tender care,
Radiant beams of glory shone with beauty there.
Wise Men came to worship, guided by the star,
Bringing costly treasures from a land afar.
Carol, etc.

Merry, merry Christmas, joyful let us sing
Glory in the highest; Christ, our Lord, is King.
Glory in the highest to His Name be given,
Glory in the highest, praise Him earth and heaven.
Carol, etc. Amen.

Dr. W. A. Mühlenberg.

57

Novello's Christmas Carols, No. 74.

P.M.

CHRIST was born on Christmas Day;
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay;
Christus natus hodie:
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

He is born to set us free,
 He is born our Lord to be,
 Ex Maria Virgine:
 The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

Let the bright red berries glow
 Everywhere in goodly show;
 Christus natus hodie:
 The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

Christian men, rejoice and sing;
 'Tis the birthday of a King,
 Ex Maria Virgine:
 The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

Night of sadness; morn of gladness
 Evermore: ever, ever; after many troubles sore,
 Morn of gladness, evermore and evermore.

Midnight scarcely passed and over,
 Drawing to this holy morn,
 Very early, very early Christ was born.

Sing out with bliss,
 His Name is this: Emmanuel:
 As was foretold in days of old by Gabriel.

Midnight scarcely passed and over,
 Drawing to this holy morn,
 Very early, very early Christ was born. Amen.

Dr. J. M. Neale.

PROCESSIONAL.

58

Yorkshire.

10s. (six lines).

CHRISTIANS, awake ! salute the happy morn
 Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
 Rise to adore the mystery of love,

Which hosts of Angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a glorious birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of our Master's love they sang,
And Heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang.
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

Thus on this day the angelic hosts among
We join with them in glad triumphal song.
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Fired by His love, with glowing hearts we sing
Eternal praise to Heaven's Almighty King.

To God the Father, God the only Son,
And God the Holy Ghost be homage done,
Dailly our praise to our great King is due,
Yet holy Christmas brings us vigour new
To thank and bless the glorious Three in One,
Eternal Splendour, ever-radiant Sun. Amen.

PROCESSIONAL.

59

Lugano or Novello's Carols, No. 4.

8.7.D.

COME, ye lofty, come, ye lowly,
Let your songs of gladness ring;
In a stable lies the Holy,
In a manger rests the King:
See in Mary's arms reposing
Christ by highest Heaven adored;
Come, your circle round Him closing,
Pious hearts that love the Lord.

Come, ye poor, no pomp of station
Robes the Child your hearts adore;
He, the Lord of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor;
Oxen, round about behold them;
Rafters naked, cold, and bare,
See the shepherds, God has told them
That the Prince of Life lies there.

Come, ye children, blithe and merry,
This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf and berry,
All be prized for His dear sake;
Come, ye gentle hearts, and tender,
Come, ye spirits, keen and bold;
All in all your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old.

High above a star is shining,
And the Wise Men haste from far;
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining;
For you all has risen the star.

Let us bring Him our oblations,
Thanks and love and faith and praise;
Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

Hark! the Heaven of heavens is ringing
"Christ the Lord to man is born!"
Are not all our hearts too singing:
"Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?"
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.. Amen.

Rev. A. Gurney.

60

Novello's Carols, No. 72.

P.M.

EARTHLY friends will change and falter,
Earthly hearts will vary:
He is born that cannot alter,
Of the Virgin Mary.

Born to-day—raise the lay;
Born to-day—twine the bay;
Christ our Lord is born to help us,
Born for you.

Born for you—holly strew;
Christ our Lord was born to conquer,
Born to save;

Born to save—laurel wave;
Christ our Lord was born to govern,
Born a King.

Born a King—bay wreaths bring;
 Christ our Lord was born of Mary,
 Born for all.

Well befall hearth and hall!
 Christ our Lord was born at Christmas,
 Born for all. Amen.

†Dr. J. M. Neale.

61

Prospect.

D.C.M.

JOY fills our inmost heart to-day,
 The Royal Child is born;
 The Angel-hosts in glad array
 His advent keep this morn.
 The Holy One is Mary's Son,
 Christ comes on earth to dwell;
 With joy proclaim His glorious Name,
 His Name Emmanuel!

Low at the cradle-throne we bend,
 We wonder and adore;
 And think no bliss can ours transcend,
 No rapture sweet before.

The Holy One, etc.

For us the world must lose its charms
 Before the Manger-shrine,
 Where, folded in Thy Mother's arms,
 Thou sleepest, Babe Divine.

The Holy One, etc.

Angels are thronging round Thy bed,
 Thine infant grace to see;
 The stars are paling o'er Thy Head,
 The Day-spring dawns with Thee.

The Holy One, etc.

Thou art the very Light of Light;
Enlighten us, sweet Child,
That we may keep Thy Birthday bright,
With service undefiled.

The Holy One, etc. Amen.

†William Chatterton Dix.

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62

Stuttgart.

8.7.8.7.

LO, the Angels now are singing
Glory be to God above,
Peace on earth, glad tidings bringing
Unto men goodwill and love.

Lo, the shepherds now are seeking
For the Saviour newly born,
Him with heavenly choirs greeting
On that earliest Christmas morn.

Lo, the Monarchs now are bending
There at Bethlehem's humble shrine,
Gold and myrrh and incense blending
In one offering divine.

With the Angels we would greet Thee
In our Christmas hymns of praise;
With the shepherds we would seek Thee,
And be with Thee all our days.

With the Monarchs we, adoring,
All our choicest gifts would bring,
Holy Jesu! Thee imploring
To accept the offering. Amen.

Colonel W. H. Turton.

63

St. Casimir.

8.7.D.

NO more sadness now, nor fasting;
Now we put our grief away;
He came down, the Everlasting,
Taking human flesh, to-day;
He came down on earth a Stranger,
Working out His mighty plan;
He was cradled in a manger,
Very God, and very Man.

There were shepherds once abiding
In the field to watch by night,
And they saw the clouds dividing,
And the sky above was bright;
And a glory shone around them,
On the grass as they were laid;
And a holy Angel found them,
And their hearts were sore afraid.

“Fear ye not,” he said, “for cheerful
Are the tidings that I bring;
Unto you, so weak and fearful,
Christ is born, the Lord and King.”
As the Angel told the story
Of the Master’s lowly Birth,
Multitudes were singing “Glory
Be to God, and peace on earth !”

Praise be Thine and adoration,
Thou Who thus at Christmas came;
Let Thy Church in every nation
Sing the glory of Thy Name.

Praise the Father, King supernal,
Praise we His victorious Son,
Praise the Spirit co-eternal,
Praise our God, the Three in One. Amen.

‡Dr. J. M. Neale.

64

Novello's Carols, No. 94.

P.M.

NOW over the snow-white meadows,
In throbbing ebbs and swells,
Are sounding the happy voices
Of joyous, sweet Christmas bells.
O sweet is the strange wild music,
That steals o'er the listening earth,
As though once again the Angels
Were hymning our Master's birth.
Ring on, sweet bells, and greet the morn;
Proclaim the tidings "Christ is born";
Ring on, ring on! sweet Christmas bells!

O ye that are heavy laden,
And ye that are full of care,
O hear the sweet music message
That peals on the morning air;
It speaks of a love undying,
Unchanged through the changing years,
That shines like a star of glory,
And gleams through a mist of tears.
Ring, etc.

Glad bells of the holy morning!
O scatter ye far and near,
The sound of the joyful tidings,
Till all the wide world shall hear!

O scatter the glorious tidings,
 By every wild wind that blows !
 O ring till the lonely desert
 Shall bloom as the summer rose !
Ring, etc. Amen.

By permission of Novello & Co., Ltd. Shapcott Wensley.

Without the refrain, this hymn may be sung to "Salutas."

CHRISTMASTIDE

65

Helmsley or St. Thomas.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim our Master's birth;
Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing,
 Yonder shines the Infant Light;
Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
 Brighter visions beam afar;
 Seek the great Desire of nations,
 Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints, before the Altar bending,
Watching long in patient cheer,
Suddenly our Lord descending
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

All creation, join in praising
God the Father, Spirit, Son—
Evermore your voices raising
To the Eternal Three in One;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. Amen.

†Rev. J. Montgomery.

66

Gloria

7.s (with refrain).

ANGELS we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er our plains,
And the mountains in reply,
Echo forth their joyous strains.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Shepherds, why this Jubilee?
Why your rapturous strain prolong?
Say what gladsome tidings be,
Which inspire your heavenly song.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Come to Bethlehem, and see
Him whose birth the Angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee,
Christ the Lord, the new-born King.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

See Him in a manger laid
 Whom the choirs of Angels praise !
 Holy Spirit, lend Thine aid
 While our hearts in love we raise.
 Gloria in excelsis Deo. Amen.

†Bp. Chadwick.

Taken by permission from The Westminster Hymnal.

67

Rescue.

11.10.11.10.11.10.

GLORY to God in the highest is ringing,
 Clear from afar it is echoing still;
 Glory to God, for the Angels are singing
 Peace upon earth to the men of goodwill.
 See ye the Holy Child, laid in a manger;
 Hail Him as Lord of Hosts, worship your King !

Glory to God, as the Prophets foretold it;
 Over the ages the promise was cast;
 Paradise heard it, and now we behold it;
 Seed of the Woman, we hail Thee at last.
 See ye the Holy Child, etc.

Glory to God, for as dew of the morning,
 Songs of Thy Birthday are filling the air;
 Shepherds of Bethlehem give us the warning;
 Child of the Virgin, we welcome Thee there !
 See ye the Holy Child, etc.

Glory to God; let the glad exultations
 Sound through the world, bringing peace to the wise;
 Joy of all people, Desire of the Nations,
 Echo the tidings in songs to the skies !
 See ye the Holy Child, etc.

We, too, with shepherds and Angels and Magi,
 Prostrate before Thee our homage would bring,
 Hail Thee our Master, our Christ, our Emmanuel,
 Own Thee our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.
 See ye the Holy Child, etc.

Glory to God, both the Son and the Father,
 And to the Spirit, the Fountain of Love;
 Glory to God sings the Church Universal
 Here upon earth and in regions above.
 See ye the Holy Child, etc. Amen.

†Dr. Irons. (Refrain added.)

68

Mendelssohn.

7s (ten lines).

HARK! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth, goodwill to men,
 Christ our Lord hath come again.
 Joyful, all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With the Angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."
 Hark! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest Heaven adored,
 Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
 King, all other Kings above,
 Lord of Wisdom, Strength and Love.
 Earthly forms His glory veil—
 God Incarnate still we hail,

For He doeth all things well,
God with us, Emmanuel.

Hark ! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail, the Sun of righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark ! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King. Amen.

†Rev. C. Wesley.

69

Salutas.

9.8.9.8.

HE comes on the wings of the ages,
The Child Who is ever a Child;
He comes to the shepherds and sages,
To the wise and the undefiled;
And the songs of His Angels greet Him,
And the carols of earth reply,
And His Church goes forward to meet Him
With praises that never die.

And the glory of God's own splendour
Transfigures the weary land;
And the heart of the world grows tender
At the touch of a little Hand.

He comes to the shepherds and sages,
To the wise and the undefiled,
He comes on the wings of the ages,
The Child Who is ever a Child. Amen.

G.W.

70

St. Vincent.

L.M.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day;
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Then in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep !
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men !" Amen.

Samuel Longfellow.

71

Taormina or Stuttgart.

8.7.8.7.

IN a silence deep at midnight,
When the hills were white with snow,
Jesus, the desired of nations,
Came into this world of woe.

Then He came, an Infant holy,
To our Lady's sweet embrace,
As she waited for His Coming,
Longing to behold His Face.

Swathing-bands were wrapt about Him,
In the manger He was laid;
There adored the Hebrew shepherds,
Joseph and the Mother-maid.

There the ox and ass were standing,
Knee-deep in the fragrant hay,
Gazing with a solemn wonder
At the crib where Jesus lay.

Angels came to David's city,
Met their Lord with hymns of praise,
Sang their joyous songs of triumph,
Worshipping in glad amaze.

Thus our Lord, the long-expected,
Came, the Healer of all woe,
When the shepherds knelt before Him
In the stable white with snow.

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Ever Three; yet ever One. Amen.

H. A. Rawes.

72

Evangelium (Farmer).

P.M.

IN the field with their flocks abiding,
They lay on the dewy ground;
And glimmering under the starlight,
The sheep lay white around;
When the Light of the Lord streamed o'er them,
And lo! from the heaven above,
An Angel leaned from the Glory,
And sang his song of love.
He sang that first sweet Christmas
The song that shall never cease,
"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good-will and peace."

"To you in the city of David
A Saviour is born to-day"!
And sudden a host of the heavenly ones,
Flashed forth to join the lay,
O never hath sweeter message
Thrilled home to the souls of men,
And the heavens themselves had never heard
A gladder choir till then;
For they sang that Christmas carol
That never on earth shall cease,
"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good-will and peace."

And the shepherds came to the manger,
And gazed on the Holy Child;
And calmly o'er that rude cradle
The Virgin Mother smiled;
And the sky in the starlit silence,
Seemed full of the Angel lay;

“To you in the city of David
A Saviour is born to-day.”
O they sang, and I ween that never
The carol on earth shall cease,
“Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good-will and peace.” Amen.

Dean F. W. Farrar.

73

St. Anthony or St. Agnes.

C.M.

ONLY a manger cold and bare,
Only a maiden mild,
Only some shepherds kneeling there,
Watching a little Child;

And yet that maiden's arms enfold
The King of heaven above,
And in the Christ-Child we behold
The Lord of Life and Love.

Only an Altar high and fair,
Only a vested Priest,
Only Christ's children kneeling there,
Keeping the Christmas Feast;

And yet beneath the outward sign
The inward grace is given—
His Presence, Who is Lord Divine
And King of earth and heaven. Amen.

Anon.

74

Winchester Old or Bethlehem Shepherds.

C.M.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

“To you in David’s town this day
Is born of David’s line
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

“The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

“All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.” Amen.

Nahum Tate (A.D. 1652).

Other hymns suitable for Christmastide are:—

- 187. It came upon the midnight clear.
- 190. O sweet the enchanting anthem.
- 383. O to have dwelt in Bethlehem.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

75

Culbach or Nottingham.

76.

FOR Thy glory and Thy love,
Radiant through this parting year,
Thou who reignest from above,
Thee we praise, Thy Name revere.

Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Peace yet shineth from afar;
As we struggle, let Thy light
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star.

If in weakness or distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

What the coming year shall bring,
What of joy or what of care,
That is in Thy Hands, O King;
More than glad, we leave it there.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help us brightly to endure,
Trusting in Thy love alone.

So we praise, within Thy gate,
While Thy Church Thy glory sings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of Lords, and King of Kings.

Ruler of the heavenly Host,
Lord, Whose love is like the sea,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Heart and voice we worship Thee. Amen.

Based on Rev. H. Bownton.

76

Cloisters.

11.10.11.4.

LET us forget the things that vexed and tried us,
The worrying things that caused our souls to fret;
The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied us,
Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,
The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet;
The pride with which some lofty one disdained us,
Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,
The yielding to temptation that beset,
That he, perchance, though grief be unavailing,
Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, and past deserving,
Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng;
The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,
Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving
When friends were few, the handclasp warm and strong.
The fragrance of each life of holy living,
Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious,
Whate'er of right has triumphed over wrong,
What love of God or man has rendered precious,
Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us,
We tenderly may bid the year good-bye,
Holding in memory the good it brought us,
Letting the evil die. Amen.

Susan E. Gammons.

By omitting the last verse, this may be used as a general hymn.

77

Alstone, Ernan or Aberds.

L.M.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant and the free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be. Amen.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

78

St. Columb or Ellacombe.

7.6.7.6.7.6.8.6.

FROM glory unto glory! Be this our joyous song,
As on the King's own highway we bravely march along;
From glory unto glory! O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad New Year.

From glory unto glory! What great things He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath
won;

From glory unto glory! What mighty blessings crown
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so freely
down!

The fullness of His blessing encompasseth our way;
The fullness of His promises crowns every brightening day;
The fullness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know the fullness of His
love.

And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God that mighty Love to
know.

O let our adoration for all that He hath done,
 Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are
 one,
 And let our consecration be real, deep, and true;
 O even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew.
 Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,
 While grace for grace abundantly shall from His fullness
 flow,
 To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
 Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year.

Amen.

Frances R. Havergal.

By permission of James Nisbet & Co., Ltd.

79

New Year Morn or Armageddon.

G. S. T.

STANDING at the portal of the opening year,
 Words of comfort meet us, hushing every fear,
 Spoken through the silence by our Father's voice,
 Tender, strong and faithful, making us rejoice.

Onward, then, and fear not, children of the day,
 For His Word shall never, never pass away.

I, the Lord, am with thee, be thou not afraid;
 I will help and strengthen, be thou not dismayed;
 Yea, I will uphold thee with My own right hand;
 Thou art called and chosen in My sight to stand.

Onward, then, etc.

For the year before us, O what rich supplies !
 For the poor and needy living streams shall rise;
 For the sad and sinful shall His love abound,
 For the faint and feeble, perfect strength be found.

Onward, then, etc.

He will never fail us, He will not forsake;
 His eternal covenant He will never break,
 Resting on His promise, what have we to fear?
 God is all-sufficient for the coming year.

Onward, then, etc. Amen.

Frances R. Havergal.

By permission of James Nisbet & Co., Ltd.

Other hymns suitable for the New Year are:

- 299. God is working His purpose out.
- 323. I will go in the strength of the Lord.
- 364. O God, our help in ages past.
- 505. God, That reignest in the height.

EPIPHANY

80

Dix.

7s. (six lines).

AS with gladness men of old
 Did the guiding Star behold,
 As with joy they hailed its light,
 Leading onward, beaming bright;
 So, most gracious Lord, may we
 Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
 To that lowly manger bed,
 There to bend the knee before
 Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek Thy holy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

Holy Master, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring us happily at last
Where we need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In that heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

†William Chatterton Dix.

81

Ewing.

7.6.D.

BEHOLD ! the Star is shining—
Is shining ever bright,
It leads the Eastern sages
With pure, celestial light;
It leads o'er plains and mountains,
It leads o'er deserts wild,
To Bethlehem's vine-clad summit,
To Mary's new-born Child.

Behold ! the kings are kneeling,
The King of Kings before
With Joseph and with Mary,
They worship and adore;
And opening then their treasures,
Their Lord and God they own,
With gold, and myrrh, and incense,
Before His cradle-throne.

O Child of Mary ! hearken,
Still lead us through the night—
Thy Love, the Star before us,
That shines so pure and bright;
It shines with Love eternal,
With Love beyond the tomb,
Still shining ever clearer
Amidst surrounding gloom.

But whither is it leading?—
That Star of Love so bright—
It rests above Thine Altar
With pure, celestial light;
For there is still Thy Bethlehem,
That lowly House of Bread,
O thither, Child of Mary,
By Love may we be led.

Around Thee there in worship
Our choicest gifts we'll pour,
Our gold, and myrrh, and incense,
Thy lowly throne before;
And when this life is over,
And all its clouds are riven,
Thy Love, the Star we've followed,
Shall be our Sun in heaven. Amen.

Colonel W. H. Turton.

82

Consolation.

11.10.11.10.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our newly-born Master is laid !

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch, yet Brother of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the pure.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid,
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our newly-born Master is laid ! Amen.

†Bp. R. Heber.

83

Stuttgart.

8.7.8.7.

EARTH has many a noble city;
 One in this doth all excel:
 That from her the Lord from Heaven
 Came to rule His Israel.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the Star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

Master, whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Grant that we with equal fervour
All our hearts may bring to Thee.

Glory be to God the Father,
Equal glory to the Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit
One in Three and Three in One. Amen.

†Prudentius (A.D. 348), tr. by Caswall.

84

Armageddon.

6.5.T.

FROM the Eastern mountains pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom, to His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion, hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward, guided by a Star.
Light of Life that shineth ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near, and lighten every heart of man.

There their Lord and Master softly smiling lay,
Wondrous Light that led them onward on their way;
Ever now to lighten nations from afar,
As they journey homeward by that guiding Star.
Light of Life, etc.

Gather in the outcasts, all who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them, guide them on the way;
Those who never knew Thee, those who've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Life, etc.

Onward through the darkness of the lonely night,
Shining still before them with Thy kindly Light;
Guide Thou all the peoples homeward from afar,
Young and old together, by Thy guiding Star.
Light of Life, etc.

Until every nation, whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy star-lit banner, Master, follows Thee;
To the consummation of that perfect life
Where is no more sorrow, sin nor care nor strife.
Light of Life, etc.

‡Rev. G. Thring.

85

St. Francis or Belmont.

C.M.

O THOU Who by a star didst guide
The Wise Men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;

Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

As yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust Thy Word,
That blessèd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

O Master, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter as Thou art.

Reign in us, we are Thine alone,
O co-eternal Son,
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit One. Amen.

†Dr. J. M. Neale.

86

St. George.

78.D.

SONGS of thankfulness and praise,
Master, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the Sages from afar;
Branch of royal David's stem
In Thy Birth at Bethlehem;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana wedding-guest
In Thy kindness manifest;
Manifest in power Divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Mirrored in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest.

Glory to the Father be,
Glory, holy Son, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Glory from the Angel-Host,
From Thy holy Church most dear,
And from us, Thy servants here;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest. Amen.

†Bp. C. Wordsworth.

87

March or Maidstone.

7s.D.

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star!
Star of Christ that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

Mild He shines on all below,
Piercing through the shades of woe;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare;
Meet Him manifested there.
There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See Him chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect Day.

Sing, ye morning stars, again !
God descends on earth to reign;
Deigns for man His life to employ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy !
Glory to the Heavenly King,
Glory all ye Angels sing,
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

†Rev. C. Wesley and Bp. R. Heber.

88

Dundee or St. Francis.

C.M.

THE people that in darkness sat
A glorious light have seen;
The Light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.

To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,
The gathering nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

For Thou their burden dost remove,
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.

His Name shall be the Prince of peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

Reign in us, we are Thine alone,
O co-eternal Son,
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit One. Amen.

†Rev. J. Morison.

89

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

7 7.7.D.

TO our Master hasten ye,
Let your hearts devoted be
To the nations' Potentate.
Whom the Star is heralding,
Inward faith is witnessing
Christ our Lord for Whom we wait.

Come with presents readily,
Rich in liberality,
 Pledge of hearts munificent;
Dearest in our Master's eyes
Is affection's sacrifice
 Offered in His Sacrament.

Gold your love may signify,
Myrrh denotes austerity,
 Prayer frankincense offereth;
Gold a King doth indicate,
Myrrh His lowly human state,
 Incense God acknowledgeth.

First the shepherds homage pay,
Then the Magi wend their way
 To the faithful company;
Christ, Who greeteth Israel,
From His crib will not repel
 Gentiles called to unity.

Bethlehem this blessed day
Doth for all the Church display
 Proof of her nativity;
Christ, within us deign to dwell,
Every rebel thought, expel,
 Reign in matchless sovereignty.

Glory to the Father be,
Glory, only Son, to Thee,
 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be eternal honour done
To our God, the Three in One,
 Monarch of the Angel Host. Amen.

†From the Paris Missal of 1685, tr. by M. J. Blacker.

90

The soldier keeps his wakeful watch.

P.M.

WELCOME, that star in Judah's sky,
That voice o'er Bethlehem's palmy glen,
The lamp far sages hailed on high,
The tones that thrilled the shepherd-men:
"Glory to God in loftiest Heaven:"
Thus Angels smote the echoing chord:
"Glad tidings," sang the glorious Spirits Seven,
"Peace, from the Presence of our holy Lord."

The shepherds sought that Birth Divine;
The Wise Men traced their guided way;
There, by strange light and mystic sign,
The God they came to worship lay;
A human Babe in beauty smiled,
Where lowing oxen round Him trod;
A Maiden clasped her wondrous radiant Child,
Pure Offspring of the glowing Breath of God.

Those voices from on high are mute;
The star the Wise Men saw is dim;
But hope still guides the wanderer's foot,
And faith renews the Angel-hymn:
"Glory to God in loftiest Heaven;"
Touch with glad hand the ancient chord—
"Glad tidings," sang the glorious Spirits Seven,
"Peace, from the Presence of our holy Lord."

Amen.

91

Rockingham.

L.M.

WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
More beauteous than the noonday light?
It shines to herald forth the King,
And Gentiles to His cradle bring.

See now fulfilled what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed;"
And Eastern sages with amaze
Upon the wondrous vision gaze.

The guiding star above is bright;
Within them shines a clearer light,
Which leads them on with power benign
To seek the Giver of the sign.

True love can brook no dull delay;
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way:
Home, kindred, fatherland, and all
They leave at their Creator's call.

O Master, while the star of grace
Allures us now to seek Thy Face,
Let not our slothful hearts refuse
The guidance of that light to use.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Rev. J. Chandler and others.

92

Lumen Verum.

S.M.

WITHIN the Father's house
The Son hath found His home;
And to His temple suddenly
The Lord of life hath come.

The doctors of the law
Gaze on the wondrous Child,
And marvel at His gracious words
Of wisdom undefiled.

Yet not to them is given
The mighty truth to know,
To lift the fleshly veil which hides
Incarnate God below.

The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pondering hearts await
The full Epiphany.

Lord, visit Thou our souls,
And teach us by Thy grace
Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace;

Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansèd soul shall burst
The everlasting day;

Till we behold Thy Face,
And know, as we are known,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Co-equal Three in One. Amen.

Bp. J. R. Woodford.

Also suitable for the Epiphany is:

271. As shadows cast by cloud and sun,

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

93

St. Veronica.

6.6.6.6.6.6.

HAIL to the Lord Who comes,
Comes to His Temple gate !
Not with His Angel host,
Not in His kingly state;
No shouts proclaim Him nigh,
No crowds His coming wait.

But borne upon the throne
Of Mary's gentle breast,
Watched by her duteous love,
In her fond arms at rest;
Thus to His Father's House
He comes, the heavenly Guest.

There Joseph at her side
In reverent wonder stands;
And, filled with holy joy,
Old Simeon in his hands
Takes up the promised Child,
The Glory of all lands.

Hail to the Great First-born,
Whose ransom-price they pay !
The Son before all worlds;
The Child of man to-day;
That He might ransom us
Who still in bondage lay.

O Light of all the earth,
Thy children wait for Thee !
Come to Thy temples here,
That we, from sin set free,
Before Thy Father's face
May all presented be !

To God the Father great,
To God the Son most high,
To God the Holy Ghost,
Most glorious Trinity,
All praise and honour be
For ever and for aye ! Amen.

Rev. John Ellerton.

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THE TRANSFIGURATION

94

Alstone.

L.M.

A WONDROUS type, a vision fair
Of glory which His Church shall share,
Christ on the holy mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun He glows.

From age to age the tale declare
How, with His three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

Behold His Form all brightly glow,
Who end of days can never know;
Immortal, infinite, sublime,
Older than earth and space and time.

The Law and Prophets there have place,
The chosen witnesses of grace;
And from the cloud the Holy One
Bears record to His Only Son.

With Face more bright than noontide ray
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above
Who joy in God with perfect love.

And faithful hearts are lifted high
By this great vision's mystery,
For which with loving hearts we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

O Father and eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
May we, too, reach that heavenly place,
And see Thy glory face to face. Amen.

Based on an ancient Office Hymn, tr. by Dr. J. M. Neale.

LENT

95

Innocents.

7s.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For our God sees everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where God may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Praise to Heaven's great Architect,
Captain of the Angel Host
Who the sky with stars hath decked—
Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

96

Amicus.

8.7.D.

ARE we sowing seeds of kindness?

They shall blossom bright ere long;

Are we sowing seeds of discord?

They shall ripen into wrong.

Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?

We shall reap in bitter pain;

Are we sowing seeds of honour?

They shall bring forth golden grain.

We can never be too careful

What the seeds our hands shall sow;

Love for love is sure to ripen,

Hate for hate is sure to grow.

Seeds of good or ill we scatter

Heedlessly along our way;

But a glad or grievous fruitage

Waits us at the harvest day.

Worship, honour, glory, blessing,

Lord, we offer unto Thee;

Young and old, Thy praise confessing,

In glad homage bend the knee.

Father, Son and Holy Spirit

One in Three, and Three in One,

Praise to Thine eternal merit—

Long as ceaseless ages run. Amen.

97

Cassel or Dix.

7s. (six lines).

BROTHERS, be ye who ye may,
Enter ye the glorious way,
Help unceasing, work with might,
Work in darkness, work in light;
Life hath yet no hours to spare,
Life is work and life is prayer.

Life is toil, and all that lives
Sacrifice of labour gives;
Water, fire and air and earth,
Rest not, pause not, from their birth.
Sacred toil doth nature share,
Love is labour, work is prayer.

Brother, with thy brothers stand,
Pledge thy truth and give thy hand,
Raise the downcast, help the weak,
Toil for good, for virtue speak;
Let thy brother be thy care,
Love is labour, work is prayer.

Unto God's great Name we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise:
To the Father and the Son
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be
Now, and through eternity. Amen.

Anon.

98

Come unto Me.

7.6.D.

“COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.”
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed.
It tells of understanding,
Of blessing and of peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

“Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.”
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night;
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

“Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.”
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife;
Evil is ever present,
The fight is fierce and long;
But He hath made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

“And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.”
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;

Which calls each human being,
 Unworthy though we be
 Of love so free and boundless,
 To come, dear Lord, to Thee. Amen.

‡William Chatterton Dix.

99

St. Casimir.

8.7.D.

DO you wish the world were better?
 Let me tell you what to do:
 Set a watch upon your actions,
 Keep them always straight and true;
 Rid your mind of selfish motives;
 Let your thoughts be clean and high;
 You can make a little Eden
 Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
 Well, suppose you make a start,
 By accumulating wisdom
 In the scrapbook of your heart:
 Do not waste one page on folly;
 Live to learn, and learn to live.
 If you want to give men knowledge
 You must get it, ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
 Then remember day by day
 Just to scatter seeds of kindness
 As you pass along the way;
 For the pleasures of the many
 May be oft-times traced to one,
 As the hand that plants an acorn
 Shelters armies from the sun. Amen.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

100

St. Matthew or Prospect.

D.C.M.

FATHER of all, whose Presence dwells
In earth, and sea, and sky,
Whose Spirit moves in every heart
That unto Thee draws nigh !
We pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the Divine.

“Lo here, lo there !” no more we cry,
Dividing with our call
The mantle of Thy Presence, Lord,
That seamless covers all.
We turn from seeking Thee afar,
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of Thy praise.

And if Thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels Thee ever near !
And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When Thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in Thee.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

Great Three in One, and One in Three,
We worship and adore,
O help us all Thy Face to see,
And love Thee more and more. Amen.

Anon.

101

Corpus Christi or St. Alphege.

7.6.7.6.

GO on unto perfection;
O Father, grant that now
We strive to be in all things
As perfect e'en as Thou.

Go on unto perfection,
Not satisfied until
The Lord Himself shall govern
Our every thought and will.

Go on unto perfection;
And if the Cross be laid
On thee, be like thy Master,
Through suffering perfect made.

Go on unto perfection;
Tread not the path alone,
Lead those whom best thou lovest
To share thy cross and crown.

Go on unto perfection;
Work, till that change so blest,
From life of ceaseless labours
To realms of perfect rest.

Go on unto perfection;
Ah, even there we may
As lights shine ever brighter
Unto the perfect day.

Go on unto perfection;
At length that day shall come
When Christ shall call His children
Unto their Father's Home.

With Him in perfect glory,
With Him in perfect love,
We shall attain perfection,
One perfect Church above. Amen.

Colonel W. H. Turton.

102

Sicilian Mariners.

8.7.8.7.

GRANT us, O our Heavenly Father,
In Thy work to spend our days,
Thee in all things to remember,
Thee to serve, and Thee to praise.

Drawing nearer still and nearer,
May we close and closer cling,
To our Lord, and to His Altar
There ourselves an offering bring.

Step by step in life advancing,
Onward, upward, as we move
Through the world unharmed, rejoicing
In His all-embracing love:

Blest in joy, upheld in sorrow,
At our work as in His sight,
May His presence still be with us,
As we do it with our might.

Serving Thee, our Heavenly Father,
From the dawn to set of sun,
Serving Thee from life's fresh morning,
Till our work on earth is done:

Till the shadows of the evening
 Shall for ever pass away,
 And the resurrection morning
 Kindle into perfect day.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 Praise to Thine eternal merit,
 Long as ceaseless ages run. Amen.

†Rev. G. Thring.

103

St. Alban or Bridehead.

8 8.6.D.

GREAT Mover of all hearts, Whose Hand
 Doth all the secret springs command
 Of human thought and will,
 Thou, since the world was made, dost bless
 Thy Saints with fruits of holiness,
 Their order to fulfil.

Faith, hope, and love here weave one chain;
 But love alone shall then remain
 When this short day is gone:
 O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
 When shall we see the radiance bright
 That from Thy Face hath shone?

Thy sovereign rule the worlds obey,
 And earthly joys all fade away
 In that pure Light of Thine;
 We lift our hearts to Thee above
 On wings of faithfulness and love,
 To worship at Thy shrine.

O Father, glorious King of Light,
So far beyond our mortal sight,
We trust Thee utterly,
Whom with Thy holy Son we bless,
And with the Paraclete confess
One God in Persons Three. Amen.

†C. Coffin (A.D. 1736), tr. by Rev. I. Williams.

104

Te Lucis or Ernan.

L.M.

HE liveth long who liveth well—
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well—
All else is life but thrown away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain:
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well—
Who wisdom speaks must live it, too;
He is the wisest who can tell
How first he lived, then spoke, the true.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine:
Be what thou askest to be made,
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last—
Buy up the moments as they go;
The lives which come when this is past,
Are but the fruits from this which flow.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure,
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams upon rich and poor,
And find a harvest-home of light ! Amen.

†Dr. H. Bonar.

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105

St. Alban or Bridehead.

8 8.6.D.

HERE have we met that we may ask
Recruited vigour for the task
Of living as we would;
For we would live by that same word
Which all Christ's noble Saints have heard
Who by the Faith have stood.

Through God alone can man be strong;
To Him we sing our joyous song
In Christ our Lord we stand;
Death held us in a fancied prison,
Through Christ our Lord we have arisen
To know the deathless land.

Not always smooth our outward life;
Our past is potent, and the strife
With evil lasteth long;
Yet in our hearts eternal peace
Shall ever reign, and love increase
Till all our life is song.

An inner light, a holy calm
Have they who trust His puissant Arm,
And, hearing, do His Will;
Though oft we live in glamour here,
In death is life, in trouble cheer,
And Faith is conqueror still.

May love and faith and peace be ours,
The outcome of Thy glorious Powers,
O co-eternal Son,
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore,
Almighty Three in One. Amen.

‡Rev. T. T. Lynch.

106

Christiania.

D.C.M.

HOW blessed, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim
Thy servant, Lord, to be;
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand.

With willing heart and longing eyes
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still;
For love can easily divine
The One Belovèd's Will.

Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord;
Thus ever Thine alone
I lay myself before Thy Feet;
O take me for Thine own!
Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side
By life or death, in this poor flesh
Let Christ be magnified.

How happily the working days
In such dear service fly;
How rapidly the closing hour
Of earthly rest draws nigh,
Where all the faithful gather round,
A joyful company,
And ever where our Master is
Shall His blest servants be.

All homage to the Sovereign Lord
For Whom our work is done;
All glory to our Father God,
And His co-equal Son;
All glory to the Holy Ghost
Who with Them Both is One,
From men and from the Angel-host,
While endless ages run. Amen.

†C. J. P. Spitta, tr. by Jane Borthwick.

107

Ernan.

L.M.

HOW happy is he born and taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his only skill.

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Untied to this vain world by care
Of public fame or private breath.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing—yet hath All.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel Host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

†Sir H. Wotton.

108

Hesperus or Rockingham.

L.M.

I HOLD it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with bodies, breath and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results or ill.

That which we call our secret thought
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings or its woes
Like tracks behind it as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have known,
And yet make comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life; and they will fly
And leave their impress by-and-by,
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath
Bears among men its fumes of death.

And after you have quite forgot
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home,
A dove or raven it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair;
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds and moulding fate—
God's system is so intricate. Amen

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

109

Rhineland or Agatha.

8.6.8.6.8.6.

I KNOW that justly all my life
Is portioned out for me,
The changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
I hold a calm and steady mind
From fear and sorrow free.

I need in life a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on Whom I wait.

Briars beset our daily path,
That call for patient care;
There's something sad in every lot,
Some burden hard to bear;
But gentle hearts that trust and love
Are happy anywhere.

In service which God's love appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes His children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty. Amen.

‡Anna L. Waring.

110

Magi.

8.6.8.6.8 8.

I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again;
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Tired of its failures and its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of Thee.
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;

Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy Presence fills my solitude;
Thy Providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear Love,
Held in Thy law, I stand;
Thy Hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy Hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
Filling my heart with love and praise.

O Father, glorious King of Light,
O Christ, Immortal Son,
O Holy Ghost, Encourager,
Eternal Three in One,
Unending glory be to Thee;
I love Thee, trust Thee utterly. Amen.

Samuel Longfellow.

111

Amicus or Lower Lights.

8.7.D.

IF you cannot on the ocean
Sail amongst the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet:
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;

You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do,
Or some sweeter, better mission—
It may never come to you;
Go, and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labour
You can find it anywhere. Amen.

†Ellen H. Gates.

112

Alla Trinita or Præceptor.

11.10.D.

LIVE and let live, 'tis the great law of nature,
Man to his fellow should ever be kind;
He whose high bounty protects every creature
Taught us to practise this precept refined.
Wide is the world, and though various in station,
Each to his neighbour good wishes may give;
All men belong to humanity's nation;
Nature's great law is to live and let live.

Live and let live, 'tis the law of our being,
The rich and the poor on each other depend;
All men are equal before the All-seeing,
Each in his turn stands in need of a friend.
Be to a foe in distress like a brother;
Christlike it is to forget and forgive;
Love all that's lovely, be kind to each other;
Nature's best law is to live and let live. Amen.

Eliza Cook.

Celer.

113

8.7.D.

LIVE for something ! be not idle,
Look about you for employ,
Sit not down to useless dreaming,
Labour is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay,
Life for you hath many duties;
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in your pathway,
Gentle words and cheering smiles;
Better far than gold and silver
Are their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden all to gentle mirth.

On the hearts oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy;
Whisper words of hope and comfort;
Give, and your reward shall be
Joy unto your soul returning
From this perfect fountain head.
Freely, as you freely give it,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

May the aid of Christ victorious
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Spirit's light all-glorious
Rest upon us from above;

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford. Amen.

Anon.

114

Ernan or Lux Christi.

L.M.

LIVE thou thy life, nor take thou heed
Of shades and shapes of threatening ill.
Walk thou where Nature's footsteps lead,
And work in lowliness her will.
Let duty to thy soul be dear,
In doubt and weakness scorn to grope.
Be steadfast, having naught to fear,
Be joyful, having much to hope.
What though the skies be dark to see,
The ways be dim before thy feet?
If thine own soul be firm in thee,
No harm there is that thou canst meet.
For courage treads a thornless road,
Where shadows fright the fearful soul,
And hope will ease thee of thy load,
And faith will bring thee to thy goal.
Live thou thy life; and ere it end,
Some grace acquire, some good bestow;
When death shall come—thy final friend—
Nor long to leave, nor fear to go.
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

Anon.

115

Bishop.

L.M.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart,
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. Amen.

Frances R. Havergal.

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116

Consolation or Dawning.

11.10.11.10.

LOVE thyself last. Look near, behold thy duty
 To those who walk beside thee down life's road.
 Make glad their days by little acts of beauty
 And help them bear the burden of earth's load.

Love thyself last. Look far and find the stranger
 Who staggers 'neath his sin and his despair;
 Go, lend a hand, and lead him out of danger,
 To heights where he may see the world is fair.

Love thyself last. The vastnesses above thee
 Are filled with Spirit-Forces; strong and pure
 And fervently these faithful friends shall love thee:
 Keep thou thy watch o'er others and endure.

Love thyself last, and such great joy shall thrill thee
 As never yet to selfish souls was given;
 Whate'er thy lot, a perfect peace will fill thee,
 And earth shall seem the ante-room of Heaven.

Love thyself last, and thou shalt grow in spirit
 To see, to hear, to know, and understand.
 The message of the stars, lo, thou shalt hear it,
 And all God's joys shall be at thy command. Amen.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

117

St. Margaret.*

6.8 8.8 8.6.

MAY we be strong to dare;
 And, daring, face the sneers of men,
 Their ridicule, their lies; and then

*It will be necessary to begin each verse by singing the last line of the tune to the opening words.

Unheeding all their foolish spite
Serenely dare to do the right.

May we be strong to dare.

May we be strong to serve;
And serving, may we help to bear
Each weary pilgrim's load of care;
O may we comfort those who mourn
And heal the hearts with anguish torn;
May we be strong to serve.

May we be strong to will;
Willing that His sweet Will be done,
So may our will with His be one;
And with His strength strong may we be
To love and serve humanity.

May we be strong to will.

May we be strong to love;
Loving e'en though unloved, and when
Reviled and scorned by witless men,
May we return to all goodwill,
Forgive the wrong and love them still;
May we be strong to love.

May we be strong to praise;
Praise God from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

May we be strong to praise. Amen.

118

Propior Deo or Horbury.

6.4.6.4.6 6 4.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me
My rest, a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In love is given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Beth-el I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

To God the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost
By man all praise be done,
And Angel-host.
Draw me, great One in Three,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

†Sarah Adams.

119

St. Charles.

P.M.

NOT in abasement lift we | to Thy Face,
O Lord, our | eyes of love,
But recognizing, king-like, | through Thy Grace,
Our heritage a | bove.
No pang we feel, when face to | face with Thee,
Nor shame nor | sense of loss;
Only immortal radiance, | purged and free
From mortal | dross.

This is Thine Art, O Heavenly Ma | gician,
Thy greatness | does not quell.
It works not through the ashes of con | trition,
But by a | nobler spell.
More than ourselves we feel, when we are | near Thee;
Our hearts ex | pand to Thine;
Bared are our souls to Thee; how can they | fear Thee,
Themselves Div | ine?

Then, for a godlike moment, Revel | ation
Flames like an | evening star.
Unveiled, in that swift divine pur | gation,
Comes sight of | what we are !

Not then beyond all reach of hope or | yearning
Seemeth the | light in Thee,
But as a beacon, telling, in its | burning,
What we shall | be. Amen.

E. A. Wodehouse.

120

Mitis.

P.M.

O MASTER, give me gentle thoughts,
That I may ever be
Unmoved amid a world of strife,
And wrapt throughout my earthly life
In converse close with Thee !
O let Thy Spirit touch my heart,
Thy Light within me shine,
That I may never live apart
From Thee the Truth Divine !

O Master, give me gentle words,
That everywhere I move
The face of grief may smile again,
The suffering one forget his pain,
And anger turn to love !
May no hard words of wrath and hate
Fall heedless from my tongue;
Give gentleness that maketh great,
And truth that maketh strong.

O Master, give me gentle deeds
With Thy compassion filled;
May selfishness for ever cease,
May restless longings be at peace,
And passion's voice be stilled.

Gentle in all ways, dearest Lord,
That attitude be mine,
That in each thought and deed and word
Not I, but Christ may shine. Amen.

H. Ernest Nichol.

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121

Warrenne, No. 4.*

P.M.

SHALL there be tears, and I not help to dry them?
Shall there be need, and I not hear its call?
Shall any faint, and I not hasten nigh them,
With mine own strength to hold them, lest they fall?
Lives there in all the world so deep a sorrow
That I should quail and fear to share its load?
Shall any turn to me, and fail to borrow
Strength for the climbing of the upward road?
Great Lord all-loving, if this frailty be,
Strengthen my soul and draw it nearer Thee.

Still dost Thou labour on, when all are sleeping;
Thy perfect Love no respite knows nor rest.
Thine is the burden of a whole world's weeping,
A whole world's pain finds echo in Thy breast,
None, none so lost, Thy kindness cannot find them;
And none so vile, Thou turn'st a heedless ear.
Still in their darkest night Thou walk'st behind them,
And, when men think Thee far, Thou standest near.
Great Lord all-loving, lend Thy strength to me,
And, for Thy service, make me liker Thee.

*The first four lines of the tune must be repeated.

Give me a heart like waters stilled at even,
To feel the ruffle of the lightest sigh:
Give me an eye that, like the stainless heaven,
Knoweth each smallest cloud that floateth by:
Give me a hand that equal blessing showers,
Even like God's rain, on foul as well as fair;
That, in my path, kind deeds may spring like flowers
And gentle thoughts with fragrance fill the air.
Great Lord all-loving, teach me how to be,
Though infinitely far, yet liker Thee. Amen.

E. A. Wodehouse.

122

Deerhurst or Rex Gloriae.

8.7.D.

SOLDIERS in the King's great army,
Listen for your Captain's call,
Ever standing at attention
Ready for what may befall.
Not for us is idle dreaming,
There is work that we can do,
Life for us is full of action,
Set apart for service true.

There are burdens we may lighten—
Toiling, struggling ones to cheer;
Tear-dimmed eyes that we may brighten,
Thorny paths that we may clear;
Erring ones, despised, neglected,
We may lead to duty back;
Beacon-lights may be erected
All along life's crowded track,

There are wrongs that should be righted,
 Sacred rights to be sustained,
 Truths, though trampled long and slighted,
 'Mid the strife to be maintained;
 Heavy brooding mists to scatter,
 Mists of ignorance and sin;
 Walls of adamant to shatter,
 Thus to let God's sunlight in.

Boundless is the field and fertile,
 Let the ploughshare deep be driven;
 So, at length, the plenteous harvest
 Shall look smiling up to heaven!
 Sow we seed at early morning,
 Nor at evening stay our hand;
 Precious fruit, the earth adorning,
 Shall at length around us stand.

There is need for constant action,
 Steadfastly to persevere,
 Never to forget the duty
 Christ hath laid upon us here;
 Yet in all our earnest labours
 May we now and evermore
 God the Father, God the Son and
 God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

Anon (vv. 1 and 5 added).

123

Spohr.

O.M.

SPEAK gently, it is better far
 To rule by love than fear;
 Speak gently, let no harsh word mar
 The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring ones—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
O, win them back again!

Speak gently—'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

G. W. Hangford.

124

St. Agnes (Langran) or Old 124th.

10s.

TEACH me, O holy Master, how to live
To serve Thee e'en in darkest hours of life;
Arm me for conflict new, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live for sense and sin no more,
But use the time remaining to me yet,
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live; no idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ;
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live with kindly words for all,
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom,
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call
Summons Thy guest to take a higher room.

Teach me to live a noble, joyous life,
To pour on all the radiance of Thy Love,
To be a sun of peace amid the strife,
To turn the thought of man to things above. Amen.

†Ellen E. Burman.

125

St. Cecilia or Ibstone.

6s.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own Hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

All glory be to Thee,
Father, co-equal Son,
And to the Holy Ghost,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Dr. H. Bonar.

126

Ave Verum (Gounod) or Amicus.

8.7.D.

WAS there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Master Who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?
Though our Master's Love looks mighty,
It is mightier than it seems,
For the depth of His affection
Ranges far beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in His friendship
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
With no other could earth's sad ones
Meet such gentle brotherhood;
By no other could earth's failings
Be so kindly understood.

For the Love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make that Love too narrow
By false limits, ours alone,
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

Erring ones! come near our Master
Not with heart incredulous,
But with courage, trusting bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. Amen.

‡Rev. F. W. Faber.

127

Narenza.

S.M.

WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.
To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is Angels' work below.
The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.
And we believe Thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.
All might, all praise be Thine,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Spirit, Bond of love Divine,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Bp. W. W. How.

128

Melita or Veni Cito.

8s. (six lines).

WE have not known Thee as we ought,
Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace, and power;
The things of earth have filled our thought,
And trifles of the passing hour.

Lord, give us light Thy truth to see,
And make us wise in knowing Thee.

We have not praised Thee as we ought;
In Sacraments a daily store
Of gifts Thou strewest, all unsought,
Like shells upon the ocean shore,
Yet often earthly thoughts intrude;
Forgive us our ingratitude !

We have not loved Thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;
Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed Thy Face to see.
Lord, give a pure and loving heart
To feel and own the love Thou art.

We have not served Thee as we ought,
Alas ! the duties left undone—
The work with little fervour wrought—
The battles lost, or scarcely won !
Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,
For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

When shall we know Thee as we ought,
And praise, and love, and serve aright?
When shall we, out of trial brought,
Be perfect in the land of light?

Lord, may we day by day prepare
To see Thy Face, and serve Thee there. Amen.

Rev. T. B. Pollock (2nd v. added).

129

Yorkshire or Verulam.

10s. (six lines).

WE should be thankful for this common life
And all the rest and joy amidst its strife;
For earth and trees and sea and clouds and springs,
For work and all the lessons that it brings;
Thankful for all, our forces we'll employ
To radiate bliss, and fill our world with joy.

For all the gleams of newer, fairer truth
Which, ever ripening, still renews our youth,
For fellowship with noble souls and wise
Whose hearts beat time to music of the skies.
Thankful for all, etc.

For each achievement human toil can reach,
For all that patriots win, and poets teach;
For the old light that gleams on history's page.
For the new hope that shines on each new age.
Thankful for all, etc.

May we to Christ's true Light be ever true—
Find hope and strength and bliss for ever new;
Obey with joy His guidance from above,
Follow the law of His almighty Love.
Thankful for all, etc. Amen.

‡Frederick M. White. (Refrain added).

130

St. Oswald or St. Sylvester.

8.7.8.7.

WORK, it is thy highest mission;
Work, all blessing centres there;
Work for culture, for the vision
Of the true and good, and fair.

'Tis of knowledge the condition,
Opening still new fields beyond;
'Tis of thought the full fruition;
'Tis of love the perfect bond.

Work; by labour comes the unsealing
Of the thoughts that in thee burn;
Comes in action the revealing
Of the truths thou hast to learn.

Work in helpful, loving union
With thy brethren of mankind;
With the foremost hold communion,
Succour those who toil behind.

For true work can never perish,
And thy followers in the way,
For thy works thy name shall cherish;
Work, while it is called to-day.

Work, for God is watching o'er thee;
Thou art helping in His plan;
His bright Star shall go before thee,
Guiding in thy work for man. Amen.

F. M. White (verse added).

Other hymns suitable for Lent are:

- 320. I know not what may befall me.
- 375. O Love that will not let me go.
- 402. Practice of the Law of Love.

PALM SUNDAY

131

St. Theodulph.

7.6.D

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, eternal King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
All glory, etc.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.
All glory, etc.

The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, etc.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

Thou didst accept their praises,
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.
 All glory, etc. Amen.

†St. Theodulph of Orleans (A.D. 821), tr. by Dr. J. M. Neale.

Note that according to the directions in our Liturgy (p. 81) the refrain is repeated by the choir outside the Church door after the first verse as well as after the others. The organist should therefore begin by playing the first half of the tune twice, and thereafter go on as directed.

132

New York.

7.6.D.

HOSANNA ! loud hosannas
 The little children sang;
 Through pillared court and temple
 That heartfelt anthem rang;
 To Christ, Whose Love had blessed them
 Close folded to His breast,
 The children sang their praises,
 The simplest and the best.

From Olivet they follow,
 'Mid that exultant crowd,
 The victor's palm-branch waving
 And shouting clear and loud.
 Bright Angels join the chorus
 Beyond the cloudless sky—
 Hosanna in the highest
 Glory to God on high.

Fair leaves of silvery olive
 They strew upon the ground,
 While Salem's circling mountains
 Echo the joyful sound.

The Lord of men and Angels
Rides on in lowly state,
Smiling on those dear children
Who on His bidding wait.

Hosanna in the highest;
That ancient song we sing,
To Christ our glorious Leader
Our holy Lord and King.
O may we ever praise Him
With heart and life and voice,
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice. Amen.

‡Jeanette Threlfall.

MAUNDY THURSDAY

See Eucharistic Hymns Nos. 222-232.

EASTER.

133

PROCESSIONAL

Easter Hymn, No. 2.

7s.

CHRIST our Lord is risen to-day, Alleluia,
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia;
Offer we our praises meet, Alleluia,
At the royal Victor's feet; Alleluia.

Love's exalted work is done, Alleluia,
Fought the fight, the battle won, Alleluia;
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Alleluia,
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply; Alleluia.

Lives again our glorious King, Alleluia,
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia;
Stone nor seal impedes His rise, Alleluia,
Christ hath opened Paradise; Alleluia.

Soar we now where Christ hath led, Alleluia,
Following our exalted Head; Alleluia;
Made like Him, like Him we rise; Alleluia,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies; Alleluia.

King of glory, Soul of bliss, Alleluia,
Everlasting life is this, Alleluia;
Thee to know in realms above, Alleluia,
Thus to sing and thus to love; Alleluia.

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia,
Unto Christ our Heavenly King, Alleluia;
Throned in endless might and power, Alleluia,
Lives and reigns He evermore; Alleluia.

Hail, eternal Love on high, Alleluia,
Hail, Thou King of Victory, Alleluia;
Hail, Thou Prince of life adored, Alleluia,
Thee we worship, glorious Lord; Alleluia.

Sing we to our God above, Alleluia,
Praise eternal as His love, Alleluia;
Praise Him all ye heavenly Host, Alleluia,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost; Alleluia. Amen.

Partly from Lyra Davidica (1708), partly by C. Wesley.

134

Alleluia.

8.7.D.

ALLELUIA ! Alleluia !

Hearts to Heaven and voices raise;
Sing to Christ a hymn of gladness,
Sing to Christ a hymn of praise;
Bring your harps, and bring your incense,
Sweep the string and pour the lay;
Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
King of that celestial day.

Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second Coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen, we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy Face;
That we, with our hearts in Heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by Angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia ! Christ Eternal,
Thou hast gained the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
To the Triune Majesty. Amen.

†Bp. C. Wordsworth.

135

Beacon Light or Morning Song.

8.7.T.

BY Thy glorious Resurrection,
Risen Lord, to Thee we pray,
Grant the fullest, deepest meaning
To our Easter-joy to-day;

May we, chanting alleluias
For Thine Easter-victory,
Now be dead to all that's evil,
Evermore alive to Thee;
Ever pressing towards perfection.
This will Easter-joy afford,
Children of the Resurrection,
Rising with our Risen Lord.

Thus may we, triumphant Saviour,
In Thine Easter-triumphs share,
Rise from sin and sinful pleasures,
Rise from earth and earthly care;
Purer aims and nobler motives,
Give us hearts with Thine above,
More devotion to Thy Service,
More of Thine unselfish love;
So the nearer to perfection
Every Easter may we be,
Children of the Resurrection,
Ever rising nearer Thee.

But, O Lord, we chiefly pray Thee
Grant our Easter-joy to prove
But a foretaste of the eternal
Easter-joy in heaven above;
When this Lent of life is over,
No more Passiontide to keep,
And the Angels shall awake us
From the Easter-eve of sleep;
Then in glorious perfection
May we rise, O Lord, to Thee,
Children of the Resurrection,
Endless Easter-joy to see. Amen.

Colonel W. H. Turton.

136

St. John Damascene or St. Joseph of the Studium.

7.6.D. (Trochaic).

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the Spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the Day of splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's Resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal
Hold Thee as a mortal;

But to-day amidst Thine own
 Thou dost stand, bestowing
 That Thy peace which evermore
 Passeth human knowing.

Glory to the Father be,
 To the Son all glory
 That to-day we celebrate
 Easter's wondrous story;
 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
 Fire of love supernal,
 Glory to the Three in One,
 Equal, co-eternal. Amen.

St. John of Damascus (A.D. 750), tr. by Dr. J. M. Neale.

137

Yorkshire.

10s. (six lines).

EASTER ! the word is music in our ears:
 Christ rises glorious; spread the news abroad
 O weary men, beset by cares and fears,
 Claim ye your Father's Kingdom, sons of God,
 Christ, rising glorious, rises not alone:
 For in His victory ye behold your own.

What came from God must unto God return;
 That Easter dawn shall end the longest night:
 Yea, though the spark within us feebly burn,
 'Tis kindled from the Uncreated Light.
 The spark shall glow, shall rise a living flame.
 And we o'ercome, as He, our Lord, o'ercame.

O Light of Light, Who, through unaging hours,
 Art with us all the days until the end,

Master of Wisdom, Lord of Heavenly Powers,
King of Compassion, Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
By this Thine Easter triumph, bid us learn
What came from God shall unto God return.

To God the Father, God the Only Son,
And God the Holy Ghost be worship due;
Daily our homage to our King is done,
Yet holy Easter brings us vigour new
To thank and bless the glorious Three in One,
Eternal Splendour, ever-radiant Sun. Amen.

Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff.

138

Vesper Hymn.*

8.7. (ten lines).

HARK, ten thousand thousand voices
Sing the song of Jubilee;
Earth through all her tribes rejoices,
Broke her long captivity.
Now the theme in rolling thunders
Through the universe is rung,
Now in gentler tones the wonders
Of eternal Love are sung.
Hail, Emmanuel, great Deliverer,
Hail, Emmanuel, praise to Thee.
Lo, the anthem everlasting,
Joyful sing the heavenly host;
While their crowns of glory casting
At His feet, their chosen post;
Wider now, and louder pealing,
Swells and soars the enraptured strain;
Now, in numbers softly stealing,
Hark, the Conqueror's praise again.
Hail, Emmanuel, etc.

Hasten that great consummation,
 That bright climax of mankind,
 When each distant tribe and nation
 Takes the bliss by God designed;
 Loud the Victor's trump be sounded,
 Let the joyous echoes roll,
 Till a sea of bliss unbounded
 Spreads o'er earth from pole to pole.
 Hail, Emmanuel, etc.

With the universal chorus
 We the noblest songs would raise;
 Christ our King, Who goes before us
 Lives for ever in our days.
 O come quickly, King most glorious,
 O'er the expectant world to reign;
 Thee we hail, O All-Victorious
 Heaven and earth repeat the strain—
 Hail, Emmanuel, etc. Amen.

†J. Garrett.

*The first line of the music must be repeated to the third and fourth lines of each verse.

139

O Filii et Filiae.

888.4.

O SONS and daughters, let us sing !
 The King of Heaven, the glorious King.
 O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
 Alleluia !

That Easter Morn, at break of day,
 The faithful women went their way
 To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
 Alleluia !

An Angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."

Alleluia !

That night the Apostles met in fear:
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here."

Alleluia !

When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples' word.

Alleluia !

How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.

Alleluia !

On this most holy Day of days,
To God our hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.

Alleluia !

And we with Holy Church unite,
As is most just and meet and right,
In glory to the King of Light.

Alleluia ! Amen.

Thirteenth Century Hymn, tr. by Dr. J. M. Neale and others.

140

Ellacombe or New York.

7.6.D.

THE Day of Resurrection !
Earth, tell it out abroad ;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God !

From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail" and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
And earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

O Father ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice Holy Three in One,
Great God of every nation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration.
Be Thine for evermore. Amen.

†St. John of Damascus (A.D. 750), tr. by Dr. J. M. Neale.

141

The Foe.

Irregular.

THE foe behind, the deep before,
Our hosts have dared and passed the sea;
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.

Lift up, lift up your voices now !
The whole wide world rejoices now;
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
The Lord shall reign victoriously.

Happy morrow,
Turning sorrow
Into peace and mirth;
Bondage ending,
Love descending
O'er the earth.

Seals assuring,
Guards securing,
Watch His earthly prison;
Seals are shattered,
Guards are scattered;
Christ is risen !

No longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead;
For death is hallowed into sleep,
And every grave becomes a bed.

Now once more
Eden's door
Open stands to mortal eyes;
For Christ hath risen, and man shall rise.

Now at last,
 Old things past,
 Hope, and joy, and peace begin:
 For Christ hath won, and man shall win.

It is not exile, rest on high;
 It is not sadness, peace from strife;
 To fall asleep is not to die;
 To dwell with Christ is better life.

Where our banner leads us
 We may safely go;
 Where our Chief precedes us
 We may face the foe.

His right arm is o'er us,
 He our Guide will be:
 Christ hath gone before us,
 Christians, follow ye! Amen.

Ancient Carol (probably Greek), tr. by Dr. J. M. Neale.

Other hymns suitable for this season are:

- 264. All people that on earth do dwell.
- 298. God is the King of Glory.
- 304. God of wisdom, God of grace.
- 327. Immortal, invisible.
- 333. Infinite God, to Thee we raise.
- 339. Let us with a gladsome mind.
- 359. Now thank we all our God.
- 379. O praise ye the Lord.
- 385. O worship the King.
- 391. Our Christ shall reign.
- 403. Praise the Lord, His glories show.
- 404. Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him.
- 405. Praise we our Master.
- 411. Sing praise to God Who reigns above.
- 417. Songs of praise the Angels sang.
- 425. Tell it out among the people.

THE ASCENSION

PROCESSIONAL

142

Easter Hymn, No. 2.

7s.D.

HAIL the Day that sees Him rise, Alleluia,
To His throne beyond our skies, Alleluia.
Glory to the conquering King, Alleluia,
Glory let creation sing, Alleluia.

There for Him high triumph waits, Alleluia,
Lift your heads, eternal gates, Alleluia.
He hath vanquished death and sin, Alleluia.
Take the King of Glory in, Alleluia.

Lo, the heaven its Lord receives, Alleluia,
Yet He loves the earth He leaves, Alleluia,
Though returning to His throne, Alleluia,
Still He calls mankind His own, Alleluia.

Now he lifts His Hands above, Alleluia,
Flooding Heaven and earth with love, Alleluia.
He, ascending, doth bestow, Alleluia,
Blessings on His Church below, Alleluia.

Though He gains that wondrous height, Alleluia,
Far above our earthly sight, Alleluia,
Still within that Church He lives, Alleluia,
Sacramental strength He gives, Alleluia.

Soon our Lord will come again, Alleluia,
Ever in our hearts to reign, Alleluia.
Quickly come, all-glorious King, Alleluia,
Thus thy loving servants sing, Alleluia.

Sing we to our God above, Alleluia,
Praise eternal as His love, Alleluia.
Praise Him, all ye heavenly Host, Alleluia,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Alleluia. Amen.

‡C. Wesley (A.D. 1739).

143

Diademata.

D.S.M.

CROWN Him with many crowns,
Our Christ upon His Throne;
Let all the nations worship Him,
His praise let all intone,
Loud let His glory ring,
Ruler of earth and sea;
We hail Him as our radiant King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of Love
The God Incarnate born,
The Life outpouring from above
That in us life may dawn.
Fruit of the mystic Rose
As of that Rose the Stem;
The Root whence beauty ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that war may cease,
And all be joy and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His sacred Feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of life
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring
And lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of might,
The King of Kings alone,
Maker of all, serene and bright
On His eternal throne;
On the broad sea of light
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His throne—the Infinite
Who lives and loves and saves.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably Sublime:
Hail, mighty Victor, hail!
All life comes forth from Thee;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity. Amen.

‡Matthew Bridges and Rev. G. Thring.

144

Benson.

P.M.

GOD is gone up with a merry noise
Of Saints that sing on high,
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory.

He hath gained a throne and a royal crown
In the heavens far away,
Yet through good and ill He standeth still
By His servant's side alway.

Now conquered is the fear of death
And crushed thy sting, despair;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb;
Our Master hath been there.
And He hath bound the powers of ill,
Ascending thus on high,
And captive behind His chariot-wheel
He hath bound captivity.

He hath risen to-day in the clouds of heaven
To show forth His victory,
Yet His faithful ones He will never forsake
Through the days of eternity.
So to Father, Son and Holy Ghost
All glory shall ever be,
For He is the King of earth and heaven,
One God, yet in Persons Three. Amen.

Based on Bp. R. Heber.

145

Rex Gloriæ or St. Casimir.

8.7.D.

SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state
Riding on the clouds His chariot,
To His heavenly palace gate;
Hark! the choirs of Angel voices
Joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their Heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
Now He reigns, adored by Angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

Lift us up from earth to Heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspiration
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
When He sits enthroned in glory
In His heavenly citadel.

Glory be to God the Father;
Glory be to God the Son,
Risen and ascended for us,
Who the heavenly realm has won;
Glory to the Holy Spirit;
To One God in Persons Three,
Glory both in earth and Heaven,
Glory, endless glory be. Amen.

†Bp. C. Wordsworth.

Other hymns suitable for Ascensiontide are:

261. All hail the power of Jesu's Name.

450. Thou art gone up, O Lord, on high.

WHITSUN-DAY
(AND OTHER FESTIVALS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT)

146

Armageddon.

6.5.T.

BLESS us, Thou That broodest
O'er the watery deep,
Waking all creation
From its primal sleep.
Holy Spirit, breathing
Breath of Life Divine,
Breathe into our spirits,
Blending them with Thine.
Light and Life Immortal,
Bless us as we raise
Joyous hearts and voices,
Full of love and praise.

When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy Presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy Will.
Light and Life, etc.

When the fight is fiercest
In the noonday heat,
Keep us, Holy Spirit,
At our Master's Feet,

There to stand all-steadfast
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle
Till the victory's won.
Light and Life, etc.

If the day be falling
Softly as it goes,
Peacefully and sweetly
Sinking to its close,
May Thy Lovingkindness,
Shining from on high,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.
Light and Life, etc.

Morning, noon and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in Thee;
Life, that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love;
Life, that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.
Light and Life, etc.

Radiant Holy Spirit,
Light and Fire of Love,
Thy pure flame pervadeth
Earth and heaven above.
With the mighty Father,
With His glorious Son,
Thou art ever worshipped,
Three Who yet are One.
Light and Life, etc. Amen.

147

Nova vita.

S.M.

BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
 Fill me with life anew,
 That I may love what Thou dost love,
 And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 Until my heart is pure;
 Until my will is one with Thine
 To do, and to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 Till I am wholly Thine;
 Until this earthly part of me
 Glows with Thy Fire Divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 So shall I never die,
 But live with Thee the perfect life
 Of Thine Eternity.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 That I may Thee adore,
 Linked with the Father and the Son,
 One God for evermore. Amen.

†Dean Edwin Hatch.

148

Hursley.

L.M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above;
 Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
 O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant heavenly love in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

Lead us to Heaven, that we may share
Fullness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

†Rev. S. Browne.

149

Ilfracombe or St. Flavian.

C.M.

COME, Holy Ghost, Eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love;

Inspire our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace instil;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with fervent will.

Thou in Thy gifts are manifold;
By them Christ's Church doth stand;
In faithful hearts Thou writ'st Thy law,
The Finger of God's hand.

According to Thy promise, Lord,
Thou givest speech with grace,
That through Thy help God's praises may
Resound in every place.

O Holy Ghost, into our minds
Send down Thy Heavenly Light;
Inflame our hearts with fervent zeal
To serve God day and night.

Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
For, Lord, Thou know'st us frail;
That never selfish word or thought
Against us may prevail.

Put back our enemy from us,
And help us to obtain
Peace in our hearts with God and man—
The best, the truest gain;

Of strife, of hatred and of guile,
Dissolve, O Lord, the bands,
And knit the knots of peace and love
Throughout all Christian lands.

Grant us the power to recognize
The Father of all might,
That we of His beloved Son
May gain the blissful sight;

And that we may with perfect faith
Ever acknowledge Thee,
O Spirit, Father, holy Son,
One God in Persons Three.

To God the Father laud and praise,
And to His Blessed Son,
And to the Spirit, Flame of Love,
Co-equal Three in One. Amen.

†From the Book of Common Prayer.

150

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

7s. (six lines).

COME, Thou Holy Spirit, come;
And from Thy celestial home
Shed a ray of light Divine;
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou Source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine.

Thou of Comforters the best,
Thou art man's most welcome guest,
Sweet refreshment here below;
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

O most Blessèd Light Divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill;
Where Thou art not, man hath naught,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

On the faithful, who adore
 And confess Thee, evermore
 In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
 Give them virtue's sure reward,
 In Thy constant presence, Lord,
 Give them joys that never end. Amen.

Ancient Sequence, tr. by Rev. E. Caswall.

151

Charity.

7 7 7.5.

GRACIOUS SPIRIT, Holy Ghost,
 Taught by Thee, we covet most
 Of Thy gifts at Pentecost
 Holy, heavenly love.

Love is kind, and suffers long;
 Love is meek and thinks no wrong,
 Love, than death itself more strong;
 Therefore give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
 Melting in the light of day;
 Love will ever with us stay;
 Therefore give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight,
 Hope be emptied in delight,
 Love in heaven will shine more bright;
 Therefore give us love.

Faith and hope and love we see
 Joining hand in hand agree;
 But the greatest of the three,
 And the best, is love.

From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love. Amen.

Bp. C. Wordsworth.

152

Weber or Ephraim.

78.

HOLY SPIRIT, Truth Divine,
In Thy glory on me shine;
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire,
Perish self in Thy pure fire !

Holy Spirit, Might Divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
That I power and comfort give.

Holy Spirit, Right Divine,
Reign within this heart of mine;
Be my Lord, and I shall be
Firmly bound, yet ever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing;
Spring, O Well, for ever spring !

Holy Spirit, Light Divine,
 Praise and majesty be Thine,
 With the Father and the Son,
 Who with Thee are ever One. Amen.

†Samuel Longfellow.

153

Franconia.

S.M.

LORD GOD the Holy Ghost,
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all Thy power.

We meet with one accord
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.

Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse every mind,
 One soul, one feeling, breathe:

The young, the old, inspire
 With wisdom from above;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
 To worship, praise and love.

Spirit of light, explore,
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day.

Spirit of truth, be Thou
 In life and death our Guide;
 O Spirit of adoption, now
 May we be sanctified.

Lord God the Holy Ghost,
With Father and with Son,
By men and by the Angel-host
Homage to Thee be done ! Amen.

Rev. J. Montgomery.

154

St. Cuthbert.

8.6.8.4.

O GOD the Spirit, King of Flame,
Most holy Fire of Love,
Thy Church Thy glory doth acclaim
Below, above.

Once camest Thou, a hovering Dove,
With sheltering wings outspread
The holy balm of peace and love
On all to shed.

Again Thou camest as a Fire
On that first Pentecost;
And still Thou comest to inspire
Each reverent host.

Our great Encourager art Thou,
Promoting brotherhood;
Thou, as of old, so here and now
Sole Source of good.

Thou comest, blessing to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
When Thou canst find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

Thine is that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heaven,

For every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness
Are Thine alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place
And worthier Thee.

O praise the Father, praise the Son,
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three ! Amen.

Based on Harriett Auber.

155

St. Francis.

C.M.

O HOLY GHOST, Thy people bless
Who long to feel Thy might,
And fain would grow in holiness
As children of the light.

To Thee we bring, Who art the Lord,
Ourselves to be Thy throne;
Let every thought, and deed, and word
Thy pure dominion own.

Life-giving Spirit, o'er us move,
As on the formless deep;
Give life and order, light and love,
Where now is death or sleep.

Great Gift of our ascended King,
His saving truth reveal;
Our tongues inspire His praise to sing,
Our hearts His love to feel,

True Wind of Heaven, from south or north,
Through joy or sorrow, blow;
The garden-spices shall spring forth
If Thou wilt bid them flow.

O Holy Ghost, of sevenfold might,
All graces come from Thee;
Grant us to know and serve aright
One God in Persons Three. Amen.

†Sir H. W. Baker.

156

Bishop.

L.M.

O HOLY SPIRIT, from above
Of holiness the essence shower,
Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power.

The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative, impart,
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unawakened heart;

The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind;

The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts Thy laws may write;
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife,
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

O Holy Spirit, Royal One,
All glory we ascribe to Thee,
Who, with the Father and the Son,
Dost live and reign eternally. Amen.

†Dr. Henry More and others.

157

Abridge.

C.M.

O HOLY SPIRIT, Lord of grace,
Eternal Fount of love,
Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts
With fire from Heaven above.

As Thou in bond of love dost join
The Father and the Son,
So fill us all with mutual love
And knit our hearts in one.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

C. Coffin (A.D. 1736), tr. by Rev. John Chandler.

158

St. Agnes.

C.M.

SPIRIT Divine, pour forth Thy Love
As here we make our vow;
Descend with all Thy glorious powers,
O come, Great Spirit, now !

Come as the Light: to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe:
And lead us in those paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the Fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our great Master's Name.

Come as the Dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

Come as the Dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of perfect love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

Spirit of Truth, these hearts of ours
With love and peace endow;
Descend with all Thy heavenly powers,
O come, Great Spirit, now! Amen.

†Rev. A. Reed.

159

St. Alban or Esca Viatorum.

8.8.6.D.

SPIRIT of light and unison,
Who from the Father and the Son
Dost equally proceed,
Inflame our hearts with holy fire,
Our lips with eloquence inspire,
And strengthen us in need.

The Father and the Son through Thee
Are linked in perfect unity,
And everlasting love;
Ineffably Thou dost pervade
All nature; and, Thyself unswayed,
The whole creation move.

O unexhausted Fount of light:
How doth Thy radiance put to flight
The darkness of the mind !
The pure are only pure through Thee;
Thou only dost the guilty free,
And cheer with light the blind.

Thou to the lowly dost display
The beautiful and perfect way
Of justice and of peace;
Shunning the proud and stubborn heart,
Thou to the simple dost impart
True wisdom's rich increase.

Each elemental change is Thine;
The Sacraments their force divine
From Thee alone obtain;
Thou teaching, naught remains obscure;
Thou present, every thought impure
Is banished from the brain.

So unto Thee, who with the Son
And Father art for ever One,
In nature as in name:
Of Both alike the Spirit blest,
Different in Person, but confessed
In Deity the same:

Lord of all sanctity and might,
Immense, immortal, infinite,
The life of earth and Heaven,
Be, through eternal length of days,
All honour, glory, blessing, praise,
And adoration given. Amen.

160

Intercession or Melcombe.

L.M.

SPIRIT of wisdom, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts that Christ our Lord hath wrought.

Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy Holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of wisdom, truth, and love.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

‡W. L. Alexander.

161

Trichinopoly.

7.6.7.6.D.

THERE is an ancient River,
Whose streams descend in light,
From never-failing fountains,
Beyond all earthly sight;
It ran through all the ages,
And, wheresoe'er it flowed,
Uprose the Holy City,
The Lord's elect abode.

The River still is flowing
With ever fuller stream

And still the Light is falling
With ever brighter beam.
Through many a religion
That River sweeps along
Its fountains flood our Churches
With current deep and strong.

Its radiance lights us onward,
Its chanting waters cheer;
Blest is the eye beholding,
Blest is the hearing ear;
For as the earth-clouds darken,
The glory clearer grows,
And gladder for life's tumult,
The stream of music flows.

God's River! The One Spirit,
Grace of the mystic Seven!
Drink, Church of Christ, these waters,
Thine earnest here of heaven;
So joy, and peace, and pleasure,
Shall feed thy life within,
So power without shall guard thee,
Against the world of sin.

O beautiful, grand River!
We wait upon Thy shore,
In bliss of expectation
Abiding evermore.
Till at some holy even
We pass upon Thy breast,
From foretaste unto fullness,
From waiting unto rest. Amen.

†Rev. S. J. Stone.

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Hymns 257 and 499 are also suitable.

TRINITY SUNDAY

162

St. Oswald or Stuttgart.

8.7.8.7.

BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given.
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the Angels' cry.
"Holy, Holy, Holy" singing,
"Lord of hosts, Lord God most High."

With His seraph train before Him,
With His Holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord." Amen.

163

Dundee or Gerontius.

C.M.

HAIL ! Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !
 Whom One in Three we know;
 By all Thy heavenly Host adored,
 By all Thy Church below.

One undivided Trinity
 With triumph we proclaim;
 Thy universe is full of Thee,
 And speaks Thy glorious Name.

Thee, Holy Father, we confess,
 Thee, Holy Son, adore,
 Thee, Spirit of true holiness,
 We worship evermore.

Three Persons equally Divine
 We magnify and love;
 And both the choirs ere long combine,
 To sing Thy praise above.

Hail ! Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
 Our heavenly song shall be,
 Supreme, essential One, adored
 In co-eternal Three ! Amen.

†Rev. C. Wesley.

164

Cloisters.

11.11.11.5.

HOLIEST FATHER, King most kind and loving,
 Worshipful Master, Christ the Son supernal,
 Tenderest Spirit, o'er us sweetly moving,
 One God eternal !

Trinity holy, Unity unshaken,
Ruler Almighty, God all goodness giving,
Light of the Angels, Friend of the forsaken
Hope of all living !

Blithely Thy creatures pay Thee service holy;
All Thy creation, Lord, in Thee rejoices;
We too our praises lift from bosoms lowly
With jocund voices.

Glory to Thee, Whose might all might excelleth,
God in Three Persons, Thou Whom naught can sever;
Thee song beseemeth, Thee, with Whom praise dwelleth
Now and for ever. Amen.

†Ancient Office Hymn, translator unknown.

165

Nicaea.

P.M.

HOLY, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity !

Holy, Holy, Holy, all the Saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !

All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea;

Holy, Holy, Holy ! merciful and mighty !

God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity ! Amen.

Bp. R. Heber.

166

Capetown.

7 7 7.5.

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of Lights, with morning shine;
Lift on us Thy Light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

Light of Lights, when dies the day,
Still pour forth Thy glorious ray;
Fold us in Thy peace alway;
Shed a holy calm.

Three in One and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the Saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

†G. Rorison.

167

Deerhurst.

8.7.D.

WITH the countless hosts of heaven
Kneeling round the Throne of Light,
With the Angels and Archangels,
Cherub pure, and Seraph bright;

With the Saints and Martyrs glorious,
Join we now with one accord,
Singing with the Church victorious
"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."

"Be ye holy," saith the Scripture,
"For your Lord is holy" still,
Sanctify us then we pray Thee,
Sanctify our heart and will;
Pure our every wish and feeling,
Pure our every thought and word,
As we chant before Thine Altar,
"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."

And, amidst this world of sorrow,
Lift awhile our hearts above,
Grant us visions of the worship
Round the Eternal Throne of Love:
Visions of the King in beauty,
Of the Lamb by all adored,
Of the Angels ever singing,
"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."

Praise to Thee, O Holy Father,
Praise to Thee, O Holy Son,
Praise to Thee, O Holy Spirit,
Ever Three and Ever One;
Praise to Thine All-Holy Godhead,
Sing we thus with one accord—
Echoes of the song eternal,
"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord." Amen.

Colonel W. H. Turton.

Hymns also suitable for Trinity Sunday are:

- 238. All Holy. Holy, Holy.
- 288. Father of Heaven above.
- 353. Most ancient of all mysteries.

CORPUS CHRISTI

(SEE EUCHARISTIC HYMNS, Nos. 222-232.)

FEASTS OF OUR LADY

168

Gerontius.

C.M.

AROUND thy starry crown are wreathed
So many names divine;
Which is the dearest to my heart,
And the most worthy thine?

Star of the Sea: we turn to thee
When tempests raise their voice;
Star of the Sea: the haven reached,
We call thee, and rejoice.

Help of the Christian: in our need
Thy mighty aid we claim;
If we are faint and weary, then
We trust in that dear name.

Our Lady dear of Victories:
O name for ever blest,
We put our trust for aye in thee,
And love that name the best.

Bright Queen of Heaven: when we are sad
Best solace of our pains;
It tells us, though on earth we toil,
Our Mother lives and reigns.

Health of the Sick: when anxious hearts
Watch by the sufferer's bed,
On this sweet name of thine they lean,
Consoled and comforted.

Mother of Sorrows: many a heart,
Half-broken by despair,
Has laid its burden by the cross
And found a Mother there.

Fair Queen of Virgins: thy pure band,
The lilies round thy throne,
Love the dear title which they bear
Most that it is thine own.

True Queen of Martyrs: if we shrink
From want, or pain, or woe,
We think of the sharp sword that pierced
Thy heart, and call thee so.

Mary: the dearest name of all
The holiest and the best;
The first low word that Jesus lisped
Laid on His Mother's breast.

Mary: the name that Gabriel spoke
Sweeter than words can tell;
Mary, the name that through high heaven
The Angels love so well. Amen.

†Adelaide A. Procter.

169

St. Alban or Esca Viatorum.

8 8.6.D.

AVE Maria ! blessèd Maid,
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,
Who can express the love
That nurtured thee, so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
For that most holy Dove?

Ave Maria ! Mother blest,
To whom, caressing and caressed,
Clings the eternal Child;
Favoured beyond Archangel's dream
When first on thee with tenderest gleam
That new-born Infant smiled.

Ave Maria ! thou hast borne
The heavy cross of those that mourn—
Yea, unto seven times seven;
And yet, what mourning matron here
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear
By all on this side heaven?

Ave Maria ! radiant one,
Of all who stand beneath the sun
Thou hast the joy most rare—
A Son That never did amiss,
That never shamed His Mother's kiss,
Nor crossed her fondest prayer.

Ave Maria ! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine;
For He, thy Son, our Leader, vows
To crown all lowly, lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

Ave Maria ! ocean's Star
Thy love doth flood the worlds afar
With mighty hymns of praise;
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
From men and from the Angel-host
An answering song we raise. Amen.

170

Franconia.

S.M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King;

His Mother sweet He chose
From Israel's daughters fair
For crystal purity of heart—
O gift of gifts most rare!

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His Throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy Presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

For holy Mary's grace,
Her wondrous glowing love,
We thank Thee as a pattern set
To lift our thoughts above.

May we such love attain,
Such purity, O King,
That Father, Son and Holy Ghost
More worthily we sing. Amen.

171

Ruth or Fides.

6.5.D.

EVERY generation,
Mary, calls thee blest,
Lady, first of women
By the Church confessed
Since Saint Gabriel's message
Fell upon thine ear,
Filling thee with gladness
And with holy cheer.

Blessed, then and always,
Christ's dear Mother thou,
Mary, highly favoured,
God is with thee now !
Graced by God the Spirit,
Jesu's resting place,
Hail, thou Queen of Virgins,
Hail, thou full of grace.

Daughter, sweet, obedient
To the Father's word,
Mary, Israel's Lily,
Who Heaven's tidings heard:
Virgin, yet a Mother,
Clothed in sunlight now,
Matron, Maid for ever,
Christ's dear Mother thou.

Mary, Star of Ocean,
Light amid the gloom,
Since the Holy Flower
Chose in thee to bloom;

Evermore we love thee,
Shrine of royal Child,
Mother of our Captain,
Maiden undefiled.

Though so far above us
Mother, thou art ours,
In the world's hard conflict,
And in death's dark hours;
In our hearts we throne thee;
To thy Son we bow,
Giving Him the glory;
Christ's dear Mother thou.

Pattern thou of mildness,
Purity and love,
Crowned with stars for beauty,
In the home above;
All thy children bring thee
Praise in sweet accord,
For thou art our Mother,
Mother of our Lord.

Unto God the Father,
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto Christ our Master
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
As doth our dear Lady,
Now and evermore. Amen.

172

Ravenshaw.

6s.

HAIL, Bright Star of ocean !
Thou of heaven the portal !
Ever Virgin-Mother
Of the Lord Immortal.

When the wondrous message
Was by Gabriel spoken,
Eva changed to "Ave"
Was of peace the token;

Light illumed our darkness,
Chains of sin were riven,
Ills in mercy banished,
Blessings freely given.

Christ of thee hath deigned
To be born our Brother;
And, through endless ages,
Thou art still the Mother.

Virgin, all-excelling,
Passing meek and lowly,
Thou shalt be our pattern,
Blameless, chaste, and holy.

So we onward journey,
All in safety faring,
Till we gaze on Jesus,
In thy gladness sharing.

Father, Son, and Spirit,
Three in One confessing,
Give we equal glory,
Equal praise, and blessing. Amen.

Ancient Office Hymn, tr. E. Caswall.

173

Stuttgart.

8.7.8.7.

IN alternate measure chanting,
Daily sing we Mary's praise;
And, in strains of glad rejoicing,
To the Lord our voices raise.

With a twofold choir repeating
Mary's never-dying fame,
Let each ear the praises gather
Which our grateful tongues proclaim.

Judah's ever-glorious Daughter
Chosen Mother of the Lord,
Who to those who walked in darkness
All the ancient light restored.

From the Everlasting Father
Gabriel brought the glad decree,
That, the Word Divine receiving,
She should set the captives free.

Of all virgins pure, the purest,
Ever stainless, ever bright,
Still from grace to grace advancing,
Fairest Daughter of the Light.

Wondrous title; who shall tell it?
Whilst the Word Divine she bore,
Though in Mother's name rejoicing,
Virgin purer than before.

By no empty dreams deluded,
For the Pearl which Mary bore,
Men, all earthly wealth resigning,
Still are rich for evermore.

Amen, Amen, loudly cry we;
May she, when life's fight is won,
When we love as she is loving,
Lead us safely to her Son.

Glorious Angels gathering round us,
Lo, His holy Name we greet;
Writ in books of life eternal,
May we still that Name repeat.

To the Father Who hath made us,
To Queen Mary's holy Son,
And to the o'ershadowing Spirit
Glory while all ages run. Amen.

Rev. T. J. Potter.

174

Hæri mundus exultavit or Evangelists.

8 8.7 D.

LET to-day above all other
Brightly shine; of Jesu's Mother
Now we celebrate the fame;
For, the Virgin Mary praising,
We to-day our chant are raising,
Bringing honour to her name.

Now let all men humbly greet her;
None of maids or matrons sweeter,
Pattern for our human race;
Sing while every heart rejoices,
Call her blessèd with pure voices,
Hail her Lady, full of grace.

All earth's daughters she excelleth;
In the heavens where now she dwelleth
Christ her lowliness doth own;

Virgin, yet her Maker bearing,
In a mystery past comparing,
Maid and stainless Mother shown.

Unto God the Father glory,
To the Son, Whose earthly story
With our Lady's is entwined;
Glory to the Spirit ever
Sing we with our best endeavour
All our strength of heart and mind. Amen.

The Prior of Montacute (A.D. 1100), tr. by Rev. T. I. Ball.

175

Lammas.

10 10.

MARY the Dawn, but Christ the perfect Day:
Mary the Gate, but Christ the heavenly Way.

Mary the Root, but Christ the mystic Vine:
Mary the Grape, but Christ the sacred Wine.

Mary the Corn-sheaf, Christ the living Bread:
Mary the Rose-tree, Christ the Rose blood-red.

Mary the Fount, but Christ the cleansing Flood:
Mary the Chalice, Christ the holy Blood.

Mary the Temple, Christ the Temple's Lord:
Mary the Shrine, but Christ its God adored.

Mary the Beacon, Christ the Haven's Rest:
Mary the Mirror, Christ the Vision blest. Amen.

Anon.

176

Whiter than Snow (with refrain).

11s.

O PUREST of creatures, sweet Mother, sweet Maid,
The one spotless breast whereon Jesus was laid !
When night cometh down on us, Mother, then we
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

Star of the Sea, sweet Star of the Sea,
Thank God for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled;
So the tempest-tossed Church turns her eyes upon thee
And looks to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

Star of the Sea, etc.

When Jesus our Master to earth would descend
He sought for a mother His childhood to tend;
The light of thy purity called Him to thee,
And He blessed thy clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

Star of the Sea, etc.

Earth gave Him scant welcome, but deep in thy breast
He found a pure temple wherein He could rest,
A place of abiding, a shelter in thee,
In the heart of thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

Star of the Sea, etc.

O Virgin all-glorious, O Mother serene,
He, choosing thee, crowned thee humanity's Queen;
How high was the honour He gave unto thee,
To dwell in thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

Star of the Sea, etc.

Thy service accomplished, thy victory won,
Thou art crownèd with stars, thou art clothed with the sun;
A Queen among Angels, our helper to be
For ever thou shinest, sweet Star of the Sea.

Star of the Sea, etc.

All honour to God in the highest be done,
All glory to Father, to Spirit, to Son;
We praise Him, we thank Him for blessings so free,
For the light of thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

Star of the Sea, etc. Amen.

Based on Rev. F. W. Faber.

177

O Quanta Qualia.

11s.

O WITH what glorious lustre thou shinest,
Daughter of David, with Offspring divinest,
Mary the Virgin, who loftily dwellest,
And all the blessèd ones greatly excellest.

Mother, thy virginal honour still bearing,
Shrine for the Lord of the Angels preparing,
God to thy bosom His Son was confiding;
Thus in humanity Christ was abiding.

Him the whole universe lowly adoreth,
Duly on bended knee ever imploreth;
Now, on thy Festival, may He be sending
Light to our darkness, and joy without ending.

This, of Thy clemency, Father Eternal,
Grant through the Son with the Spirit Supernal;
In the bright firmament ever abiding,
And all the ages through ruling and guiding. Amen.

Ancient Office Hymn, tr. by J. D. Chambers.

From the New Office Hymn Book by permission of Mr. W. Knott.

178

(FOR THE ANNUNCIATION.)

Lumen Verum.

S.M.

PRAISE we the Lord this day,
This day so long foretold,
Whose promise shone with cheering ray
On waiting saints of old.

The Prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A Virgin, born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised Seed.

Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore;
Like her, whom Heaven's majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favoured of the Lord.

Blessed shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous blessing came,
That rare and radiant birth.

All glory be to Thee,
Father, co-equal Son,
All glory to the Holy Ghost,
While endless ages run. Amen.

179

St. Agnes.

C.M.

SHALL we not love thee, Mother dear,
Whom Jesus loves so well;
And in His temple, year by year,
Thy joy and glory tell?

For thee He chose from whom to take
True flesh His Flesh to be;
In It to suffer for our sake,
By It to make us free.

Thy Babe He lay upon thy breast,
To thee He cried for food;
Thy gentle nursing soothed to rest
The Incarnate Son of God.

O wondrous depth of grace divine
That He should bend so low !
And, Mary, O what joy was thine
In His dear love to know;

Joy to be Mother of the Lord,
And thine the truer bliss,
In every thought, and deed, and word
To be for ever His.

And as He loves thee, Mother dear,
We too will love thee well;
And in His temple, year by year,
Thy joy and glory tell.

For our dear Lady's wealth of love
We thank the Source of all—
The Father, Son and Holy Dove,
Whom Lord and God we call. Amen.

180

Fountains.

Irregular.

STAR of the day and the night,
 Star of the dark that is dying,
 Star of the dawn that is nighing,
 Fountain of Wisdom and Light !
 Purge with Thy pureness our sight,
 Thou light of the lost ones that love us,
 Thou Lamp of the Leader above us,
 Fountain of Wisdom and Light !

How large is thy lustre, how bright
 The beauty of promise thou wearest,
 The message of morning thou bearest,
 Fountain of Wisdom and Light !
 Shine in the depth and the height,
 And show us the treasures olden
 Of wisdom, the hidden, the golden,
 Fountain of Wisdom and Light !

Sign of the Father's great might,
 Guide us to Christ, the Controller,
 Bring down the Spirit Consoler,
 Fountain of Wisdom and Light !
 Source of unending delight,
 Light of the Three sempiternal,
 Life of the Godhead supernal,
 Fountain of Wisdom and Light ! Amen.

Anon.

181

Bede or Virgo.

8 8.7 7.

VIRGIN-BORN, we bow before Thee,
 Blessèd she, our Queen, who bore Thee;
 Mary, Maid and Mother mild,
 Blessèd was she in her Child.

Blessèd was the breast that fed Thee,
Blessèd was the hand that led Thee;
Blessèd she, whose gentle eye
Watched Thy slumbering infancy.

Blessèd she by every nation,
Worthy of all veneration,
Who first served and loved Thee well;
Blest beyond what words can tell.

Wondrous mystery surrounded
Her in whom all grace abounded;
Though her Master she contained,
Pure as crystal she remained.

Noblest, gentlest, sweetest Maiden !
Once her heart was sorrow-laden;
Star-crowned, vested with the sun,
She the crown of heaven has won.

For the love her heart o'erflowing,
'Mid the Angels, splendid, glowing,
Now she reigneth, evermore
Giving from her endless store.

Of the afflicted chief consoler,
Of a thousand hearts controller,
Queen of heaven, the ocean's Star,
She hath shed her rays afar.

Christ, we thank Thee, Elder Brother,
For the glory of Thy Mother;
Worship we the Father, Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

†Bp. R. Heber, vv. 1-3. C.W.L. vv. 4-8.

Hymns 496, 497, 498 and 501 are also suitable for Festivals of
Our Lady.

FESTIVALS OF ANGELS

182

Gypsy.

10s. (12 lines).

ANGELS our brothers are, messengers bright,
Holy and beautiful, mantled with light;
Moved by their love for man, vigils they keep,
Watching still over him, waking, asleep.

Angels! be near us, bend from above;

Breathe on us blessing and strengthen our love.
Paths may be dangerous—troubles be sore—
Angels press closer and guard us the more.
Leading us tenderly over life's way,
Ever befriending us, go where we may,

Angels! be near us, bend from above;

Breathe on us blessing and strengthen our love.

Seeking unceasingly how they may bless,
Helping increasingly souls in distress,
Planting in infancy courage and truth,
Raising, ennobling, the dreams of the youth.

Angels! be near us, bend from above;

Breathe on us blessing and strengthen our love.
They through life's pilgrimage evil tread down,
Win by their faithfulness purity's crown,
Openings for usefulness ever they seek
Finding their pleasure in helping the weak.

Angels! be near us, bend from above;

Breathe on us blessing and strengthen our love.

Shield us in trouble, in danger, in strife;
Aid us in climbing the steep hills of life;
Midst all the storm and stress, help us to hear
Music from higher worlds bringing good cheer.

Angels! be near us, bend from above;

Breathe on us blessing and strengthen our love.

Though in our weariness far we may roam
Comfort us, cheer us with visions of home;
Hope that shall never die lighting our way,
Lead us where dawneth the glorious day.

Angels ! be near us, bend from above;

Breathe on us blessing and strengthen our love. Amen.

Anon.

183

Cloisters.

11 11 11.5.

CHRIST, of the Angels praise and adoration,
Father and Monarch Thou of every nation,
Low at Thy Feet we bend in veneration
O let us serve Thee !

Michael, from heaven coming to befriend us,
Angel most mighty, to our dwellings send us;
Breathing the power of God may he attend us
That we may serve Thee.

Gabriel send us, ancient foes expelling,
Angel Protector, evil passions quelling,
Oft in these temples may he make his dwelling,
That we may serve Thee.

Raphael send us from the skies all glowing,
Angel Physician, health on man bestowing,
In doubt and danger wisest counsel showing,
That we may serve Thee.

Mary, the Mother of the Lord, be o'er us,
Virgin of Peace, with all the Angel chorus;
And may the heavenly army go before us,
That we may serve Thee.

All-glorious Godhead, endless bliss possessing,
Father, Son, Spirit, grant to us this blessing,
While we with Angels join, Thy praise confessing,
That we may serve Thee. Amen.

Based on an Ancient Office Hymn, tr. by Rev. T. I. Ball.

184

Mill Lane or any Litany Tune.

78.

GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
From Thine Angel-circled Throne
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

Jesu, of the Angels King,
Unto Whom the Angels sing,
And angelic homage bring,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thou Whose Coming here to dwell
Did the herald Angels tell
Over hill and over dell,
Hear us, King of Angels.

Thou Who rising, strong to save,
To Thine Easter Angels gave
Thy first message from the grave,
Hear us, King of Angels.

Thou Who then, the battle done,
Didst return, the victory won,
To Thine Angel-circled Throne,
Hear us, King of Angels.

Thou Who yet shalt come again
With the bright angelic train,
Evermore as King to reign,
Hear us, King of Angels.

May Thy Holy Angels still,
If it be Thy Holy Will,
Guard us safe from every ill;
Hear us, King of Angels.

May they, Lord, from day to day,
Lead us heavenward on our way,
Kneel beside us as we pray;
Hear us, King of Angels.

May they to each soul oppressed,
By this weary strife distressed,
Whisper thoughts of endless rest;
Hear us, King of Angels.

May they, when the strife shall cease,
Bear each soul at its release
To Thy Paradise of peace;
Hear us, King of Angels.

May they then our brethren prove,
And to their bright home above
Welcome us with Angel's love;
Hear us, King of Angels.

May we then, Thy Throne before,
With the Angels evermore,
Thee, the Angel's King, adore;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we with the Angels sing
Unto Thee the Angels' King,
And our lowly homage bring;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we with the Angels praise
Thee the Angels' King always,
And with them the Sanctus raise;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we with the Angels love
Thee the Angels' King above,
One for ever in Thy love;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
From Thine Angel-circled Throne
Hear us, Holy Trinity. Amen.

Colonel W. H. Turton.

185

In manu.

11s.

HAND in hand with Angels through the world we go,
Brighter eyes are on us than we blind ones know,
Tend'rer voices cheer us than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward, can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with Angels; some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing, into paths of light;
Some soft hands are covered from our mortal grasp,
Soul to soul to hold us with a firmer clasp.

Hand in hand with Angels walking every day—
 How the chain may brighten none of us can say,
 Yet it doubtless reaches from earth's lowest zone
 To the loftiest spirit standing near the One.

Hand in hand with Angels ever let us go,
 Clinging to the strong ones, drawing up the slow,
 One electric love-chord thrilling all with fire,
 Soar we, through the ages, higher, ever higher.

Unto God the Father loudest anthems raise,
 To the Son and Spirit echo songs of praise;
 To the Lord of Glory, blessed Three in One,
 Be by men and Angels endless honour done. Amen.

†Lucy Larcom.

186

St. Gertrude.

6.5 (12 lines).

HEAR us, King of Angels,
 As we chant to Thee,
 Joyful alleluias
 For the ministry
 Of the holy Angels
 Praising Thee in heaven,
 Of the Guardian Angels
 Thou to us hast given;
 Now as we adore Thee
 Angels too are near,
 And, O King of Angels,
 Thou art ever here.

Daily may the Angels
 Our examples be,
 Sometimes Thee adoring,
 Bending low the knee,

Sometimes working for Thee
Midst Thy brethren nigh,
Yet at all times working
With our thoughts on high;
Thus like holy Angels
May we strive to be,
Strive, O King of Angels,
All to do for Thee.

And if we are tempted
By a long-fought sin,
Tempted to grow weary,
Tempted to give in,
Then, as Angels whisper
What the Saints have done,
Joy shall be in heaven
O'er fresh victories won;
So for us shall Angels
Lift in praise their voice,
And, O King of Angels,
Thou too wilt rejoice.

Succoured thus by Angels
Through our earthly life,
O the joy of ending
All the weary strife;
Then as earth is fading
From our closing eyes,
Part the clouds encircling
Round Thy Paradise;
Gently thither carried,
By the Angels blest,
As the King of Angels
Calleth us to rest.

When the Archangel's trumpet
Soundeth loud and clear,
And the King of Angels
Shall at length appear,
Coming for the harvest,
Coming for His Own,
With ten thousand Angels
Waiting round His Throne;
Then by Angel-reapers
May we gathered be,
Gathered, King of Angels,
To our home with Thee.

There will we for ever,
Alleluias sing,
With the Holy Angels,
To the Angels' King;
And with praise uniting
Love that cannot cease,
We will love for ever
All Thy Saints in peace;
And we'll love for ever
All the Angel-host,
But, O King of Angels,
We will love Thee most. Amen.

Colonel W. H. Turton.

187

Noel.

D.C.M.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From Angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:

“Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From Heaven’s all-gracious King !”
The world in solemn stillness lay

(*pause*)

pp. To hear the Angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O’er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing;
And ever o’er its Babel sounds

(*pause*)

pp. The blessed Angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the Angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,

(*pause*)

pp. And hear the Angels sing !

And ye, beneath life’s crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road

(*pause*)

pp. And hear the Angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song

(pause)

pp. Which now the Angels sing. Amen.

†Rev. E. H. Sears

188

Prospect or St. Matthew.

D.C.M.

MOST High, before Thy throne above
The guardian Angels stand,
And ever to Thy work of love
Devote both heart and hand;
And casting down each golden crown
Beside the crystal sea,
With voice and lyre in happy choir,
Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While Seraph unto Seraph calls,
And each Thy goodness sings,
So may we bring before our King
Our fervent songs of praise,
Outpouring love to Him above,
The Ancient of all Days.

Great King of glory, Lord renowned,
Monarch of radiant space,
With wisdom, strength and beauty crowned
In that Thy holy place;

May we below Thy glory show,
As Angels do above,
And labour still to do Thy Will
Aflame with zeal and love.

Here, where the Angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our heavenly home,
And love Thee e'en as they;
Teach us to raise our notes of praise,
With them Thy love to own,
That childhood's flower and manhood's power
Be Thine, and Thine alone.

All-glorious God, the Angels' King,
Teach us to build aright
A shining temple as we sing—
A fane of living light,
A holy cell where Thou may'st dwell,
An altar and a shrine,
Where love's own fire, still mounting higher,
Eternally shall shine. Amen.

‡Dean F. W. Farrar.

189

Ewing.

7.6.D.

O HEAR the song of Angels,
Come down from realms above;
A song of radiant gladness,
A song of peace and love,
A song of endless glory,
That through the world shall flow;
For our Great Master cometh
From heaven to earth below.

It fills the empyrean,
It flashes through the skies,
It floods the earth with beauty,
And far and wide it flies;
It goeth east and westward,
It runneth south and north,
Transcendent news it bringeth,
Of right celestial worth.

The winds all bear the message;
The moon, the stars, the sun,
Proclaim the wondrous story,
Of that new reign begun.
A reign of truth and justice,
Of splendour and of strength,
For our great King is coming
To bless His world at length.

Then sing, ye holy Angels,
And sing, ye sons of men,
The King of Glory cometh,
Within our hearts to reign.
He comes to bring us Freedom,
To teach us how to live;
Dispelling gloom and error,
He wisdom's light doth give.

Now unto God the Father,
And unto God the Son,
And unto God the Spirit
Be equal honour done.
With songs of praise and worship
The Three in One adore;
God grant us strength to serve Him
And love Him more and more. Amen.

M. Bright.

190

Salutas.

8.7.8.7.

O SWEET the enchanting anthem,
That stole o'er the listening earth,
When Angels of God descended,
Proclaiming our Master's birth.
E'en now we may catch the echoes,
Across the abyss of time,
Of the strange and wondrous music
That swelled in that song sublime.

But the voices of earth are many,
And loud are its sounds of strife,
And the song of the deathless Angels
Grows faint in the rush of life.
Yet oft in the lull of tumult,
We hear the far music roll,
And softly the song of the Angels
Is borne to the listening soul.

O beautiful angel anthem !
Earth waits thy full tones again,
Till loud o'er the Babel of nations
Is heard thy majestic strain,
And the many discordant voices
Grow faint, and fainter, and cease,
In the heaven of thy blest enchantment,
Sweet anthem of joy and peace. Amen.

Shapcott Wensley.

By permission of Novello & Co., Ltd.

191

Trisagion or O Quanta Qualia.

10s.

STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial virtue and light,
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the Trisagion* ever and aye:

These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,
Lord God of Sabaoth, nearest Thy Throne;
These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones ! man to defend.

These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,
Where, with the Living Ones, mystical Four,
Cherubim, Seraphim bow and adore.

"Who like the Lord?" thunders Michael the Chief;
Raphael, "the Cure of God," comforteth grief;
And, as at Nazareth, prophet of peace,
Gabriel, "the Light of God," bringeth release.

Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,
Then all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

Still let them succour us; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the Angels may bow and adore.

Low before Him with our praises we fall,
 Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
 Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
 Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One. Amen.

St. Joseph of the Studium (A.D. 840), tr. by Dr. J. M. Neale.

*It should be noted that this word must be pronounced Triss-hagg-ion, NOT Trysayjohn. It is the Greek equivalent of Ter-sanctus or Thrice-Holy.

192

Pilgrims of the night.

11.10.11.10.9.11.

THROUGH all the world angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 Angels of mercy, Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come weary souls, the Master bids you come."
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 His word of love so gently calls us home.
 Angels of gladness, Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice that charms is heard o'er land and sea;
 And laden souls, now led by His revealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
 Angels of wisdom, Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
 All shall be one in God's true light at last.
 Angels of valour, Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 Life's shadows melt; bursts forth the cloudless love.
 Angels of beauty, Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night ! Amen.

‡Rev. F. W. Faber.

Also suitable for Festivals of the Angels are:

296. Glory be in earth and heaven.

503. Mighty Angels, Flames of Fire.

ALL SAINTS' DAY

AND OTHER FESTIVALS OF SAINTS

PROCESSIONAL

193

All Saints.

8.7.8.7.7 7.

WHO are these like stars appearing,
 These before God's throne who stand?
 Each a golden crown is wearing,
 Who are all this glorious band?
 Alleluia, hark they sing,
 Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
 Clothed in God's own righteousness,
 These whose robes of purest whiteness,
 Shall their lustre still possess,
 Still untouched by time's rude hand—
 Whence came all this glorious band?

These are men of holy living,
 Pure and noble, full of love,
 Who, while utmost service giving,
 Fixed their hearts on things above.
 Eager helpers, true and tried,
 Casting thoughts of self aside.

Offering as a pure oblation
 Every step their feet have trod,
 Here amid the world's temptation
 They have lived as sons of God.
 Workers in His chosen field,
 Loving service they did yield.
 These the Almighty contemplating,
 Did as Priests before Him stand,
 Mind and body always waiting,
 Day and night at His command.
 By the love that in them burned,
 Higher service they have earned. Amen.

†H. T. Schenk (A.D. 1656), tr. by Frances E. Cox (vv. 3, 4 added)

194

Faith or Stella.

8s. (six lines).

BENEATH the Banner of their King
 The Saints have won their diadem;
 Beneath that Banner conquering
 May we too fight and win like them;
 O King of Saints, grant Thou that we
 The least among Thy Saints may be.

For Thee they dared the world to face,
For Thee renounced its pleasures here;
O grant us, too, that saintly grace,
The world to neither love nor fear;
O King of Saints, etc.

For Thee they dared the Faith to own,
Though men denied it all around;
May we, too, hold that Faith alone,
And unto death be faithful found;
O King of Saints, etc.

They loved Thee, too, with Martyr's love,
That sanctified life's lowliest deed;
O, grant us, too, our hearts above,
The saintly life of love to lead;
O King of Saints, etc.

Lord, give us strength till strife shall end,
And give us love that never faints,
For though Thou art the sinner's Friend,
Yet Thou art, too, the King of Saints;
Be Thou our King, and grant that we
The least among Thy Saints may be. Amen.

Colonel W. H. Turton.

195

For all the Saints.

10 10 10.4.

FOR all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.

Alleluia !

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.

Alleluia !

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia !

O blest communion ! fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong,

Alleluia !

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest.
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia !

But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on His way.

Alleluia !

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia ! Amen.

196

St. Michael.

S.M.

FOR Thy dear Saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For Thy dear Saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to die,
And found in Thee a full reward,
Accept our thankful cry.

Thine earthly members fit
To join Thy Saints above,
In one communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.

O Christ, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
Who lived and died for Thee.

All might, all praise, be Thine,
Father, co-equal Son,
And Spirit, Bond of love Divine,
While endless ages run. Amen.

†Bp. R. Mant.

197

St. Anne or St. Francis.

C.M.

HAIL, ye, God's saints, that lived and died,
Your greatness all unguessed;
Whose faith serene on every side
Filled fevered hearts with rest.

Hail, ye, God's brave, that fought and fell,
Your deeds unseen, unsung;
Who wrought the world wherein we dwell;
Whose dreams we move among.

Hail, ye true servants of your King !
To you glad song we raise;
Accept the heart-deep thanks we bring;
Accept our souls' soft praise !

Teach us your secret; help us still,
On, up; so we at length,
Like you, the world about us fill
With beauty and with strength.

To Christ, the King of all the saints,
To Father, Spirit, Son,
Be glory from His Church on earth
And those whose fight is won. Amen.

D. W. M. Burn.

198

Deerhurst.

8.7.D.

HARK the sound of holy voices
Chanting at the crystal sea:
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee.
Multitude which none can number
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch and holy prophet
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr and Evangelist,

Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched in prayer,
Joined in holy concert singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed following
Thee, their Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Leader and their King;
Worthy deeds they wrought and wonders,
Worthy of the Name they bore;
We with meetest praise and sweetest
Honour them for evermore.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink as from a river
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision
Of the Blessèd Trinity.

God of God, Alone-begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body joined together
All the Saints for ever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fullness,
That we may for evermore,
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

199

Aurelia.

7.6.D.

HARK to the Church Triumphant
Her songs of praise and love,
And leave awhile the Church here
To join the Church above;
Think not of toil and conflict,
Think not of troubles nigh,
Not of the Church at warfare,
But of the Church on high.

Hark to the holy Angels
Around the throne of Light,
They love to serve God daily,
His worship their delight;
Lord, grant that here in this world
We may Thy worship love,
Hereafter like the Angels
May worship Thee above.

Hark to the great Apostles
To whom the Faith was given,
"One ever-blessed Trinity,
One Church in earth and heaven":
Lord, grant that through all conflicts
We ever hold as Thine,
The apostolic doctrine
And fellowship divine.

Hark to the white-robed Martyrs,
They tell of victories won,
Through Him Who loved them dearly,
Through Him they loved alone:

Lord, grant that we from childhood,
E'en to our latest breath,
May love Thee like the Martyrs
With love as strong as death.

Hark to the brave Confessors
Who dared the world to face,
Its scorn and its upbraiding,
Its hatred and disgrace:
Lord, grant that those now called on
Thy witnesses to be,
May act like brave Confessors
And leave results to Thee.

Hark to the countless number
All Saints—around the Throne,
They praise Thee, Holy, Holy,
Most Holy Lord, alone:
Grant that Thy Saints in this world
Like all Thy Saints above,
May praise Thee, Lord, and love Thee
With ever deepening love. Amen.

Colonel W. H. Turton.

200

New York.

7.6.D.

JESU, the King of Martyrs,
To Thee our hearts we raise,
In joyful songs of victory,
In thankful hymns of praise;
For all whom Thou hast chosen,
Though here unknown they be,
For all the holy Martyrs
Who lived and died for Thee.

We know not what the perils
 By which they once were tried,
 How sore they oft were tempted,
 How near the Faith denied;
 We only know they conquered,
 For Thou didst victory send,
 And thus the holy Martyrs
 Were faithful to the end.

And now, O Lord, we know not
 Whate'er our life may be,
 Its trials and its dangers,
 But they are known to Thee;
 Therefore in mercy give us
 Thy succour day by day,
 Strength of the holy Martyrs,
 Be Thou our Strength, we pray.

Thus grant us, all unworthy,
 Thy blessing from above,
 Give us the Martyr's courage,
 Give us the Martyr's love;
 And when the strife is over,
 For ever may we sing,
 With all the Saints and Martyrs
 To Thee our own dear King. Amen.

Colonel W. H. Turton.

201

St. Gertrude.

6.5. (12 lines).

KING of Saints for ever, unto Thee we sing,
 Of all Saints the Captain, of all Saints the King;
 Captain, leading onward, through this sin-stained strife,
 King, at length bestowing crowns of sinless life:
 In one blest communion with all Saints of Thine,
 King of Saints, unite us, in Thy Love divine.

King of Saints in sorrow, if earth's joys should fade,
Thou art still the nearest 'neath Thy Cross's shade;
Here Thy Saints have gathered love that never faints,
Perfected through suffering, like the King of Saints;
So through earthly sorrows which Thy Saints attend,
King of Saints, O bring us where all sorrows end.

King of Saints triumphant, every victory won,
Every sin resisted, Thine the praise alone;
Thou their King wast near them when Thy Saints were tried,
Thou their King didst cheer them, fighting by their side;
Like Thy Saints, triumphant be our onward way,
King of Saints, O lead us, victors every day.

King of Saints departed, in that land so blest,
Where no sin can trouble, where the weary rest;
Rest, since life's long conflict for their King is past,
Rest, till they in beauty see their King at last;
Yet the Saints departed, still for us they care,
King of Saints, O hearken to their fervent prayer.

King of Saints in glory, who in raiment white,
Cast their crowns adoring round the Throne of Light;
Where the palms are waving, o'er the crystal sea,
And the incense rising to the One in Three;
For that glorious worship with Thy Saints above,
King of Saints, prepare us in Thy boundless Love.

King of Saints for ever, hear us as we sing,
May we ever choose Thee, Thee alone as King;
Ever strive to serve Thee as Thy Saints have striven,
Till like them we follow Thee from earth to heaven;
There with Saints for ever we will Thee adore,
King of Saints, for ever love Thee more and more. Amen.

Colonel W. H. Turton.

202

Narenza.

S.M.

O, WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred Saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below:

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here:

Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where Saints and Angels live.

All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom Heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,,
One God for evermore. Amen.

Sir H. W. Baker.

203

Weber or March.

7s.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the Saints in light;
Priests and Kings and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To our Lord upon His Throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through His help alone.

Kings their crowns for harps resign,
Singing, as they strike the chords,
Realms of earth and heaven are Thine,
King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

Round the Altar Priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
He, the Prince of Righteousness,
Gave the aid that made them so.

They imperfect were, like us;
O may we like them attain,
Reaching ever upward thus,
Till that higher life we gain.

To the Father glory be,
And to Christ, of Saints the King,
With the Spirit's Majesty,
Three in One, Thy praise we sing. Amen.

204

Dretzel.

8.7.8.7.7 7.

SAINTS amid this world are living
Who are strangers to its ways,
Passing by its joys and treasures,
Singing in the darkest days.
Here no resting-place they know;
Whence come they, and whither go?

They have seen the golden city
Shining as the jasper stone,
They are come from that great glory
Round our Christ's eternal throne.
Well that glorious One they know,
He hath sent them here below.

They have drunk the living waters,
On the Tree of Life have fed;
Therefore deathless do they journey
'Midst the dying and the dead,
And unthirsting do they stand
Here amid the barren sand.

Fountains of the life that floweth
Ever outward from His throne,
Witnesses of wondrous glory
To the purblind world unknown,
Sent to give the blind their sight,
Turn their darkness into light.

He hath sent them that 'mid sorrow,
'Mid rejection, toil and loss,
They may show His wondrous sweetness,
Hymn the mystery of His Cross,
Sing the depth of Love that traced
That blest Path across the waste.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, yet ever One;
Holy, blessed Trinity,
Soon Thy glory may we see! Amen.

†Tr. from the German by Emma Frances Bevan.

205

Alford or Ellacombe.

7.6.8.6.D.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of victorious Saints
Throng up the steeps of light.
For now they have transcended
The wheel of death and life;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
For victors in the strife.
What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Triumph, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!
O, then what raptured greetings
On this eternal shore,
What knitting severed friendships up
Now partings are no more.
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

'Twill be Thy glorious triumph,
The Christ in Whom we live,
Who through His strength and glowing love
Eternal life doth give.
O call Him, brothers, call Him,
Let not your voice be dumb,
O Master of the Great White Lodge,
Our Prince and Leader, come.

And now to God the Father
All praise for ever be,
To God the Son, with Whom our Christ
Is one eternally.
To God the Holy Spirit,
Our Lord the Paraclete,
To one supernal Triune God
We offer praises meet. Amen.

†Dean H. Alford.

206

Christiania.

D.C.M.

THE Saints of God were noble men
Who firmly kept the Faith,
To freedom and to conscience true,
In danger and in death.
Great souls were they, of courage high,
True heroes of their age,
Who, like a rock in stormy seas
Defied opposing rage.

For all they suffered, little cared
Those earnest men and wise;
Their zeal for Christ, their love of truth,
Made them all fear despise.

Nor should their deeds be e'er forgot,
For noble men were they,
Who struggled hard for sacred rights,
And bravely won the day.

Lord, such as these our fathers were,
May we their children be,
And in our hearts their spirit live
That gained our liberty.
Lord, help us all to do and dare
Whatever can be done,
That for Thy glorious cause of truth
The victory shall be won.

Great Three in One, great One in Three,
Our hymns of praise receive,
And teach us all from wrong to flee,
And live as we believe.
So, pure in faith, our thoughts and speech
And acts that faith shall own;
So shall we to Thy Presence reach,
And know as we are known. Amen.

†H. M. Gunn.

207

Ellacombe.

7.6.8.6.D.

WHEN our blind eyes are opened
What glories do we see—
The heaven that lies about us now,
The throne, the crystal sea,
Adoring hosts of Angels,
Heroic men of old,
The rainbow like an emerald,
The Saints with crowns of gold.

For all these things are symbols
Designed to help mankind,
Symbolical of glories rare,
Too deep for mortal mind;
Not in some distant future,
But present all the while,
That we may labour here on earth
Encouraged by His smile.

We hear the sound of voices
Around the great white throne,
With harpers harping on their harps
To Him Who sits thereon;
Thanksgiving, glory, honour,
We hear the song arise,
As through the higher worlds it rolls
In wondrous harmonies.

From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war,
We hear the Saints upraising
The myriad hosts among
In praise of Christ the Lord of Love,
Their ringing triumph-song.

The Church our holy Mother,
The new Jerusalem,
We see come down a Bride adorned
With jewelled diadem.
The flood of crystal waters
Flows down the golden street,
And nations bring their honours there
And lay them at her feet.

And there no sun is needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory doth enlighten all,
Our Christ Himself the Light.
And there His servants serve Him
With vision clearer far,
For face to face they worship Him
Their bright and morning Star.
O great and glorious vision,
Our Christ upon His throne;
O wondrous sight for man to see,
The Master with His own.
To realize the splendour
Of that unclouded Light;
To know the radiance of the hosts
Who walk with Him in white.
Almighty King and Father,
Lord Christ, co-equal Son,
And Holy Spirit, Flame of Love,
Eternal Three in One,
To Thee be praise and honour;
O grant us, Lord, that we
What now we sing in symbol fair
Soon without veil may see. Amen.

C.W.L., based on Rev. G. Thring.

208

Regent Square or Lewes.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

WHO the multitudes can number,
Who, in Christ's supreme domain,
Praising Him their gracious Master,
All unite in joyful strain?
Christ the great reward and portion
Which adoring spirits gain.

Now in shadow and in figure,
Mirrored in imperfect light;
Then, as we are known, our knowledge
Shall be clear, unveiled, and bright;
For on God's unclouded glory
We shall gaze with cleansèd sight.

Then the Trinity of Persons
We shall face to face behold,
And the Unity of Substance
Shall its mystery unfold,
As the wondrous Triune Godhead,
We adore in bliss untold.

Courage, man, be strong, be faithful,
Whatsoe'er thy burden be,
For unbounded are the glories
Which thy sorrows work for thee;
Soon the Light of light for ever
Shall thine eyes with rapture see.

God the Father, Fount of being,
Thee, most Highest, we adore;
God the Son, our praise and homage
We present Thy Throne before;
Glorious Paraclete, we worship,
And we bless Thee evermore. Amen.

‡Rev. T. B. Pollock.

Other Hymns suitable for these Festivals are:

- 27. O what the joy and the glory must be.
- 253. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

ALL SOULS' DAY

209

March or Maidstone.

7s.D.

BLESSING, honour, thanks and praise
Pay we, Lord of Life, to Thee;
Thou, to Whom our hearts we raise,
Givest us the victory.
True and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son,
Christ our ever-radiant Lord,
Who for us the fight has won.

Now the prisoner is released,
Lightened of the body's load;
Earthly strife for him hath ceased;
He is gathered unto God.
Pains of earthly life are past,
Earthly warfare now is o'er,
Suffering behind him cast,
Grief and sickness are no more.

From the heavens a voice doth cry:
Happy are the faithful dead
In the Lord who sweetly die,
For a higher path they tread.
These the Spirit doth declare
Blest, unutterably blest;
Now a wider life they share,
Finding in His presence rest.

To the army of our Lord,
We and they alike belong,
Join we then in one accord
In this glad, triumphant song—

Blessing, honour, thanks and praise,
Triune God, we pay to Thee,
Thou to whom our hearts we raise
Givest us the victory. Amen.

Based on C. Wesley.

210

Salutas.

Irregular.

HE has laid aside the vesture
That so long has weighed him down;
A spacious and marvellous freedom
Is of his joy the crown.
For the chains of earth are heavy,
Though borne with a right good will;
Now from toil and care delivered
He has banished all fear of ill.

On earth there are many restrictions,
Uncertainties manifold;
There is always the fear of sickness,
The doubt what the future may hold.
The needs of the physical body
A slavery stern impose,
But he who is free from its crushing weight
May blossom forth as the rose.

In a body of subtler matter
He standeth ever near,
Not far away in some land of dreams,
But with us now and here;
Not strange nor changed nor forgetting
On some distant mysterious shore,
But just as we always knew him,
He lives and loves as of yore.

It is not the end of our story,
This death that men so fear;
'Tis the gate of a grander existence,
A nobler and happier career,
Yet we who are still in the darkness
Can help him who lives in the light;
Our fervent affection will aid him
If we but guide it aright.

No shadow of selfish mourning
Must sully our love's clear stream;
We must steadfastly will his progress,
His happiness supreme.
We must pour forth our strength to encourage,
To inspire him to persevere
In Christ's sweet work for the weak ones,
To guide them, to hearten and cheer.

O Teacher of men and of Angels,
How gladly we learn it from Thee
That death is no king of terrors,
But a friend with a golden key,
To admit us to loftier regions
Where we may more worthily praise
The Father, the Son and the Spirit,
The Deathless, the Ancient of Days. Amen.

C.W.L.

211

Prospect or Noel.

D.C.M.

IT singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not
However we may call;

They throng the silence of the breast
We sense them as of yore—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Whom now we see no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But O! 'tis good to think of them
When trouble is our lot;
Thanks be to God there are such men,
Though now we see them not.

More homelike seems that other world
Since they have entered there;
To follow them can but be joy,
Wherever they may fare.
The Father's House is mansioned fair,
Beyond our vision dim;
All men are His, and here or there
Are living unto Him.

They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy Love abides,
Our God for evermore.
Thou Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Thou changeless One in Three,
Thy Love hath given our love to keep
Its own eternally. Amen.

212

Marsyas.

8.5.8 8.5.

LOVED Ones, though our waking vision
Know your forms no more,
Earth's illusion shall not hold us,
Well we know your loves enfold us
Even as before.

Death? 'Tis but a stepping forward,
No divorce at all;
Swifter than of old the meeting,
Warmer, heartier the greeting,
When you hear our call.

And at night, when softest slumber
Seals these earthly eyes,
Lo, a new day dawneth brightly;
From our fetters slipping lightly
To your world we rise.

There to work and there to wander
In the sweet old way;
Drink of upper springs and nether;
Learn what Love hath knit together
Standeth fast for aye.

Praise and glory for this knowledge
To the One in Three;
For the sting from death is taken,
Nevermore are we forsaken
Through eternity. Amen.

D. W. M. Burn.

213

Dundee.

C.M.

THOU stern destroyer miscalled Death,
Whose mandate all obey,
We yield to thee our vital breath,
But we are not thy prey.

Let dust return to kindred dust,
As nature doth decree;
All her decrees we know are just,
And this one sets us free.

The soul immortal cannot die,
For when one life is o'er,
It gains a better home again,
It lives for evermore.

Hence thou, O death, art not our foe,
But truly art our friend,
That brings nepenthe for our woe,
And trial here doth end.

Thou art a blessing, not a curse,
Pronounced on mortal man;
'Tis better for us, and not worse,
This life is but a span.

Thou art an Angel in disguise,
That opes a prison door,
And bids us from our chains to rise,
And meet our friends once more.

We'll dread no more thy call from earth,
When thou shalt bid us come,
For now we know that death is birth
And that thou call'st us home. Amen.

Anon.

214

Melcombe.

L.M.

We do not die—we cannot die;
We only change our state of life
When these earth-temples fall and lie
Unmoving 'mid the world's wild strife.

There is no death in God's wide world,
But one eternal scene of change;
The flag of life is never furled,
It only taketh wider range.

And when the spirit leaves its frame,
Its home in which it dwelt so long,
It goes, a real life to claim,
So gently, with a low sweet song.

Then let us not speak of "the dead,"
For none are dead—all live, all love;
Our friends have only changed—have sped
From lower homes to homes above.

Thank God for this most glorious truth,
The knowledge of the world to come,
The certainty of endless life;
Proclaim it through all Christendom !

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
From those who live above, below,
All honour be for ever done. Amen.

215

Fleury.

7.6 (12 lines).

WE thank Thee, holy Father,
That Thou hast set us free
From craven trepidation,
From dread and misery,
When from their earthly bodies
Our loved ones pass away
To enter higher regions
Of clear unclouded day.

With heart and soul we trust Thee;
Thy love no tongue can tell;
Thou art the All-Commander
Who doest all things well.

All taint of grief and mourning
We firmly lay aside,
Our seeming loss forgetting
Since they are glorified.
We know they stand before us,
And love us, as of old,
God grant we may not fail them,
Nor let our love grow cold.
With heart and soul, etc.

O help us, Lord, to send them
Loving, unselfish thought,
With fervour to uplift them
And serve them as we ought.
Knowing that they are living
Radiant, rejoicing, free,
We aid them thus in giving
Their uttermost to Thee.
With heart and soul, etc.

May holy Angels guard them
 And speed them on their way;
 May Light eternal guide them
 Lest they should go astray.
 We leave them in Thy keeping,
 O Lord of death and life;
 We thank Thee for their freedom
 From earthly toil and strife.
 With heart and soul, etc.

Lord God, we bow in worship
 To Thy sublime decree,
 We bless the kind decision
 That sets our brethren free.
 We bless and praise the Father,
 The Spirit and the Son,
 And thank Him for His goodness
 While endless ages run.

With heart and soul, etc. Amen.

C.W.L.L.

216

Dix.*

7.6.7.6.7 7.

WHEN for us the silent oar
 Parts the Silent River,
 And we leave this lower shore
 Called by the Life-giver,
 Shall we miss the loved and known?
 Shall we vainly seek our own?
 Can the bonds that make us here
 Know ourselves immortal,
 Drop away, like foliage sere,
 At life's inner portal?
 What is holiest below
 Must for ever live and grow.

*Substitute a semibreve for the two minims in bar four.

He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

Therefore dread we not to go
O'er the Silent River;
Death, thy hastening oar we know;
Bear us, Thou Life-giver,
Through the waters to the shore
Where our own have gone before.

Alleluia now we cry
To the King Immortal,
Bearing us triumphantly
Through dim death's dark portal,
To the Father and the Son
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

‡Lucy Larcom.

217

Quies.

10.10.12.10.10.10.

YE who have passed away
Out from the storm;
Ye who have cast away
Earth's mortal form;
Ye who were near to us,
Bringing good cheer to us;

Ye who were dear to us,
Calm be your rest,
Near to us, dear to us,
Calm be your rest;
Near to us, dear to us,
Calm be your rest.

Here is no hiding place
Where we may hide;
Here no abiding place
Where we may bide;
Ye who have fought the fight
Till day has brought the night;

Ye who have sought the light,
Calm be your rest,
Fought the fight, sought the light,
Calm be your rest;
Fought the fight, sought the light,
Calm be your rest. Amen.

George Whyte.

Some of the above hymns are suitable for use at a Burial Service; also the following:

- 274. Brief life is here our portion.
- 317. He wants not friends.
- 336. Let saints on earth.
- 449. Those happy souls.
- 481. Who fathoms the eternal thought.

ST. PETER AND THE HOLY APOSTLES

218

Houghton or Hanover.

10.10.11.11.

DISPOSER supreme, and Judge of the earth,
Thou choosest for Thine the weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels and things of no worth
Entrusting Thy riches which aye shall endure.

Those vessels soon fail, though full of Thy light,
And at Thy decree are broken and gone;
Thence brightly appeareth Thy truth in its might,
As through the clouds riven the lightnings have shone.

Like clouds are they borne to do Thy great will,
And swift as the winds about the world go;
The fire of Thy Presence their spirits doth fill,
They thunder, they lighten, the waters o'erflow.

Their sound goeth forth, "O worship the Lord!"
Then evil breaks down, its citadels fall;
As when the dread trumpets went forth at Thy word,
And one long blast shattered the Canaanite's wall.

O loud be their tramp, and stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord, from slumber of sin!
The lights Thou hast kindled in darkness around,
O may they illumine our spirits within.

All honour and praise, dominion and might,
To God, Three in One, eternally be,
Who round us hath spread His own marvellous light,
And called us from darkness His glory to see! **Amen.**

219

Aurelia.

7.6.D.

IN royal robes of splendour,
Before the great King's feet,
The Princes of His Kingdom,
The crowned Apostles, meet;
To Him their songs adoring
With heart and tongue they bring,
Pure hearts and mighty voices—
E'en as the Angels sing.

This Order sheds its lustre
O'er all the human race;
A mighty band of preachers
Sent out before His Face;
Rock of His Church, for ages
In highest honour known,
Whose glorious Master-BUILDER
Is Head and Corner-Stone.

These are the Nazareans,
Famed heralds to the world,
Who, preaching Christ, His Banner
Of victory unfurled.
Day unto day shows knowledge;
Night utters speech to night;
So these to earth's four corners
Their wondrous tale recite.

Christ's burden light they proffer,
His easy yoke proclaim;
The seed of life they scatter,
That all may own His Name.

The earth brought forth and budded,
Where'er their ploughshare ran,
And fruits of increase followed
The faith of God made Man.

These are the sure foundation
On which the Temple stands;
The living stones compacting
That house not made with hands;
The gates by which man enters
Jerusalem the new;
The bond which knits together
The Gentile and the Jew.

Let error flee before them,
Let truth extend her sway;
Let dread of final judgment
To faith and love give way;
That, loosed from all offences,
We then may numbered be
Among Thy Saints in glory,
Around the Throne with Thee.

To Christ our Holy Master
Be honour, love and praise,
Who sent forth His Apostles
To teach His kingdom's ways.
To Father, Son and Spirit
All things created bow;
May He, the God we worship,
Inspire our actions now. Amen.

ST. PETER.

220

St. Michael.

S.M.

O SHEPHERD of the sheep,
High Priest of things to come,
Who didst in grace Thy servant keep,
And take him safely home;
Accept our song of praise
For all his holy care,
His zeal unquenched through length of days,
The trials that he bare.
Chief of Thy faithful band,
He held himself the least,
Though Thy great keys were in his hand,
O everlasting Priest.
So, trusting in Thy might,
He won a fair renown;
So, waxing valiant in the fight,
He trod the lion down.
Then rendered up to Thee
The charge Thy love had given,
And passed away Thy Face to see
Revealed in highest Heaven.
On all our Bishops pour
The Spirit of Thy grace;
That, as he won the palm of yore,
So they may run their race;
That, when this life is done,
They may with him adore
The ever Blessèd Three in One,
In bliss for evermore. Amen.

Rev. V. S. S. Coles.

221

Rockingham.

L.M.

THE eternal gifts of Christ the King,
The Apostles' glory, let us sing;
To Him, with hearts of gladness, raise
The voice of thankful love and praise.

For they the Church's princes are,
Triumphant leaders in the war;
In heavenly courts a warrior band,
True lights to lighten every land.

Theirs was the steadfast faith of Saints,
The hope that never yields nor faints,
And love of Christ in perfect glow,
That lays the force of evil low.

In them the Father's glory shone;
In them the will of God the Son;
In them exults the Holy Ghost;
Through them rejoice the heavenly Host.

O Master, hear us of Thy love,
That, with the glorious band above,
Before the shining of Thy Face,
Thy servants also may have place.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

EUCCHARISTIC

222

Alleluia.

8.7.D.

ALLELUIA ! praise our Master !

His the Sceptre, His the Throne;

Alleluia, His the glory,

His the victory alone.

Lo ! the song His Church is singing

Thunders like a mighty sea;

By the splendour of His triumph

Christ our Lord hath made us free.

Alleluia ! not as orphans

Are we left in sorrow now,

Alleluia ! ever present

In Thy Sacrament art Thou.

Though the cloud from sight received Thee

When the forty days were o'er,

Shall our hearts forget Thy promise,

‘‘I am with you evermore’’?

Alleluia ! Bread of Angels;

Thou on earth our Food, our Stay;

Alleluia ! here Thy people

Live by Thee from day to day;

Ruler of those Hosts of Angels,

When we rest from earthly strife

Grant us even closer union

In that higher, fuller life.

Alleluia ! King eternal,
 Thee the Lord of Lords we own;
 Alleluia ! born of Mary,
 Earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne;
 Thou within the veil hast entered
 Robed in light, our great High Priest,
 Still on earth both Priest and Victim
 In the Eucharistic Feast.

Alleluia ! praise our Master !
 His the Sceptre, His the Throne;
 Alleluia ! His the glory,
 His the victory alone.
 Lo ! the song His Church is singing
 Thunders like a mighty sea;
 By the splendour of His triumph
 Christ our Lord hath made us free. Amen.

‡William Chatterton Dix.

223

Onyx.

6.5.6.5.

CHRIST our Lord most Holy,
 King of might and power,
 Thou Thyself art dwelling
 With us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold Thee,
 Heaven is all too strait
 For Thine endless glory
 And Thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining
 Of the furthest star
 Thou art ever stretching
 Infinitely far.

Thine almighty Power
Makes the sun to shine,
Yet to us Thou comest
Veiled in Bread and Wine.

In Thy chosen symbols
Thou dost deign to dwell,
Thus Thy sweetness strengthens
Those who love Thee well.

Lord, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,
Gift on earth that bringeth
Heaven's eternal bliss?

We can only love Thee
More than tongue can tell,
And by helping others
We may serve Thee well.

It is written clearly,
Plain for all to see,
"Serving these My children
Ye are serving Me."

Christ our Lord most holy,
At Thy Feet we bow;
Monarch of the Angels,
Thou art with us now.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And the Holy Spirit
While all ages run. Amen.

224

Ellacombe or Aurelia.

7.6.D.

ETERNAL King of Glory,
Most dear and Holy Lord,
Our song of adoration
We raise in glad accord.
Thou art the God Who made us,
Our life is all from Thee;
Thy sacrifice supernal
Has caused the world to be.

Thou hast not left us helpless,
For to Thy mystic Bride,
The Church which Thou hast founded,
Our Mother true and tried,
Thou pourest out Thy blessing,
Effulgent as the sea,
A boundless benediction
On all who follow Thee.

Thy love is all around us;
Its rays are thousandfold;
It meets us in our Baptism
Our weakness to uphold.
Brightest of all it floweth
When on Thine Altar-shrine
Thy very Self Thou givest
In form of Bread and Wine.

O Eucharist Most Holy,
Sweet Sacrament Divine!
O Christ, both Priest and Victim,
How glorious dost Thou shine!

We hail Thee, praise Thee, bless Thee,
We worship and adore;
O grant us power and wisdom
To love Thee more and more ! Amen.

C.W.L.

225

Lewes or St. Thomas.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

LET all mortal flesh keep silence;
In expectant reverence stand;
Ponder nothing earthly-minded;
Every lower thought withstand;
For our Christ to earth descendeth
With a blessing in His Hand.

King of Kings, yet born of Mary
In a stable dark and rude,
Once again to earth He cometh
In a new similitude;
He His Blood and Body offers
To mankind as Mystic Food.

Rank on rank the Host of Heaven
Spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of Light descendeth
From the realms of endless day,
Rolling back the clouds of evil
As the darkness clears away.

At His Feet the glowing Seraphs,
Cherubim, with burning eye,
Veil their faces in His Presence,
As with trumpet voice they cry
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord most High.

Praise the Father, throned in Heaven;
Praise the everlasting Son;
Praise we Him Whose gifts are seven,
Praise the holy Three in One.
Unto God be highest glory
While unending ages run. Amen.

‡From the Liturgy of St. James, tr. by Rev. G. Moultrie.

226

Regent Square.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

LORD of Love, we know full surely
Thou art with us here to-day,
May we love and worship purely,
Lest Thy Presence pass away;
Ever shall we dwell securely
If Thou deign with us to stay.

By Thine inward consecration
Make our hearts Thy Temple true;
Let Thy bright illumination
Search our spirits through and through;
So shall we, Thy new creation,
Strive to pay Thee worship due.

Help our struggling will's endeavour,
Ruling word and deed and thought;
Govern, lift us up for ever,
By Thy Life with ours inwrought;
Holy Master, leave us never;
Lacking Thee, our life is naught.

Thou within us, sanctifying,
Steadfast may we still remain,

Follow Thee in self-denying,
Counting worldly loss as gain;
Day by day to evil dying,
That Thy Life in us may reign.

Thine be all our heart's affection,
Thine our inmost mind and will;
Thus, with sacred recollection
In Thy Courts abide we still,
Safe in Thy most sure protection,
Dwelling on Thy holy hill. Amen.

‡Canon G. H. Bourne.

227

Stella.

8s. (six lines).

O CHRIST our Lord, great King of Love,
We come to thank Thee for Thy care;
Upon us, like the Holy Dove,
Thy power descends in splendour rare;
Glory and praise to Thee be given,
By all Thy sons in earth and heaven.

Veiled in the form of Bread and Wine
Thou givest us Thyself for food;
O wondrous depth of grace divine
That grants us such beatitude!
Our hearts o'erflow with thankfulness;
How may we all our love express?

Strengthen our will, O Lord, we pray,
That through this power which Thou dost give,
We show our brother men the way
To Thee, through this which we receive;
That in this Sacrament, dear Lord,
All men may know the Incarnate Word.

O may our hearts and minds be pure,
 For this Thy sacred presence meet;
 Grant us such grace that we endure,
 Until we reach Thy holy Feet;
 And whatsoe'er Thou givest there,
 Help us with all the world to share.

Thus may we show our grateful love,
 Praising the Father and the Son
 And Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 Supreme, eternal Three in One—
 Praising by deed as well as word,
 Serving our brethren in the Lord. Amen.

M. Bright.

228

Lammas.

10 10.

O CHRIST, our Lord, Who with Thine own hast been,
 Our spirits cleave to Thee, the Friend unseen.

O would that all who on Thy bounty feed,
 Might heed Thy Love, and prize Thy gifts indeed !

Make every heart that is Thy dwelling-place
 A watered garden filled with fruits of grace.

Each holy purpose help us to fulfil;
 Increase our faith to feed upon Thee still.

Illuminate our minds, that we may see
 In all around us holy signs of Thee.

And may such witness in our lives appear,
 That all may know Thou hast been with us here.

Incline our wills, and make them all Thine own,
 That we may cling to Thee, and Thee alone.

O grant us peace, that by Thy peace possessed,
Thy life within us we may manifest.

So shall we pass our days in holy cheer,
In joyful consciousness that Thou art near.

So shalt Thou be for ever, loving Lord,
Our Shield and our exceeding great Reward.

All glory to the Father and the Son,
And to the Spirit, ever with Them One. Amen.

‡Canon G. H. Bourne.

229

Bishopgarth.

8.7.D. (Iambic).

O KING of Kings, Whose knights we are
In uttermost devotion,

Thy glory flames from star to star
Across Thy love's vast ocean;

Yet Thou dost deign to meet us here,
Reigning upon Thine Altar;

Thy royal Presence we revere
With love that shall not falter.

Thou restest, Mystery profound,
Veiling Thy heavenly splendour;

Attendant Angels gather round,
Their mighty aid to render,

Within the Church's sacred fane
The mystic forms creating;

O stir our hearts, to serve Thee here
With ardour unabating.

Hail, Mystic Light! Hail, Sacred Fire
Upon the Altar glowing,

Enflame our hearts with high desire,
All valiant gifts bestowing,

Be Thou our strength to right the wrong,
All pause or respite scorning,
Our beacon through the lonely night,
Till He shall bring the morning.

The Holy Cross again we take,
The knightly weapon bearing,
So press we onward to the fight,
The night of evil daring.
Hail, Mystic Bread ! Hail, Holy Cup !
O Purest Peace, descending !
Vouchsafe, O Lord, continuing Light,
And Life in Thee unending.

All glory to the Father's Name
And to the Son all glory;
The Holy Spirit, heavenly Flame,
Shares in the wondrous story.
With praise of Thee, great Three in One,
The courts of heaven are ringing;
In every land beneath the sun
Thy Church to Thee is singing. Amen.

Bp. J. I. Wedgwood (v. 1 and part of 2 added by C.W.L.)

230

Aurelia or New York.

7.6.D.

O LIFE of Christ o'erflowing,
How wondrous is Thy power,
How generous Thy fullness
Which Thou on us dost shower;
On many a thousand altars
Each day Thy glories shine,
On each Thyself Thou givest
In form of Bread and Wine.

O Love of Christ, abounding
Beyond all human thought,
Through many a thousand channels
Poured on us all unsought;
Thy holy Church sails heavenward
Upon Thy love's vast sea,
That love that hath no limit,
That draws Thy world to Thee.

O Peace of Christ, embracing
All worlds within its fold,
Deeper than heart of ocean,
Wider than mind can hold;
Beneath its calm protection
From storm and trouble free,
Thy grateful people offer
Their Eucharist to Thee.

O Strength of Christ, enabling
Thy flock to live for Thee,
To hold their course with firmness
Amid life's surging sea;
Most chiefly at Thine altar
We find that strength outpoured;
We draw it in receiving
The Body of our Lord.

All these great gifts celestial
Thy Sacrament doth give;
Lord, teach us how to thank Thee
And in Thy service live,
In homage to the Father
And His most holy Son,
And to the Holy Spirit
The Three Who yet are One. Amen.

231

Verulam or Yorkshire.

10s. (6 lines).

O LORD and God, the Lover of all men,
Who in this Sacrament Thy love dost show,
We now have knelt and worshipped Thee again,
In humblest adoration bending low;
Grant us in will as lowly to adore,
To wish whate'er Thou wishest, and no more.

And now, dear Lord, the Sanctus we have sung
With Angels and Archangels round Thy Throne,
Grant that we nevermore defile our tongue
With aught that Angels would be grieved to own;
Drive from our lips each idle, sinful word,
Since they have praised the Ever-Holy Lord.

And now, dear Lord, we've tasted of the Food,
That heavenly Food, which Thou in love dost give,
Thy Holy Body, and Thy Precious Blood,
Through which alone Thy Saints in Thee may live,
All pure and spotless may our bodies be,
Since they have tasted Living Bread of Thee.

We yield Thee thanks, exceeding thanks, O Lord,
That Thou hast blessed us with Thy Presence here,
And thankful as we all are now in word,
As thankful in our acts may we appear;
We thank Thee, Lord, and evermore may we
Our lives present as thank-offerings to Thee. Amen.

232

St. Charles.

10.10.10.6.

OUR worship rises like a | soaring | flame;
With Angels and Archangels, | and with | all
The company of heaven, | on Thy | Name,
Thy Three-fold | Name, | we call.

Lo! heaven and earth are burning, | shining, | filled
With that surpassing Glory | which Thou | art:
Lost in its Light our mortal | weakness; | stilled
Each rapt, a | dor | ing heart.

We are not worthy, Master, | to re | ceive,
Thy Holy Body, nor to | drink Thy | Blood:
Yet still Thou offerest (and | we be | lieve),
To all who | hung | er, Food.

Humbly we gather to the | holy | place,
Yet do our hearts sing and our | faces | shine,
As, in the Glory raying | from Thy | Face,
We take that | Bread, | that Wine.

Lo, we are stronger than the | strongest | now:
Thy Life, O Christ, is thrilling | in our | own;
O Mystery, Thou art we, and | we are | Thou,
Knowing as | we | are known.

'Tis ours to bear, if truly | we have | prayed,
Thy Life, Thy Light, to fainting | souls and | blind;
Then every hour a Eucha | rist is | made,
And Thee in | all | we find.

Thus must they love, whom Christ so | well has | loved,
Thus must they serve, whom Christ has | deigned to | feed,
Their hearts, like His, henceforward | ever | moved
By every | hu | man need.

Turn we to earthly light and | daily | round,
 Nor doubt that, when their homeward | Path is | trod,
 Perfect in Love, our spirits | shall have | found
 The Eternal | House | of God.

O Holy Christ, we bless Thee | for Thy | Love;
 With all our hearts we praise and | worship | Thee;
 To Father, Son and Holy | Ghost a | bove,
 We sing, the | One | in Three. Amen.

†Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff.

Also suitable for use at the Holy Eucharist are:

429. The King of Love my Shepherd is.

493. Thou Who in Thy first Eucharist.

CONFIRMATION

The undermentioned hymns will be found suitable:

376. O Master, I have promised.

423. Take my life and let it be.

HOLY MATRIMONY

233

Alla Trinita Beata or Deerhurst.

8.7.D.

GRACIOUS Lord, on these Thy servants
 Pour Thy Love in fullest flow,
 On the threshold of their journey
 Let them all its sweetness know,
 Hold their footsteps, that they slip not,
 Neither faint nor fall away;
 Be to them a Guide and Guardian,
 And their ever-present Stay.

Keep the chain of love that binds them
Ever bright and free from stain,
Help them in the day of battle,
That the crown of life they gain,
Grant them, Lord, that love all perfect,
Casting every fear away,
Give them peace that passeth knowledge,
Growing deeper, day by day.

Heavenly Father, grant Thy blessing,
Greatest and most precious gift,
Let it rest on them for ever,
From their lives all shadows lift;
And when earthly joys are over,
Grant them Thine eternal Rest,
In Thine Arms, O Christ, enfold them,
Ever safe, and ever blest. Amen.

†Lady H. S. Franklin.

234

Noel.

D.C.M.

LORD, Who at Cana's wedding feast,
Didst as a Guest appear,
Thou dearer far than earthly guest,
Vouchsafe Thy Presence here;
For holy Thou indeed dost prove
The marriage vow to be,
Proclaiming it a type of love
Between the Church and Thee.

The holiest vow that man can make
The golden thread in life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;

Which, blessed by Thee, whate'er betides,
 No evil shall destroy,
 Through care-worn days each care divides,
 And doubles every joy.

On those who at Thine Altar kneel
 O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
 That each may wake the other's zeal
 To love Thee more and more.
 O grant them here in peace to live,
 In purity and love,
 And, this world leaving, to receive
 A crown of life above.

All glory to the Father be,
 All glory to the Son,
 All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
 While endless ages run.
 Great Three in One, and One in Three
 We worship and adore,
 O help us all Thy Face to see
 And love Thee more and more. Amen.

Rev. G. Thring.

235

Life and Love, or Strength and Stay.

11.10.11.10.

O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
 For these whose wedded life has now begun
 We ask of Thee the love which knows no ending,
 Since Thou in Sacrament hast made them one.

O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
 Of tender charity and flawless truth,
 Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
 Of love in age as steadfast as in youth.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
 Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
 And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
 That dawns upon eternal love and life. Amen.

‡Dorothy F. Gurney.

236

St. Alphege.

7.6.7.6.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden
 That earliest wedding-day,
 The primal marriage blessing—
 It hath not passed away:

Still in the pure espousal
 Of faithful man and maid
 The Holy Three are with us,
 The threefold grace is said.

For dower of blessèd children,
 For love and faith's sweet sake,
 For high mysterious union
 Which naught on earth may break.

On Thee, O loving Father,
 Thy humble servants wait,
 Their future life together
 To Thee they consecrate.

O Christ the King of glory,
 Whom Angel hosts obey,
 Keep these Thy faithful soldiers
 In love and truth alway;

Shine on them, Holy Spirit,
 And bless them as they kneel,
 Inspire them, guard them, guide them,
 Grant them Thy grace to feel.

O Trinity, all-glorious,
 Whose love is like the sea,
 Pour forth Thy Benediction
 On these who worship Thee.

For them a new life opens;
 May it be Thine alone—
 A sacrifice, a service,
 Before Thine Altar-Throne. Amen.

‡Rev. John Keble.

Another suitable hymn is:

491. O Father sempiternal.

ORDINATION

237

Dundee.

C.M.

CHRIST hath gone up, yet ere He passed
 From earth in heaven to reign,
 He formed one Holy Church to last
 Till He shall come again.

His twelve Apostles first He made
 His ministers of grace;
 And they their hands on others laid,
 To fill in turn their place.

So age by age and year by year
His grace was handed on;
And still the Holy Church is here
To give His benison.

So he who wills his life to give
In service to our Lord,
Must first a space as Deacon live,
Assistant at Christ's Board.

That Priestly Office he may reach
A higher power implies—
To guide, to help, to bless, to teach,
To offer sacrifice.

The Bishop rules and guides the Church,
Legate of Christ in this;
Servant of servants of our God
His proudest title is.

Eternal Christ, Thy Bishops dower
With wisdom from above,
That while they manifest Thy power,
They never fail in love.

May all Thy Priests be strong and leal,
True hearts, with judgment clear;
Thy Deacons brave, with quenchless zeal
Yet humble and sincere.

The changeless God's eternal fane
His Holy Church remains;
To Him who shall for ever reign
She lifts her joyous strains.

Let those draw fervour, Lord, from Thee
 Whose love to her is cold;
 Bring wanderers in, and let there be
 One Shepherd and one fold. Amen.

†Dr. J. M. Neale, vv. 1, 2, 3, 10. C.W.L., vv. 4-9.

Other hymns suitable for Ordination are:

390 One Thy Light, the Temple filling.

423. Take my life, and let it be.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

238

Ellacombe (repeat last four lines).

7.6.T.

ALL Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay
 With Eucharist and canticle on this our festal day.
 Thy Church with songs of triumph Thy glory celebrates;
 Glad City of the King most high, lift up, lift up thy gates!
 All Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay
 With Eucharist and canticle on this our festal day.

Thyself the Master-BUILDER, O build us up in Thee,
 A Temple pure and beautiful, where Thou wilt deign to be.
 Precious, elect, compacted, Thyself the Corner-stone,
 And full of love and graces sweet which Thou dost give
 alone.

Thy Church with songs of triumph Thy glory celebrates;
 Glad City of the King most high, lift up, lift up Thy gates!

O Comforter most Blessèd, Thou Source of life and light,
 The Bride to-day is glorious in raiment fair and white;
 Bring back the sheep that wander, raise up the souls that
 fall,

Give joy for tears to those who mourn, and robes of praise
 to all.

All Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay
 With Eucharist and canticle on this our festal day.

Sing ye with holy gladness, rejoice with one accord
 And keep with seemly splendour a feast-day to our Lord,
 To God the Father Holy, and His all-glorious Son,
 And God the Holy Spirit, Who with Them both is One.
 His Church with songs of triumph His glory celebrates;
 Glad City of the King most high, lift up, lift up Thy gates !
 Amen.

†William Chatterton Dix.

239

Lewes or Urbs beata.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
 Vision dear of peace and love,
 Who of living stones art builded
 In the height of heaven above,
 And, with Angel hosts encircled,
 As a bride doth earthward move;

From celestial realms descending,
 Bridal glory round thee shed,
 Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,
 To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
 All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
 Of pure gold are fashioned.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His Palace should be decked.

Christ is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants, as they pray:
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the Blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Laud and honour to the Father,
 Laud and honour to the Son,
 Laud and honour to the Spirit
 Ever Three, and ever One,
 Consubstantial, co-eternal,
 While unending ages run. Amen.

Latin Hymn of 6th century, tr. by Dr. J. M. Neale.

Other hymns suitable for the Dedication of a Church are:

- 256. Litany of the Church.
- 277. City of God, how broad and far.
- 490. The Church's one foundation.
- 492. Round the sacred city.

HARVEST.

240

St. George.

7s.D.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of harvest-home;
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter-storms begin;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied;
 Come to God's own temple, come;
 Raise the song of harvest-home.

All this world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield;
 All mankind as grain must grow—
 Some are quick and some are slow—

First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For Thy grain the earth is tilled;
We are with Thy bounty filled—
Fed by the baptismal flood,
By the Body and the Blood,
By Thy Love in countless ways,
By Thy Blessing all our days,
Till, transcending earthly gloom,
We shall burgeon into bloom.

Come then, Lord of glory, come,
Let us sing Thy harvest-home:
Let Thy Saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
As upon the golden floor
Praising Thee for evermore;
Come, with all Thine Angels come;
Let us sing Thy harvest-home. Amen.

‡Dean H. Alford.

241

Lewes or Regent Square.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

GOD the Father ! Whose Creation
Gives to flowers and fruits their birth,
Thou, Whose yearly operation
Brings the hour of harvest mirth,
Here to Thee we make oblation
Of the August-gold of earth.

God the Word ! the sun, maturing
With his blessed ray the corn.
Spake of Thee, O Sun enduring,
Thee, O everlasting Morn !
Thee in Whom our woes find curing,
Without Whom we stand forlorn.

God the Holy Ghost ! the showers
That have fattened out the grain,
Types of Thy celestial powers,
Symbols of baptismal rain,
Shadowed out the grace that dowers
All the faithful of Thy train.

When the harvest of each nation
Severs righteousness from sin,
And Archangel-proclamation
Bids us put the sickle in,
And each age and generation
Fall aside or glory win;

Grant that we, or young, or hoary,
Lengthened be our span or brief,
Whatsoever the life-long story
Of our joy or of our grief,
May be garnered up in glory,
As Thine own elected sheaf.

Laud to Him to Whom supernal
Thrones and Virtues bend the knee;
Laud to Him from Whom infernal
Powers and Dominations flee;
Laud to Him, the co-eternal
Paraclete, for ever be. Amen.

242

Fleury.

7.6.T.

HE saw the wheat-fields waiting
All golden in the sun;
And strong and stalwart reapers
Went by him, one by one.
O could I reap in harvest !
His heart made bitter cry;
I can do nothing, nothing,
So weak, alas ! am I.

Thou may'st not join the reapers
Upon the harvest-plain,
But he who helps a brother
Binds sheaves of richest grain.

At eve a fainting traveller
Sank down beside the door;
A cup of crystal water
To quench his thirst he bore.
And when, refreshed and strengthened,
The traveller went his way,
Upon the poor man's threshold
A golden wheat-sheaf lay.
Thou may'st, etc.

When came the Lord of harvest,
He cried—"O Master kind,
One sheaf I have to offer,
But that I did not bind;
I gave a cup of water
To one athirst, and he
Left at my door, in going,
This sheaf I offer Thee !"
Thou may'st, etc.

Then said the Master softly:
 "Well pleased with this am I;
 One of My Angels left it
 With thee as he passed by.
 Be sure that I am heeding
 Each action that ye do.
 No word or thought neglected—
 Each gains its guerdon true."
 Thou may'st, etc. Amen.

†E. E. Rexford.

243

Fides or Hertford.

11s.

HOLY is the seed-time, when the buried grain
 Sinks to sleep in darkness, but to wake again;
 Holy is the spring-time, when the living corn
 Bursting from its prison riseth like the morn.

Holy is the harvest, when each ripened ear,
 Bending to the sickle, crowns the golden year.
 Store them in our garners, winnow them with care,
 Give to God the glory in our praise and prayer.

Holy seed our Master soweth in His field;
 Be the harvest holy which our hearts shall yield;
 Holy be our living, act and word and thought,
 Sacred to His service, as His Church hath taught.

Glory to the Father, Who beheld our need;
 Glory to our Master, Who hath sown the seed;
 Glory to the Spirit, giving the increase;
 Glory as it has been, is, and ne'er shall cease! Amen.

†Margaret A. Headlam.

244

Preston or Stella.

8s. (six lines).

LORD of the harvest, once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time and by harvest-tide.

The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of Kings;
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy Church we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task:
Man, like the grain, by God is sown;
On earth, as in the soil, 'tis grown;
By sacramental rain 'tis fed,
And sunlight from His Presence shed.

Grain quickens not except it die;
So must our lower nature fly
Before the soul can swell and grow;
Retaining still its root below,
It blossoms in the upper air,
And reaches full fruition there.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need.
O Bread of life, from day to day,
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay. Amen.

†Joseph Anstice.

245

Salutas.

9.8.9.8.

NOW sing we a song of the harvest:
Thanksgiving and honour and praise,
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days:
For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
To delver and husbandman yield.

And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold;
The harvest, eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.
We reap it on mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

But now we sing deeper and higher,
Of harvests that eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.
And they have been gathered and garnered,
Some golden with honour and gain,
And some, as with heart's blood, are ruddy,
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

O Thou Who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver Who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are for ever repeating
Thanksgiving and honour and praise.

To Father, to Son, and to Spirit,
Three Persons, eternally One,
The homage of men and of Angels
Shall rise while the ages shall run. Amen.

J. W. Chadwick.

246

Golden Sheaves or St. Anthony.

8.7.8.7.D.

TO Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation;
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous Hand confessing,
Upon Thine Altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing;
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou, Who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the Bread Eternal.

We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary;
May we, the Angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

O, blessèd is that land of God,
Where Saints abide for ever;
Where golden fields spread far and broad,
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending. Amen.

William Chatterton Dix.

247

Dresden.

P.M.

WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's Almighty Hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children.
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc. Amen.

Matthias Claudius (A.D. 1740), tr. by J. M. Campbell.

PROCESSIONAL

248

St. Theresa.

6.5.T.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner, pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward to their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert, gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united take our heavenward way.
Brightly gleams our banner, pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward to their home on high.

Rally round our banner, wave it proud on high,
On its white folds blazoned faith, hope, charity.
Marching forth in gladness towards the morning land,
Singing songs of courage, join we hand in hand.
Brightly gleams, etc.

We are pledged opponents of man's tyrant foes,
Sin and fear and darkness, source of countless woes;
Truth shall be our watchword, love our guiding Star,
Christ our Lord and Captain, in this holy war.
Brightly gleams, etc.

Faint not, fear not, brothers, in this glorious fight,
Press we on together, strong in His great might.
Lo ! the East is lightening, haste we ever on
Till the full day dawneth and the goal is won.

Brightly gleams, etc.

Christ our Lord and Master, at Thy sacred Feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing see Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee, often gone astray;
May we now be steadfast in the narrow way.

Brightly gleams, etc.

All our days direct us in the way we go.
Lead us on victorious over every foe;
May Thine Angels shield us when the storm-clouds lour,
Love and joy be with us in our final hour.

Brightly gleams, etc.

Then with Saints and Angels may we join above,
Offering prayers and praises at Thy Throne of love;
When earth-lives are over, then comes rest and peace,
Ever in His service songs that never cease.

Brightly gleams, etc. Amen.

Based on Rev. T. J. Potter.

249

Hertford or Edina.

6.5.D.

CHRIST our Lord and Master, listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising praises to our King;
All we have we offer; all we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit, all we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer, Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration bending low the knee;
Life has lost its shadows, pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance on a world of sin.

Dark and ever darker was the wintry past,
Now a ray of gladness o'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth, every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeigned, love that never dies.

Great and ever greater is Thy kindness here;
True and everlasting are the glories there;
Where no pain nor sorrow, toil nor care, is known,
Where the Angel-legions circle round Thy Throne.

Brighter still and brighter glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness o'er our work that's done;
When earth lies behind us, dawns a wider life,
Where we serve Thee better, free from care and strife.

Onward, ever onward, journeying o'er the road
Worn by Saints before us, journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us, may we hasten on,
Backward never looking, till the prize is won.

Bliss, all bliss excelling, when the victor soul,
Earthly toils forgetting, finds its promised goal;
Where, in joys unheard of, saints with Angels sing,
Never weary raising praises to their King. Amen.

†Rev. G. Thring.

250

Onward Christian.

6.5.T.

FORWARD be our watchword, steps and voices blend;
Seek the goal before us, good deeds without end;
Burns the fiery pillar at our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking, by our Captain led?
Thither, onward, thither, in the Spirit's might,
Pilgrims to your country, forward into Light!

Forward, when in childhood buds the growing mind;
All through youth and manhood, not a thought behind;
Speed through realms of nature, climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory gleams our Master's Face.
Forward, all the life-time, climb from height to height;
Till the head be hoary, till the eve be light.

Forward, those who love Him, scattered o'er the earth;
Till each yearning purpose spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing; blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error; leave behind the night;
Forward, through the darkness; forward, into Light!

Forward be our watchword, when the skies are bright,
Forward be our watchword, in the cloudy night,
Trust our shield and buckler, hope our guiding star,
Love our lord and captain, in the holy war.
March we on together, to the cloud-capped height,
Clad in life's bright armour, hand and hearts unite.

One be we in spirit, one in heart and life,
One great human household, one in noblest strife;
One with men our brothers, onward thus we wend,
One in joy and sorrow, one in life's great end.
March we on together, to the cloud-capped height,
Clad in life's bright armour, hands and hearts unite.

Glories upon glories hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him one day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them, ear hath never heard,
Nor of these hath uttered thought or speech a word;
Forward, marching eastward where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted, till our faith be sight!

To the Eternal Father loudest anthems raise;
 To the Son and Spirit echo songs of praise;
 To the Lord of Glory, Blessed Three in One,
 Be by men and Angels endless honour done.
 Faint are earthly praises, dull the songs of night;
 Forward, into triumph; forward, into Light! Amen.

‡Dean H. Alford.

251

Porro.

6.5.D.

LIFE is onward! use it with a forward aim;
 Toil is heavenly; choose it, and its warfare claim.
 Look not to another to perform your will;
 Haste to help your brother as he climbs the hill!

Life is onward! heed it in each varied dress;
 Your own act can speed it on to happiness.
 His bright pinions o'er you time waves not in vain,
 If hope chant before you her prophetic strain.

Life is onward, never look upon the past;
 It would hold you ever in its fetters fast.
 Ne'er forbode new sorrow, bear that of to-day;
 You shall see the morrow chase the clouds away.

Life is onward! treasure its eternal part;
 Give it without measure all your strength of heart.
 Life is onward! prize it, sunlit or in storm;
 O do not despise it in its humblest form.

Father, the Creator, Christ, the only Son,
 Thou, Illuminator, Who with Both art One—
 Glory, praise and blessing ever be to Thee,
 Whom we stand confessing God in Persons Three.

Amen.

Anon.

252

Mendelssohn.

7s. (ten lines).

ONWARD, brothers, tuneful lays
Let us as we march upraise,
Songs of armies marching on,
Songs of glorious battle won,
Songs of sorrow, songs of mirth,
Songs of worlds that spring to birth,
Songs of freedom, songs of love,
Sing we as we onward move.

Onward, brothers ! tuneful lays
Let us as we march upraise.

Dark our pathway oft and drear,
Cloudy vale and angry mere,
Deep that calleth unto deep,
Rugged rock and perilous steep;
Cheer the journey with a song,
Though the march be rough and long;
Sing of courage, truth and light,
Cheer the toilers of the night.

Onward, brothers ! tuneful lays
Let us as we march upraise.

Old and young, your voices lend,
In harmonious chorus blend;
Through the world your anthem roll,
Link through music soul to soul;
Heaven and earth in love combine,
Link the human and divine;
Light in man celestial fire,
Beauty, brotherhood, inspire,

Onward, brothers ! tuneful lays
Let us as we march upraise.

Holy Father, Fount of light,
 God of wisdom, goodness, might:
 Holy Son, who came to dwell,
 God with us, Emmanuel:
 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 God of comfort, peace and love:
 Evermore be Thou adored,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

Onward, brothers ! tuneful lays
 Let us as we march upraise. Amen.

Anon.

253

St. Gertrude.

6.5.T.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus going on before.
 Christ our royal Master leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle, see His banners go !

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus going on before.

At the sign of triumph evil's host doth flee;
 On then, Christian soldiers, on to victory.
 All the earth resoundeth with the shout of praise,
 Brothers, lift your voices, loud your anthems raise.
 Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading where the Saints have trod;
 We are not divided, all one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.
 Onward, etc.

What the Saints established, that we hold for true;
What the Saints believèd, that believe we too.
Long as earth endureth men that Faith shall hold,
Kingdoms, nations, empires in destruction rolled.
Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honour unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages men and Angels sing.
Onward, etc. Amen.

†Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould.

254

Peterborough.

S.M.

REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

Bright youth and snow-crowned age.
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

Yes, onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Through gate, and porch, and columned aisle.
The hallowed pathways throng.

With all the Angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud;
While answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

Praise Him Who reigns on high,
The Lord Whom we adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

Dean E. H. Plumptre.

Other hymns suitable for Processionals are:

- 192. Through all the world.
- 239. Blessed city, heavenly Salem.
- 459. Through the night.
- 482. Who is on the Lord's side?
- 492. Round the sacred City.

Or any hymn of sufficient length may be used.

HYMN OF FAREWELL

255

God be with you (omitting chorus).

9 8 8.9.

GOD be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Heavenly patience still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
Let no trouble e'er confound you;
Peace and harmony surround you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
May His holy Angels guard you;
No misfortune e'er retard you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
May the mighty All-Commander
Shield you wheresoe'er you wander;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
Wisdom, Strength and Beauty guide you,
Stand unmoved whate'er betide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Keep Christ's mystic Cross before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again—
God, the goal of our endeavour,
God, Who reigns in us for ever—
God be with you till we meet again. Amen.

‡J. E. Rankin (vv. 1, 2, 3, 7), the rest added by C.W.L.

Also suitable as a hymn of Farewell is:

No. 399. Part in peace! is day before us?

LITANIES.

256

LITANY OF THE CHURCH

Lebbaeus.

7 7 7.6.

GOD the Father, seen of none,
God the co-eternal Son,
God the Spirit, with Them One,
We are Thine, O Trinity.

Master, with Thy Church abide,
Be her Teacher, Lord and Guide,
Pour Thy Love in fullest tide;
We are Thine, O Master.

Arms of love around her throw,
Shield her safe from every foe,
Calm her in the time of woe:
We are Thine, O Master.

Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Help her patient to endure
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We are Thine, O Master.

Be Thou with her all the days,
May she, safe from error's ways,
Toil for Thine eternal praise.
We are Thine, O Master.

May her voice be ever clear
Warning of Thy coming near,
Urging man to cast out fear:
We are Thine, O Master.

All her ruined works repair,
Build again Thy temple fair,
Manifest Thy presence there:
We are Thine, O Master.

All her fettered powers release,
Bid all strife and envy cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We are Thine, O Master.

May she clear in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We are Thine, O Master.

May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We are Thine, O Master.

Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold;
We are Thine, O Master.

May her Priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where God calls, to lead:
We are Thine, O Master.

May they live the truths they know,
And a holy pattern show,
As before Thy flock they go;
We are Thine, O Master,

Evil Thou wilt purge away,
Doubts and fears Thou wilt allay,
Thou wilt bring her triumph-day:
We are Thine, O Master.

May Thy Church all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure and bright and worthy Thee:
We are Thine, O Master.

God the Father, seen of none,
God the co-eternal Son,
God the Spirit, with them One,
We are Thine, O Trinity. Amen.

‡Rev. T. B. Pollock, and others.

257

LITANY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

St. Charles or Mill Lane or any Litany tune.

7 7 7.6.

GOD the Father, seen of none,
God the co-eternal Son,
God the Spirit, with Them One;
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

God eternal, mighty King,
Unto Thee our love we bring;
Through the world Thy praises ring;
We are Thine, O Trinity.

Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life and Fire of love;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Source of strength, of knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, cheer;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Source of courage, love and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit guiding us aright,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thine is an unchanging love
Higher than the heights above;
Lord, Life-giver, holy Dove;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth Divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Fill us with Thy glorious Ray;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

May we from temptation turn,
Secrets of Thy kingdom learn,
Feel Thy Fire within us burn;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Help us nobly to endure,
Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Ever wiser, stronger, truer;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Light and strength on us bestow,
Guide us, lead us here below,
Where Thou wilt we shall go;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

To the outcast and forlorn,
To the weary and the worn,
Let Thy hope and peace be borne;
Bless us, Holy Spirit.

Fount of love, by all adored,
Let the wisdom of the Lord
On His waiting Church be poured;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Still unsheathèd be Thy sword
Till the world, from sin restored,
Is the kingdom of the Lord;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Holy, loving as Thou art,
All Thy sevenfold gifts impart,
Nevermore from us depart;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

God the Father, seen of none,
God the co-eternal Son,
God the Spirit, with Them One;
We are Thine, O Trinity. Amen.

GENERAL HYMNS

258

St. Flavian or St. Francis.

C.M.

A LIVING stream, as crystal clear,
Welling from out the Throne
Of God and of the Lord on high,
Our Christ to man hath shown.

This stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the Angels sing:
One precious drop within the heart
Is of all joy the spring:

Joy past all speech, of glory full,
But stored where none may know,
As manna hid in dewy heaven,
As pearls in ocean low.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor to man's heart hath come,
What for those loving Thee in truth
Thou hast in love's own home.

But by His Spirit He to us
The secret doth reveal:
Faith sees and hears: but O for wings
That we might taste, and feel;

Wings like a dove to waft us on
High o'er the flood of sin!
Lord of the Ark, put forth Thine hand,
And take Thy wanderers in.

O praise the Father, praise the Son,
And Him whose gifts are seven,
The Holy Ghost, through Whom alone
Our hearts are raised to Heaven. Amen.

†John Mason (A.D. 1668), altered by Keble.

259

Stella.

8s. (six lines).

A STRAIN of music from afar,
A simple chord, a ray of light,
The tremble of a single star,
A voice that whispers in the night,
A hope fulfilled, and nothing more
Bring thoughts we must have lived before.

The roaring of the tempest fierce,
A magic word, a whispered sigh,
Stand out upon the road of time
As landmarks of an age gone by;
Words that we've heard long years before,
They speak with tongues we know once more.

So every tune that wakes the soul
And every thought that thrills the sense,
Bring knowledge of eternity
And make our faith the more intense.
We know that we have lived before,
We know we live for evermore.

To God the Father glory be,
All glory be to God the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
By Whose decree we lived before,
Who bids us live for evermore. Amen.

Anon.

260

Vox montibus.

12.11.12.11.

A VOICE from the hills and the valleys is calling,
The song of the river is but its refrain;
Its echoes are heard when the soft rains are falling;
In sonorous tones winds repeat it again.

The heart of our Mother the Soul Universal,
From which we came forth and to which we return,
Her joy and her anguish sends forth in dispersal;
From millions of voices her lessons we learn.

Her temple is holy, above us uprearing
Its blue-vaulted dome filled with incense most rare;
There Nature's own children approach her unfearing,
Their silence in solitude grander than prayer.

In rapture and awe know the Spirit that meets them
(The heart disaffected their garb may not don),
Unseen at the portal, her messenger greets them:
"Abide in Love's sunlight; let all else pass on."

O Father All-loving, whose glory shines o'er us,
O Christ, through whose Love all these worlds came
to be,
O Spirit, whose Love-light streams ever before us,
O Love all-embracing, be glory to Thee! Amen.

L. Nightingale.

261

Miles's Lane.

C.M.

ALL hail the power of Jesu's Name;
Let Angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the splendour of His might
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His Altar call;
Hail Him Whose fiery path ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye who were saved by Christ's strong aid
From passion's deadly thrall,
Hail Him Who led that stern crusade,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let all the world that shout prolong.
Send out the clarion call,
Join in the universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye who upon the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost do call,
Sing glory to that Three in One,
And crown Him Lord of all. Amen.

‡Rev. Edward Perronet (A.D. 1726.)

262

Leominster.

D S.M.

ALL Nature is to God
A glorious garment rare,
And he who looks beneath that robe
May find Him everywhere.

The Eternal Great First Cause
In all around we see;
And there is nothing low or mean,
For there is naught but He.

His is the force which acts,
The will that moves is His,
Midst earth's illusions man is wise
If he discerneth this.
A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

The common course of life,
The daily round we plod,
The tasks that seem so wearisome,
May all be done for God.
All may of Him partake;
Nothing can be so mean
Which, with this tincture, for His sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for His laws,
Makes that small action fine.
This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told. Amen.

263

Song of Praise.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.8.6.

ALL nature's voices chorus
A rolling psalm of praise
To Him who watcheth o'er us,
Who lighteth all our ways.
His life in fullest measure
Waits for our heart's clear call,
His beauty is our treasure,
His blessings richly fall,
To win us on from night to day.
Where He is All in All.

Then banish thoughts of sadness,
And swell the song of praise;
A glowing chord of gladness
Rings through the sunlit days;
And Angel voices cheer us,
Stealing across the night,
Their wistful hands are near us,
To lead us to the Light,
Their shielding arms would guide us home,
Where faith may walk by sight.

O Wisdom, Strength and Beauty !
O King with glory crowned,
We yearn to do our duty
Where'er it may be found,
Our love is ever glowing
And swelling like the sea,
Deeper and deeper growing
While pouring forth towards Thee,
The Father. Son and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three. Amen.

G. Herbert Whyte.

264

Old Hundredth.

L.M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, Angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Rev. William Kethe, A.D. 1560; doxology by Bp. Ken. A.D. 1637.

265

Orientis Partibus.

7s.

ALL that's good and great and true,
All that is and is to be,
Be it old or be it new,
Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.

Blessings dawn with every day,
Newer, brighter than before,
And the sun's declining ray
Layeth others up in store.

Not a bird that doth not sing
Sweetest praises to Thy Name,
Not an insect on the wing
But Thy wonders doth proclaim.

Every blade and every tree,
All in happy concert ring,
And in wondrous harmony
Join in praises to their King.

Fill us, then, with love divine;
Grant that we, though toiling here,
May in spirit, being Thine,
See and hear Thee everywhere.

Far and near, o'er land and sea,
Mountain top and wooded dell,
All in singing, sing of Thee
Songs of love ineffable.

May we all, with songs of praise,
Whilst on earth, Thy Name adore,
Till with Angel choirs we raise
Songs of praise for evermore.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

266

Mola.

7.5.7.5.7 7 7.5.

ALL the aim of life is just
 Climbing back to God;
 Spirit casting off its dust,
 Climbing back to God;
 Every grief we have to bear,
 Disappointment, pain, despair,
 Each is but another stair,
 Climbing back to God.

Step by step and mile by mile,
 Climbing back to God;
 Nothing else is worth the while,
 Climbing back to God;
 Light and shadow fill each day,
 Joys and sorrows pass away,
 Smile at all, and smiling, say:
 "Climbing back to God."

Do not wear a mournful face,
 Climbing back to God;
 Scatter sunshine on the place,
 Climbing back to God;
 Take what pleasure you can find,
 But where'er your paths may wind,
 Keep the purpose well in mind:
 Climbing back to God. Amen.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

267

All Things Bright and Beautiful.

7.6.D.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
 All creatures great and small,
 All things wise and wonderful,
 The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
All things, etc.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.
All things, etc.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky.
All things, etc.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden—
He made them every one;
All things, etc.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;
All things, etc.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.
All things, etc. Amen.

268

O Quanta Qualia or Paternoster.

11.10.11.10.

ALL'S for the best ! be ye sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful;
Courage, for ever, is happy and wise.

All's for the best ! if mankind would but know it,
God's mighty Will is that all may be blest;
This is no dream of some fanciful poet,
Trial has shown us that all's for the best.

All's for the best ! so set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
Tempest-tossed swallow or heart-stricken dove.

All's for the best ! then dispel idle terrors,
Meet all your fears and your woes in the van,
And, in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child while you strive like a man.

All's for the best ! for unfailing, unbounded,
God hath intended that all shall be blest,
So, both by wisdom and justice surrounded,
Hope and be happy, for all's for the best.

Praise to the Father, Creator supernal;
Praise to the Son, Whose retainers are we;
Praise to the Spirit, Consoler eternal;
Triune Divinity, glory to Thee ! Amen.

‡ Anon.

269

Corpus Christi or St. Alphege.

7.6.7.6.

ARISE, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed,
Let earnest loving effort
To heavenly gladness lead;

To unimagined glory
That knows nor moon nor sun
The light so new and golden
The light that is but one.

The sunlit life, that recks not
Of tempest or of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each true and perfect knight;

The home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that bear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn.

O one, O only mansion,
O paradise of joy
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy.

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel
And thine the golden dower.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel
And all the knightly throng.

The Prince is ever present,
 His radiance is serene;
 The vestures of the blessèd
 Are decked in glorious sheen;

For they who with that Leader
 Have conquered in the fight
 Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white.

Almighty heavenly Father,
 O co-eternal Son,
 Life-giving Holy Spirit,
 We hail Thee, Three in One. Amen.

†Bernard de Morlaix (A.D. 1122), tr. by Dr. J. M. Neale.

270

Fleury.

7.6.T.

ARISE ! the world needs helping,
 Let none sit down and rest,
 But seek to work like heroes,
 And nobly do your best.
 Do what you can for others,
 With honest heart and true,
 Let none neglect his duty,
 There's work for all to do.

Arise, the world needs helping,
 Let none sit down and rest,
 But seek to work like heroes,
 And nobly do your best.

Though you can do but little,
 That little's something still;
 You'll find a way to labour,
 If you but have the will.

So join the band of helpers;
What though they be but few,
Devote your life to service,
There's work for you to do.
Arise, etc.

Be kind to those around you,
To charity hold fast;
Let each think first of others,
And leave himself till last.
Act as you would that others
Should always act to you,
Waste not a single moment,
There's work for all to do.
Arise, etc. Amen.

Anon.

271

St. Agnes.

C.M.

AS shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten, and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To our great Master's feet.

O Father, may that holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light !

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore ! Amen.

†William Cullen Bryant.

272

Sicilian Mariners or St. Oswald.

8.7.8.7.

BELLS of Christ, peal forth His glory,
Waft His blessing o'er His world,
Ringing out o'er hill and valley
Tidings of His flag unfurled.

Bear the message of His Presence
Reigning from His Altar-Throne;
Let His people bow in worship
When they hear that solemn tone.

Treble blest the faithful follower
Who before His Altar kneels,
Yet a lesser benediction
Flashes out through those glad peals.

Mellow sound spreads holy influence
Wheresoe'er their music rolls,
Rousing, strengthening, pouring blessing
On all sad and weary souls.

Christian men shall hear at distance,
In their toil or in their rest,
Chimes that tell in one communion
Of one Church they too are blessed.

They who on a sick-bed languish
Listening, seem to lose their pain,
And in spirit join their brethren
In the Church's joyous strain.

Year by year from many a belfry
Shall the bells such comfort pour,
Over all who heed their message
Till the Master comes once more.

Soon shall come that greater Christmas
When on earth He stands again;
Then the bells shall peal out grandly
Welcoming the King of men.

Let them ring eternal glory
To the Father and the Son,
And to God the Holy Spirit
Ever Three, yet ever One. Amen.

C.W.L., based on Dr. J. M. Neale.

A tune especially composed for this hymn will be found in The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer, No. 381.

273

Belovèd or St. Cyril.

10.10.

BELOVED, let us love: love is of God;
In God alone hath love its true abode.

Belovèd, let us love; for they who love,
They only, are His sons, born from above.

Belovèd, let us love; for love is rest,
And he who loveth not abides unblest.

Belovèd, let us love; for love is light,
And he who loveth not dwelleth in night.

Belovèd, let us love; for only thus
Shall we behold that God Who loveth us.

Belovèd, let us love; the Father, Son,
And Spirit, all are love, blest Three in One.

Amen.

Dr. H. Bonar.

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274

St. Alphege.

7.6.7.6.

BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest;
For all His faithful servants
A mansion with the blest !

There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

And after earthly evil,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

Then God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

Almighty, Heavenly Father,
O co-eternal Son,
Life-giving Holy Spirit,
We hail Thee, Three in One. Amen.

275

Rosy Cross or Bernard.

6.6.8.6.8 8.

CHANGE is our portion here;
Soon fades the summer sky,
The landscape droops in autumn sear,
And spring flowers bloom to die;
But faithful is our Master's word,
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.

Change is our portion here;
Along the heavenly road,
In faith and hope and holy cheer,
In love towards our God;
How often we distrust the word—
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.

Change is our portion here;
Yet midst our changing lot,
Midst withering flowers and tempests drear,
There is that changes not.
Unchangeable our Master's word,
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.

Changeless, the way of peace,
Changeless, Emmanuel's Name,
Changeless, the covenant of grace,
Eternally the same;
"I change not," is our Master's word,
"And I am with thee," saith the Lord. Amen.

276

Fides or Hertford.

6.5.D.

CHRIST our royal Shepherd, Thou dost ever keep
Watch and ward and vigil over us Thy sheep.
Often have we wandered, often wander now,
Who can lead us homeward? Master, who but Thou?

All we are Thou knowest, all we e'er have been,
Every deed Thou seest, every thought within;
From the deed that darkens may we ever keep,
From the thought that staineth, Shepherd of the sheep.

Oft we hear Thee calling "Wanderers, follow Me,"
Wheresoe'er Thou leadest, Lord, we follow Thee;
Though the way be toilsome, though the path be steep,
Thou wilt safely guide us, Shepherd of the sheep.

Whereso'er we wander, whatsoe'er betide,
Lead us, heavenly Shepherd, homeward by Thy side;
While we feel Thee near us evil far doth keep,
Thou wilt guard and cheer us, Shepherd of the sheep.

If the day be closing cheerless in the west
O'er some lonely outcast, Master ever blest!
'Mid those distant mountains, ere he sink to sleep,
Hearten Thou that wanderer, Shepherd of the sheep.

In the splendid future none shall feel alone,
Sheep shall know their Shepherd even as they are known;
Harvest of their labours all in joy shall reap,
Glowing in Thy presence, Shepherd of the sheep.

Unto Thee, sweet Shepherd, praise and honour be;
Worship through the ages to the One in Three.
Waves of Angel-music through the welkin sweep,
Sounding forth Thy glory, Shepherd of the sheep. Amen.

277

Ballerma or Prospect.

C.M.

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime !
The true thy chartered freemen are
Of every age and clime.

One Holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast, high intent;
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent.

Though twice a thousand years have flown,
Strong in eternal youth,
How grandly has her empire grown
Of freedom, love and truth !

Still gleam her watch-fires through the night
With never-fainting ray;
Still rise her towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day.

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
The eternal City stands.

Great Prince of the angelic host,
The Church's Head: to Thee,
With Father and with Holy Ghost
All praise and glory be. Amen.

278

Armageddon.

6.5.T.

CONQUERING and to conquer whereso'er they went,
Thus the Church's Founders by their Lord were sent;
Neither great nor mighty, but a faithful band,
They went forth subduing every hostile land;
Conquering and to conquer nations far and wide,
Till the Church of Jesus spread o'er land and tide.

And through all the ages see that Church extend,
Distant realms o'erspreading, one by one they bend;
'Neath the arms victorious which her servants bear,
Who go forth to labour in the power of prayer;
Conquering and to conquer many a hard-fought field;
Love their only weapon, faith their only shield.

Then be up and fighting, bravely take your share,
In this glorious conflict all a part may bear;
For the Church of Jesus all may work and pray,
For her sake contending all may strive alway.
Conquering and to conquer, till at last we see,
Work and prayer united gain the victory.

Onward then, triumphant, strong in God's own Strength,
All who fight His battles He will crown at length;
When the herald Angels sing the triumph nigh,
And the King of Glory shall descend from high;
Conquering and to conquer all the hosts of sin,
Then the Church Triumphant shall the victory win.
Amen.

Colonel W. H. Turton.

279

Lumen Verum.

S.M.

CONSCIOUS of Thee, O Lord,
My heart would ever be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care;
Thy Spirit heartens me within,
And saves me from despair.

With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, when earth's is loud,
Speak softly in my heart.

With Thee when day is done
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart should find.

With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings
Mine eyelids I would close.

O Father, Spirit, Son,
Eternal One in Three,
In higher life, when this is done,
Still am I safe with Thee. Amen.

280

Courage or Taormina.

8.7.D.

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night,
There's a star to guide the humble;
Trust in God, and do the right.

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Tread it bravely, strong or weary;
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding;
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee;
Trust in God and do the right.

Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night,
There's a star to guide the humble;
Trust in God, and do the right. Amen.

281

Barmouth or Dix.

7s. (six lines).

EARTH with her ten thousand flowers,
Air with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance,
All around and all above
Bear the record: "God is love."

Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle summer stirred;
All these sounds, beneath, above,
Have one burden: "God is love."

All the love and joy that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;
These are voices from above
Sweetly whispering: "God is love."

Unto God's great Name we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be
Now, and through eternity. Amen.

282

FOR THOSE AT SEA

Melita.

8s. (six lines).

ETERNAL FATHER, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. Amen.

W. Whiting.

283

Verulam or Yorkshire.

10s. (six lines).

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by Thee.

We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
The brothers of Thy well-belovèd Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove
Into our hearts, that we may be as one;
As one with Thee, to Whom we ever tend;
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

We would be one to combat every wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One in the joy that breaketh into song,
One in the trust that lays aside all care,
One in the power that makes the children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not Thine;
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;
Enough to know that we are serving Thee. Amen.

284

Paternoster or Clare Market.

11.10.D.

EVER look up; it is wiser and better
Aye to be hopeful than once to despair;
Fling far the sad load of doubt's heavy fetter,
Break off the spell of tyrannous care.
Ever look up, or the burden may sink you—
Justice and wisdom have mingled your cup;
And in all trials and troubles bethink you
Life's noblest watchword is: "Ever look up!"

Ever look up; there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one,
And through the chaos the Great Law arranges
Ever success, if you'll only hope on.
Ever look up, for the wisest is boldest
Knowing that justice has mingled his cup;
And of all maxims the best and the oldest
Is the stout watchword of "Ever look up!"

Ever look up, though the cannon may rattle
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst;
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
Ever look up; if adversity presses
God's loving Wisdom has mingled your cup,
And the best counsel in all your distresses
Is His true watchword of "Ever look up!" Amen.

‡Anon.

The tune "Rescue" can be used for this hymn if the last two lines be repeated.

285

St. Agnes or London New.

C.M.

FAIR are the feet that bring the news
 Of gladness unto me;
 How many messengers God hath
 If we had eyes to see !

Thine Angels speak, but still must we
 The hearing ear bestow;
 They smite the rock, but our own lips
 Must stoop to drink the flow.

Lo ! all things are Thine Angels, Lord,
 That bring my God to me;
 O for the ears to hear their word,
 O for the eyes to see !

In all the world I've found but Thee,
 Where'er my feet have trod;
 I see my God in everything,
 And everything in God.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 The God Whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

John Mason (2 verses added).

286

Faith.

8s. (six lines),

FAITH of our Fathers, living still,
 In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
 O how our hearts beat high with joy
 Whene'er they hear that glorious word !
 Faith of our Fathers, holy Faith,
 We will be true to thee till death !

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
Their sufferings won this boon for us,
That we may freely live for thee.
Faith of our Fathers, holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death !

Faith of our Fathers, Christ's great power
Will soon all nations win to thee,
And through the truth that comes from God
The world shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Fathers, holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our Fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life;
Faith of our Fathers, holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our Fathers, Faith of God,
The Three in One, the One in Three.
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To Whom all glory ever be,
Faith of our Fathers, holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death. Amen.

‡Rev. F. W. Faber.

Repeat the last line of each verse very softly.

287

Salutas.

P.M.

FAR out on the desolate billow
The sailor sails the sea;
Alone in the night and the tempest
Where countless dangers be.

Yet never alone is Christ's pilgrim,
Never away from His care,
For God is a Friend unfailing,
And God is everywhere.

Far down in the earth's dark bosom
The miner mines the ore;
Death lurks in the dark behind him,
And hides in the rock before.
Yet never, etc.

Forth into the terrible battle
The steadfast soldier goes;
No friend, when he lies a-dying,
Is near his eyes to close.
Yet never, etc.

Lord, grant as we sail life's ocean,
Or delve in its mines of woe,
Or fight in its strenuous conflict
This comfort all to know—
That never, etc. Amen.

288

Moscow.

6 6.4.6 6 8.4.

FATHER of heaven above
Dwelling in light and love,
Ancient of days,
Light unapproachable,
Love inexpressible,
Thee, the Invisible,
Laud we and praise.

Christ the eternal Word,
Christ the incarnate Lord,
Master of all,
High throned above all height,
God of God, Light of Light,
Incarnate, infinite,
On Thee we call.

O God the Holy Ghost,
Whose fires of Pentecost
Burn evermore,
In this far wilderness .
Leave us not comfortless;
Thee we love, Thee we bless,
Thee we adore.

Strike your harps, heavenly Powers;
With your glad chant shall ours
Joyous ascend.
All praise, O God, to Thee,
Three in One, One in Three,
Praise everlastingly
World without end. Amen.

289

St. Anthony or St. Agnes.

C.M.

FATHER ! the sweetest, dearest Name
That men or Angels know;
Fountain of Life, that had no fount
From which Itself could flow !

Lost in Thy greatness, Lord, we seem
As in some gorgeous maze;
Thy sea of unbeginning Light
Blinds us, and yet we gaze.

Mere worldly wisdom graspeth naught
In such immensity;
Eternity is but a thought
By which we think of Thee.

O Name, all other names above,
What art Thou not to me
Now I have learnt to trust Thy Love
And cast my care on Thee?

What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which Thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone Thy fullness fill?

The thought of Thee all sorrow calms,
Our anxious burdens fall;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in Thee his all.

Father of Love, all praise to Thee
And to Thy glorious Son;
All praise to Thee, O Holy Ghost,
Eternal Three in One. Amen.

290

Eventide.

10s.

FATHER, Thy wonders do not singly stand—
Not far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed.

In finding Thee are all things round us found;
In losing Thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we that world may see,
Open our ears that we Thy voice may hear,
In that enchanted land may ever be,
And feel Thy presence with us always near.

O Thou in Whom Thy worlds for ever live
All things around us share Thy life divine;
All praise and worship to Thy Name we give,
Father and Son and Holy Ghost benign. Amen.

Jones Very.

291

Cross of Jesus.

8 8 8.7.

FATHER, Who on man dost shower
Gifts of plenty from Thy dower,
To Thy people give the power
All Thy gifts to use aright.

Give pure happiness in leisure,
Temperance in every pleasure,
Holy use of earthly treasure,
Bodies clear and spirit bright.

Lift from this and every nation
 All that brings us degradation;
 Quell the forces of temptation;
 Put Thine enemies to flight.

Be with us, Thy strength supplying,
 That with energy undying,
 Every foe of man defying,
 We may rally to the fight.

Thou who art our Captain ever
 Lead us on to great endeavour;
 From all evil may we sever;
 Give us wisdom, courage, might.

Father, Who hast sought and found us,
 Son of God, Whose Love has bound us,
 Holy Ghost, within us, round us,
 Hear us, Godhead infinite. Amen.

Rev. Percy Dearmer

292

Nearer home.

D.S.M.

“FOR ever with the Lord !”
 Amen; so let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.
 Here in the body pent,
 Still in His care I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

Hearken ! at morn and even,
 At noon and midnight hour,
 The choral harmonies of heaven
 Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

I know full well that He,
Remembered or forgot,
My Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as He hath seen,
And shall for ever see.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the Throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

"For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy Will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
I sing "For ever with the Lord;"
Amen, so let it be!" Amen.

293

Dix.

7s. (six lines).

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies;
For the Love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our grateful song of praise.

For the wonder of each hour,
Of the day and of the night;
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our grateful song of praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful song of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful song of praise.

For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and Divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of Heaven,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful song of praise.

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our grateful song of praise. Amen.

‡F. S. Pierpoint.

294

Ewing.

7.6.D.

FULL many a sainted poet
In songs both new and old
Hath hymned the Heavenly City
With streets of burning gold,
Whose gates of pearl are gleaming
Beside the sapphire sea,
Where Saints shall rest for ever,
From toil and sorrow free.

'Tis but a lovely symbol;
The truth is grander far,
For each true-hearted helper
Shall shine as doth the Star,
Not prisoned in a City,
Lapped in ignoble rest,
But filled with fiery vigour
To do God's grand behest.

Ranging the solar system
To carry out His Will,
A mighty sovereign spirit—
His humble servant still,
The Father's face beholding
Where'er the work may be;
Forever in His presence,
Close linked, yet wholly free.

Yet true it is most surely,
That symbolism of old,
Forthshowing joy and calmness,
And blessedness untold.
'Tis not surcease from action,
But rest from earthly care,
From pain, fatigue and trouble;
These cannot enter there.

That higher life is glorious
Beyond all human thought,
For there stands Christ our Captain,
Who hath such wonders wrought.
The Crown He is to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
And He the Architect.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day;
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims on the way.
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around.

No human words describe it,
That country of our God,
Not vague and in the distance—
Here where our feet have trod.
If but our eyes were opened
Then must we straight avow
That heaven is all around us,
That Christ is with us now.

O Father, throned in splendour,
O co-eternal Son,
O ever-radiant Spirit,
Transcendent Three in One,
We give Thee praise and glory,
And humbly pray that we
May in Thine own due season
Open our eyes and see. Amen.

Based upon Bernard de Morlaix (tr. by Dr. J. M. Neale), 12 lines
from him, the rest by C.W.L.

295

Consolation or St. Agnes (Langran).

10s.

GATHER us in, Thou Love that fillest all,
Gather our rival faiths within Thy fold;
Rend each man's temple's veil, and bid it fall
That we may know that Thou hast been of old.

Gather us in; we worship only Thee;
In varied names we stretch a common hand;
In diverse forms a common soul we see;
In many ships we seek one spirit-land.

Thine is the mystic life great India craves,
Thine is the Parsi's purifying beam,
Thine is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves,
Thine is the empire of vast China's dream.

Thine is the Roman's strength without his pride,
Thine is the Greek's glad world without its slaves,
Thine is Judæa's law with love beside,
Truth that enlightens, charity that saves.

Each sees one colour of Thy rainbow light,
Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven.
Thou art the fullness of our partial sight;
We are not perfect till we find the seven.

Some seek a Father in the heavens above;
Some ask a human image to adore;
Some crave a spirit vast as life and love;
Within Thy mansions we have all and more.

O glorious Triune God, embracing all,
By many Paths do men approach Thy Throne;
All Paths are Thine; Thou hearest every call;
Each earnest seeker has Thee for his own. Amen.

†Rev. G. Matheson.

296

Lewes or Regent Square.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

GLORY be, in earth and heaven,
Unto God, the Three in One,
Life by Whom all life is given,
Never ending, unbegun.
Praise the mighty Spirits Seven,
Lamps of fire before His throne.

Let our praise, still heavenward soaring,
Hymn the Angels of the Face,
Who, with open eyes adoring,
Stand within the Holy Place,
Down to dimmer worlds outpouring
Living light and streams of grace.

Praise we, too, the strong defenders
Of our earth, the Ancient Four,

Guardians of the Law that renders
Fruit as each man sowed before,
Those whose archangelic splendours
Burn and shine for evermore.

Praise we all the radiant legions,
Heavenly hosts in vast array,
Flashing through ethereal regions,
Bright their worlds, but brighter they,
Ever rendering swift allegiance
To His will, Whom all obey.

Praise to Christ in every nation,
Light of Light, and God of God,
Captain of the world's salvation,
Who the Path of Victory trod,
And, in Manhood's consummation,
Triumphed here on earthly sod.

Christ, the Word of Wisdom, thrilling
Souls perplexed that seek and sigh,
Christ, the Word of Peace, instilling
Calm in them that fret and cry,
Christ, the Word of Life, fulfilling
Souls of men who shall not die.

Praise from men and hosts supernal,
Unto God, the One in Three,
Light undimmed by shades nocturnal,
Fount of Immortality,
Honour, glory, laud eternal,
Now from men and Angels be. Amen.

297

Sicilian Mariners.

8.7.8.7.

GOD is love; His glory brightens
All the paths in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move,
But His glory waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Holy Son and holy Father,
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Round Thy Throne all praises gather;
Thou art Wisdom, Thou art Love. Amen.

†Sir John Bowring (A.D. 1792).

298

Evangel.

P.M.

GOD is the King of Glory;
He shineth from afar,
He writes the glowing story
Of sun and moon and star.

He is the grand Creator
Of earth and sea and sky;
He the superb Dictator
Through all eternity.
 He is the King of Glory,
 He is the King of Glory,
 He is the King of Glory,
 And He the King of Love.

Son of the Father holy,
O Christ the Prince of Peace,
Thou who in vesture lowly
Hast wrought the world's release,
Angels bow down before Thee
Thy praises ever sing;
We too, Thy Church, adore Thee,
And loving worship bring.
 Thou art the King of Glory,
 Thou art the King of Glory,
 Thou art the King of Glory,
 And Thou the King of Love.

Spirit of Truth and Beauty
Who makest darkness light,
Who show'st the path of duty,
And guidest us aright;
Spirit of Power and Pureness,
Of sympathy and Love,
O stablish us in sureness
In Wisdom from above.
 Thou art the King, etc.

Triune all-wise Defender,
We bow before Thy Face;
Hail, Mystery of Splendour,
Monarch of radiant Space !

Father and Son supernal,
Blest Spirit, with Them One,
To Thee be praise eternal
From all beneath the sun.
Thou art the King, etc. Amen.

C.W.L.

299

Benson.

P.M.

GOD is working His purpose out as year succeeds to year,
God is working His purpose out, and the time is drawing
near;

Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall
surely be,

When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as
the waters cover the sea.

From utmost east to utmost west, wherever man's foot hath
trod,

By the mouth of many messengers is taught the Law of God.
Shake yourselves free from the chains of sin, from hate and
lust be free,

That the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the
waters cover the sea.

What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and
increase

The brotherhood of all mankind, the reign of love and
peace?

What can we do to hasten the time, the time that shall
surely be,

When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the
waters cover the sea?

March we forth in the strength of God with the banner of
truth unfurled,
That the light of Power and Wisdom and Love may shine
throughout the world.
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives
free,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the
waters cover the sea.

God builds the mighty edifice, yet every child of man
By loving thought and word and deed may help in that
glorious plan,
And nearer and nearer bring the time, the time that shall
surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the
waters cover the sea. Amen.

†A. C. Ainger.

300

Prospect.

D.C.M.

GOD make my life a little light
Within the world to glow,
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

O Father, we Thy children are;
Do Thou our footsteps guide;
We walk in peace and safe from care
While keeping at Thy side.

God make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower
Although the place be small.

O Father, etc.

God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes my comrades glad.
O Father, etc.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.
O Father, etc. Amen.

Matilda Betham-Edwards. (Refrain added.)

By permission of W. Garrett Horder.

301

London New.

C.M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign Will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

William Cowper.

302

Capetown or Charity.

7 7 7.5.

GOD of Love, O let Thy light
Bless our dim and blinded sight;
Like the day-spring on the night,
Bid Thy Love to shine.

To all nations every day
That eternal Love display;
Let Thy truth direct their way
Till the world be Thine.

Praise to Thee, the faithful Lord;
Let all tongues in glad accord
Learn the good thanksgiving word,
Ever praising Thee.

Let them, moved to gladness, sing,
Owning Thee their Lord and King;
Righteous truth shall bloom and spring
Where Thy rule shall be.

Praise to Thee, all faithful Lord;
Let all tongues in glad accord
Speak the good thanksgiving word,
Heart-rejoicing praise.

So the fruitful earth's increase
Bounty of the God of peace,
Never in its course shall cease
Through the length of days;

While Thy Love our life shall cheer,
Furthest lands shall hold Thee dear,
Brought to Thee in worship near,
Taught Thy wondrous ways.

To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
While unending ages run
Sing we love and praise. Amen.

†E. Churton.

303

The soldier keeps his wakeful watch.

P.M.

GOD of the granite and the rose !
Soul of the sparrow and the bee !
The mighty tide of being flows
Through countless channels, Lord, from Thee.
It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
Till from creation's splendid radiant towers
Its glory flameth out in stars and suns.

O ye who sit and gaze on life
With folded hands and fettered will,
Who only see amid the strife,
The dark supremacy of ill,
Know that, like birds, and streams, and flowers,
The life that moves you is divine !
Nor time, nor space, nor puny human powers,
Your mighty God-like spirit can confine.

God of the granite and the rose !
Soul of the sparrow and the bee !
The mighty tide of being flows
Through all Thy creatures back to Thee.
Thus round and round the circle runs,
A mighty sea without a shore,
While men and Angels, glorious stars and suns,
Unite to bless and praise Thee evermore. Amen.

‡Lizzie Doten.

304

Ratisbon or Dix.

7s. (six lines).

GOD of wisdom, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy Face;
Christ our Lord, upon us shine,
Fill Thy Church with light Divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Lord and King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy Will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

Unto God's great Name we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise:
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be
Now, and through eternity. Amen.

†Rev. H. F. Lyte.

305

Mill Lane or any Litany.

7 7 7.6.

GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One;
Life unending, unbegun,
We Thy creatures praise Thee.

Light of Light, Whom blind men slew,
Christ, the Faithful and the True;
Christ, Who makest all things new,
Come, O Lord, and help us.

Come to end the reign of wrong;
Come! Thy Church hath waited long;
Hear, O hear, our Advent song;
Come, O Lord, and help us.

God and Brother, Master, Friend,
Love, Who all dost comprehend,
Ever with us till the end,
Come, O Lord, and help us.

Call to Thee a whole world's needs;
Struggling nations, shaken creeds;
Swift the age to ending speeds;
Come, O Lord, and help us.

Truth Thou art; for light we cry;
Power; Thy weak ones helpless sigh;
Love; for lack of love men die;

Come, O Lord, and help us.

Clouds of deepening darkness lour,
Draweth nigh Thy trysted hour;
Come, O Love, O Truth, O Power;

Come again, and help us.

Wake ! rejoice ! no clouds can hide
Beacons burning, far and wide;
Watchers call on every side,

“Comes the Lord to help us.”

What though men's hearts fail for fear?
Holding fast His words of cheer,
Lift your heads ! The Lord is near.

Christ will come to help us. Amen.

Rev. C. W. Scott-Monerieff.

306

Angelus.

L.M.

GOD'S children journey to His Feet

By many a long and devious way,
But by whatever Path they come
He is beside them night and day.

For all the Paths wind up the Mount,
And there is many a golden stair;
Some climb by service, some by thought,
Some by devotion and by prayer.

And there are roads which some despise,
Calling them evil ways to take;
Yet God condemns them not, but calls
All His if trodden for His sake.

And there are some who love Him well,
Yet know not it is He they love;
He tends the holy fire within
And draws them to the heights above.

And there are those who love Him best,
Who know Him in the dark abyss;
They are so near to Him in love
They live for ever in His bliss.

For since beneath the darkest veils
They can behold His shining Face,
They are His closest, dearest sons,
His heaven-born children, Lords of Grace.

But by whatever Path they come
His children are for ever dear;
He is beside them all the way
In all their wanderings lone and drear.

For all the Paths wind up the Mount,
And men may climb by work or prayer;
But when they reach the utmost height
Most surely all shall find Him there. Amen.

†Marguerite Pollard.

307

Cantus Dei.

D.C.M.

GOD'S music is about our way
With strains of dear delight,
It lingers through the live-long day,
And fills our dreams at night.
It makes the sky seem brighter blue,
The sunset rosier red,
And from the fragrant morning dew
A sweeter scent is shed.

God's music fills the brooks that run,
The wind that shakes the tree,
The skylark singing to the sun,
The great eternal sea;
The poet's hymn, so full and clear,
The organ's rolling strife,
The voices of His children dear,
The sweetest song of life.

God's music ever springs to birth .
In souls of purest white,
And turns the common things of earth
To fountains of delight.
O grant Thy children, as we sing,
That through the ages long
Thy music in our hearts may ring
In one undying song !

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.
Great Three in One, and One in Three
We worship and adore,
O help us all Thy Face to see
And love Thee more and more. Amen.

H. Ernest Nichol.

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308

St. Cecilia.

G.G.G.G.

GOD's Spirit on us falls
As dew drops on a rose,
If we but, like the flower,
Our hearts to Him uncloze.

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
But not within thyself,
Thy life is all forlorn.

And on the Holy Cross
He hangeth but in vain,
Unless within thy heart
It be set up again.

Hold then ! where wouldst thou flee?
The Kingdom is in thee;
Seeking for God elsewhere,
His Face thou'lt never see.

How far from here to Heaven?
Not far, not far, my friend;
A single inward step
Will all thy journey end.

Why travel over seas
To find what is so near?
Love is the only good;
Love God; and Heaven is here.

Whate'er thou lovest, man,
That, too, become thou must—
God, if thou lovest God;
Dust, if thou lovest dust.

Than him in whom Christ dwells
What church can holier be?
He is a temple filled
With God's own majesty.

All glory to the Son
And to the Father be,
And Spirit, with Them One
Through all eternity. Amen.

†Angelus Silesius (A.D. 1624.)

309

Sicilian Mariners.

8.7.8.7.

GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading,
Father of Humanity,
Blessing all and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship Thee,

Not in formal adoration,
But in faith and charity,
Not with servile supplication,
But in spirit true and free.

Not alone in our devotion
Must our noblest homage be,
But in every act and motion
Of a life from self set free.

By Thy wisdom mind is lighted,
In Thy law is liberty,
By Thy love the heart excited;
Light and love all flow from Thee.

Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Father of Humanity,
Blessing all and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship Thee.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One. Amen.

†W. J. Fox.

310

Sawley.

C.M.

GRANT us, O God of Peace, Thy calm
While earth's hot breezes blow;
'Tis like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm us, Lord Christ, and keep us calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
That, soothed by holy hymn and psalm,
Our troubled spirits rest.

O Holy Spirit, keep us calm;
Let Thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of desert palm
Beside a crystal spring.

Calm in the time of buoyant health,
Calm in our hours of pain;
Calm in our poverty or wealth,
Calm in our loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Calm in the face of blame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who disregard Thy Name.

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
Eternal calm to gain.

Blest Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
O keep us at Thy side
That we may, like Thine Angel Host.
In perfect calm abide. Amen.

Based on H. Bonar.

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311

Consolation or Strength and Stay.

11.10.11.10.

GREAT Architect of this vast evolution,
Supreme Director of a wondrous plan,
We thank Thee that in this Thine institution
Thou deignest thus to use the help of man.

Feeble are we, yet earnest in our trying,
Weak in ourselves, yet strong with strength from Thee;
We humbly hope, upon Thy word relying
Thy ministers in this emprise to be.

May we be valiant soldiers in Thy legion,
Prompt to obey, whate'er the order be;
Eager to labour in the darkest region
If we may win one new recruit for Thee.

May we be workers, tireless, patient, loyal,
Striving with zeal to earn Thy promised fee—
That one reward, of all rewards most royal—
The privilege of further work for Thee.

We would be bearers of Thy shining standard,
 To hold it high in this censorious world,
 Keen to defend those whom that world hath slandered,
 Befriending them when poisoned darts are hurled.

The earth is dark; we would bring lamps to light it—
 The lamps of truth, of love, of kindly thought;
 We would illumine the hearts of men benighted
 By telling them the wonders Thou hast wrought.

O King and Father, we are Thine for ever;
 We bless Thee, serve Thee, trust Thee utterly;
 Unskilled, inept, is e'en our best endeavour,
 Yet Thou wilt use it for its love to Thee.

Upon us rest the peace of God the Father;
 Within us dwell the peace of God the Son,
 And o'er us brood the peace of God the Spirit,
 Forever One in Three, and Three in One. Amen.

C.W.L.

312

Salutas.

9.8.9.8.

GREAT Master, Whose Name is the Healer,
 O enter this poor heart of mine
 And make it for ever Thy dwelling,
 A home wherein all things are Thine.
 O Son of the Father eternal,
 Be with me, a Friend and a Guest;
 Abide in Thine own human mansion,
 Its Joy and its Hope and its Rest.

Leave in me no darkness unlighted,
 Unwarmed by Thy Truth's holy fire;
 No thought which Thou canst not inhabit,
 No purpose Thou dost not inspire.

Shut in into silence, my midnight
Is dawn if Thy Presence I see;
When I open my doors to Thy coming,
Lo ! all things are radiant with Thee.

O what is so sweet as to love Thee,
And live with Thee always in sight?
Lord, enter this house of my being,
And fill every room with Thy Light !
All honour and praise to the Father,
All honour and praise to the Son,
All honour and praise to the Spirit,
The Three Who forever are One ! Amen.

†Lucy Larcom.

313

Southwell.

C.M.

HAIL, Father, Whose creating call
Unnumbered worlds attend;
Who art in all and over all,
Thyself both Source and End;

In light unsearchable enthroned,
Whom Angels dimly see,
The Fountain of the Godhead owned,
First-named among the Three.

From Thee, through an eternal Now,
Springs Thy co-equal Son;
An everlasting Father Thou,
Ere time began to run.

Not all unveiled in worlds above,
Not all on earth concealed,
By wondrous, unexhausted love
To mortal man revealed;

When Nature's outworn robe shall be
 Exchanged for new attire;
 And earth, which rose at Thy decree,
 Dissolve before Thy fire;

Thy praise, O God, shall still be heard
 Through ages without end,
 Whom none but Thine essential Word
 And Spirit comprehend. Amen.

†Rev. S. Wesley.

314

Yield not.

11s. (with refrain).

HAIL, holy World-Teacher, our Master and Lord !
 Strength coming to help us, Life freely outpoured,
 Health driving out sickness, Air giving us breath,
 Light shining in darkness, Love stronger than death.

Hail, great Master of Masters !

Strength and Wisdom and Beauty !

Let all nations acclaim Thee, King of Bliss and of Love !

Shield warding off error, Peace deep as the sea,
 Rock firm to support us, who stronger than He?
 Star heralding morning, Fire glowing above,
 Sun ruling our system, Heart burning with love.

Hail, great Master, etc.

Truth vanquishing falsehood, earth's sorrow and pain,
 Keen Sword of the Spirit, swift cleaving our chain,
 Spear of the Almighty, fast piercing pretence,
 Sure Comfort in sadness, in weakness Defence.

Hail, great Master, etc.

High Priest of the Highest, fulfilling His Will,
One with Him in essence, more mystical still;
Prince, Teacher of Angels, true Bishop benign,
Our hearts lie before Thee; O take them for Thine!
Hail, great Master, etc. Amen.

C.W.L.

315

Austria.

S.7.D.

HAPPY they who are not weary
Of this life's perpetual round,
Who at each fresh task and duty
Feel their powers in gladness bound;
Who are bent on winning knowledge,
Bent on living true and high,
Bent on some good work achieving,
Serving men before they die.

Voices from behind, before us,
From within and round us roll,
Firm to truth and love, and loyal
Be with lip and hand and soul.
O! what triumphs are before us
As the years and ages move!
Error banished by true knowledge,
Coldness by the breath of love.

Noble thought becoming freer,
Uttered whole in word and deed,
Bigotry and thralldom dying
Of religion and of creed.
Till of men a nobler pattern,
Sun and earth at length behold—
Broader-minded, broader-hearted,
Tender, manly, reverent, bold.

God of present and of future,
Grant us all Thy plan to see,
That our work be comprehending,
That we wisely follow Thee.
We are eager in Thy service;
Grant us understanding too,
That we have the breadth of vision
Thy behests to carry through. Amen.

Rev. T. W. Chignell (v. added).

316

Cor.

P.M.

HERE in the heart of the world,
Here in the noise and the din,
Here where our spirits are hurled
To battle with sorrow and sin,
This is the place and the spot
For knowledge of infinite things;
This is the kingdom where thought
Can conquer the prowess of kings.

Wait for no heavenly life,
Seek for no temple alone;
Here in the midst of the strife
Know what the sages have known.
See what the Perfect Ones saw—
God in the depths of each soul,
God as the light and the law,
God as beginning and goal.

Earth is one chamber of heaven,
Death is no grander than birth.
Joy in the life that was given,
Strive for perfection on earth;

Here in the turmoil and roar
Show what it is to be calm;
Show how the spirit can soar
And bring back its healing and balm.

Stand not aloof and apart,
Plunge in the thick of the fight;
There in the street and the mart
That is the place to do right,
Not only in cloister or cave,
Not only in kingdoms above,
Here on this side of the grave,
Here should we labour and love.

Holiest Father and Son,
Holiest Spirit of Light.
Three Who for ever are One,
God of ineffable might;
Grant us for others to live,
Constantly filled with Thy Love,
Uttermost service to give,
As do Thine Angels above. Amen.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

317

Hursley.

L.M.

HE wants not friends that hath Thy love,
And may converse and walk with Thee
And with Thy Saints here and above,
With whom for ever I must be.

In the communion of Saints
Is wisdom, safety and delight;
And when my heart declines and faints,
'Tis healed by their heat and light !

As for my friends, they are not lost;
The several vessels of Thy fleet,
Though parted now, by tempests tost,
Shall safely in the haven meet.

Still we are centred all in Thee,
Members, though distant, of one Head;
In the same family we be,
By the same faith and spirit led.

Before Thy throne we daily meet
As fellow-worshippers of Thee;
In spirit we each other greet,
And shall again each other see.

The heavenly hosts, world without end,
Shall be my company above;
And Thou, my best and surest Friend,
Who shall divide me from Thy love? Amen.

Rev. R. Baxter.

318

Consolation or Dawning.

11.10.11.10.

I CANNOT find Thee ! still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell;
I wander lost, through all Thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath Thy light ineffable.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within my inmost heart,
And deep below the depths of conscious being,
Thy splendour shineth; there, O God, Thou art.

I cannot lose Thee ! still in Thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide so'er I roam;
The law that holds the worlds my feet is guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my Home.

None can be lost, whithersoever wending,
For boundless space is still within Thy Heart,
O Father, Son and Holy Ghost unending,
Who Three in One omniscient Godhead art ! Amen.

†Eliza Scudder.

319

The Bridge.

Irregular.

I KNOW as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong, somewhere
There lies the root of right;
That each sorrow has its purpose
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
That as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime, punished,
Though the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means oft to suffer—
But whatever is, is best.

I know that there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And that all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earthward,
“Whatever is, is best.” Amen.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

320

Crendon.

Irregular.

I KNOW not what may befall me;
God tenderly shades my eyes;
And so each step in my onward path
He makes new scenes arise;
And every joy He sends me comes
As a sweet and strange surprise.

I see not a step before me,
Yet I journey without a fear;
The past is still in God's keeping;
The future His Love will clear.
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Has less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must still be Marah,
He will stand beside the brink.

Then it may be He has waiting
For the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so passing sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble
With the thanks they cannot repeat.

I journey on not knowing;
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than walk alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight.

I know that nought can befall me
But that which is due to me;
There is never a shade of injustice
In God's sublime decree;
So in the arms of Omnipotence
I trust me utterly. Amen.

Mary G. Brainerd.

321

New York.

7.6.7.6.7 7 7.6.

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task of God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
 For those who know me true;
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too;
 For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the wrong that needs resistance,
 For the future in the distance,
 And the good that I can do.

I live to serve my Master
 To carry out God's Plan,
 To help mankind grow faster
 In any way I can,
 The Father's Love expressing,
 The Son for ever blessing,
 The Holy Ghost confessing,
 The Triune God of man. Amen.

G. L. Banks.

322

Fluminicula.

7.6.7.6.7.6.8.6.

I SAW a streamlet flashing
 Like silver in the light,
 As down the mountain dashing
 It took its headlong flight;
 The thirsty grass and flowers
 All clustered round its brink,
 The weary traveller's heart was glad,
 As down he bent to drink.

The children are our streamlets,
 They come from heaven above,
 And flowing through a weary earth
 They touch our hearts with love;

True blessings spring around them
Like flowers sweet and wild,
The old man's heart is light again
In looking on a child.

O children ! keep your freshness,
Wherever you may be;
Flow clear and sweetly onward,
Until you reach the sea;
Be like a cooling fountain
Upon a summer day,
Sweet tokens of the love of God
That shall not pass away.

O Christ, the King of children !
We pray Thee in Thy love
To keep our children near Thee
Now, as in Heaven above.
Thine would we have them wholly,
Intent on serving Thee,
As soldiers in the Host of God
Wherever they may be. Amen.

H. Ernest Nichol.

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323

Celeste.

P.M.

I WILL go in the Strength of the Lord
In the path He has marked for my feet;
I will follow the light of His Word,
Nor shrink from the dangers I meet.
His Presence my steps doth attend;
His Fullness my wants doth supply;
On Him, till my journey shall end,
I shall ever securely rely.

I will go in the Strength of the Lord
To the work He appoints me to do;
In the joy which His smile doth afford
I shall alway my vigour renew.

His Wisdom shall guard me from harm,
His Power hovers ever above;
I trust His omnipotent arm,
I rest in the glow of His Love.

I will go in the Strength of the Lord
To each conflict which truth may require;
And His Love, as my shield and reward,
My courage and zeal shall inspire.

If He give the word of command
To meet and to vanquish His foe
I will take up my life in my hand—
In the Strength of the Lord I will go !

To His Strength, to His Wisdom and Love
All glory for ever shall be,
To the Father, the Son and the Dove,
One God, yet in Persons Three. Amen.

†E. Turney.

324

The Blessed Name.

8.7.D. (Iambic).

IF any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing !

If any little love of mine
 May make a life the sweeter,
 If any little care of mine,
 May make a friend's the fleeter,
 If any lift of mine may ease
 The burden of another,
 God give me love, and care, and strength
 To help a toiling brother !

Then many a burden shall be eased
 Because I help to bear it,
 And many a care be lighter made
 Because I try to share it;
 And many a grief shall fly away
 When my bright song shall bid it;
 And Christ, the Lord of Love, will say—
 " 'Twas unto Me ye did it ! " Amen.

Anon.

325

Fides or Hertford.

11s.

IF we daily labour, doing what we can,
 And with true affection love our brother-man,
 Karma's certain action will our good increase,
 Crown our lives with blessing, fill our hearts with peace.

Is our sky beclouded? clouds will pass ere long.
 Have we grief or sadness? patience, and be strong !
 For although our sorrow for the night may last,
 Soon a glad to-morrow breaks upon us fast.

Wisdom conquers sorrow; vanquished is our foe;
 On our way rejoicing thankful let us go;
 In the Path is safety, in the Law our joy,
 Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?

So may holy gladness fill our longing heart,
So may sin and sadness evermore depart;
So this noble teaching harvest great shall bear,
And our earnest efforts find fruition fair.

Unto God the Father joyful songs we sing;
Unto Christ our Master thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing, now and evermore! Amen.

†Adelaide A. Procter.

326

Eastleigh.

8.7.D.

IF we only sought to brighten
Every pathway dark with care;
If we only tried to lighten
All the burdens others bear;
We should hear the Angels singing,
All around us night and day;
We should feel that they were bringing
Songs of love to cheer our way.

If we only strove to cherish
Every pure and holy thought;
Till, within our heart, would perish
All that is with evil fraught.
We should, etc.

If it were our aim to ponder
On the good that we might win;
Soon our feet would cease to wander
In forbidden paths of sin.
We should, etc. Amen.

Anon.

327

St. Denio.

11s.

IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great Name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds, which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all life Thou givest—to great and to small;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish—but naught changeth Thee.

To-day and to-morrow with Thee still are Now;
Nor trouble nor sorrow nor care, Lord, hast Thou;
Nor passion may fever, nor age can decay,
The same God for ever That was yesterday.

Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
Thine Angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render; O help us to see,
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee. Amen.

Dr. Walter C. Smith.

328

Frech or St. Etheldreda.

C.M.

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea:

Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

We need not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
Alike within the lowest deeps,
Is He, of heaven the Crown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers o'er our dead
Are uttered in His Name.

Alone, O Love, ineffable,
Thy holy Name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven.

Lord Christ, of Love and Joy the Sun,
Undying praise to Thee,
With Father and with Spirit One,
Through all eternity. Amen.

329

Salvatori.

7.6.D.

IN hearts from self delivered,
'Mong men of kindly will,
The Angels' song still ringeth,
God's kingdom cometh still;
Then trustfully pursuing
Love's unobtrusive way,
Press onward through the darkness
Until the break of day.

Not yet we see the fullness
Of Truth's triumphant beams,
But struggling with earth's error
Through thickest clouds it gleams,
Then 'neath God's banner marching
Right onward let us move,
Until the world is conquered
By beauty, truth and love.

Raise then the noble anthem
Of Truth and Brotherhood,
And join the choir immortal
Of dauntless souls and good,
Who 'mid earth's grossest darkness
Press onward to the light,
And, clothed with heavenly armour,
Put error's host to flight.

Then God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of His grace
We shall behold for ever
And worship face to face.

Almighty, heavenly Father,
O co-eternal Son,
Life-giving Holy Spirit,
We hail Thee, Three in One. Amen.

Anon.

330

The Bridge.

7.6.D.

IN heavenly Love abiding
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My life may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
I cannot be dismayed.

Wherever He may guide me
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me
And nothing can I lack.
His Wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to Life is free;
My Master hath my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

All glory to our Master,
The Shepherd of His sheep;
Our hope to clamber faster
Is by His side to keep.
All glory be for ever
To Father, Spirit, Son;
Our homage faileth never
For the great Three in One. Amen.

†Anna L. Waring.

331

St. Agnes (Langran).

10s.

IN sacred books we read how God did speak
To holy men in many different ways;
But hath the present age no God to seek,
Or is God silent in these latter days?

The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If He that spake it were not speaking still,
If all the light and all the shade around
Were aught but issues of Almighty Will.

So then, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the fresh green sod,
And every thought the happy summer brings,
To the pure spirit is a word of God.

All praise and glory to the Father be,
All praise and glory to His only Son,
All praise and glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Both now and while eternal ages run. Amen.

Hartley Coleridge.

332

(AT THE BEGINNING OF A SERVICE.)

Saffron Walden or Taormina.

8.7.8.7.

IN the Name of God the Father,
In the Name of God the Son,
In the Name of God the Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One.

In the Name which highest Angels
Speak not ere they veil their face,
Singing Holy, Holy, Holy,
Come we to this sacred place.

Here shall highest praise be offered,
Here shall worship be outpoured,
Here with body, soul and spirit
God Incarnate be adored.

Holy Master, for Thy coming
May Thy Love our hearts prepare;
Thine we fain would have them wholly;
Enter, Lord, and tarry there.

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One. Amen.

333

St. Matthias.

8s. (six lines).

INFINITE God, to Thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;
By all Thy works on earth adored,
We worship Thee, the common Lord,
The everlasting Father own,
And lay our hearts before Thy throne.

Thee all the choir of Angels sings,
The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings;
Cherubs, who bear the Flaming Rod,
And seraphs shout the Triune God;
And Holy, Holy, Holy ! cry,
Thy glory fills both earth and sky !

God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record Thy praise,
The goodly apostolic band
In highest joy and glory stand;
And all the saints their heads incline
Before Thy majesty divine.

The Martyrs' noble army sings
Before Thy throne, O King of Kings;
Thy Church, to earth's remotest bounds,
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds;
In every land beneath the sun
She hymns the mystic Three in One.

Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render Thee;
Thy true and only Son adore
With sweeter songs, unknown before,
And God the Holy Ghost aver
The saints' eternal Comforter. Amen.

†Rev. C. Wesley.

334

Lux Benigna.

10.4.10.4.10 10.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

O kindly Light, with all my heart I pray
 Lead Thou me on;
That I may learn to live in endless day,
 Lead Thou me on.
Teach me to praise the Father and the Son,
And Holy Ghost, eternal Three in One. Amen.

Cardinal J. H. Newman.

335

St. Agnes (Langran).

10s.

LET me to-day do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store;
And may I be so favoured as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed,
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend;
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence when I should defend.

However meagre be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that shall aid my kind,
A word of courage, or a thought of health,
Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me to-night look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say—
Because of some good act to beast or man—
"The world is better that I lived to-day."

All praise and glory to the Father be,
All praise and glory to His only Son,
All praise and glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Both now and while eternal ages run. Amen.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

336

Dundee.

C.M.

LET Saints on earth in concert sing
With those who work above;
For all are servants of our King,
Linked in one bond of love.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

God of the living and the dead !
From fear and doubt set free,
Joyous and brave, death's path we tread,
For all do live in Thee.

So sings the Church's mighty host
Eternal praise to Thee;
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three. Amen.

†Rev. C. Wesley.

337

Sawley or Belmont.

C.M.

LET superstition be destroyed,
And falsehood cast away,
That liberty may be enjoyed,
And truth hold sovereign sway.

Let thought be free to all mankind,
And reason's light illumine
The long-benighted realms of mind,
Dispelling clouds of gloom.

Let conscience rule us every day,
That we may honour truth,
And her supreme commands obey
Through life, from early youth.

Let kindness fill the human heart
With sympathy for all,
And bid us knowledge to impart
The mind to disenthral.

Let love prevail o'er every breast,
And happiness abound;
May all mankind be truly blest,
Humanity be crowned.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

†E. King.

338

Onyx.

6.5.6.5.

LET us lift our voices
In a joyful lay;
God would have us happy,
Happy all the day.

Sometimes clouds of sorrow
Rise upon our sky;
Turn towards the sunlight,
Quickly will they fly.

Do no sinful action,
Speak no angry word;
We are Christ's own children,
We the truth have heard.

Always full of sunshine,
Never dull or shy,
Like the great Life-Giver
Shining in the sky.

Radiant we and happy;
What we have to do
Is to strive that others
Shall be happy too.

Sometimes men are angry,
Men who do not know;
We with nobler teaching
Must not fall so low.

Jealousy and envy—
Foolish things are they;
Ignorant the person
Who allows their sway.

If another's fortune
Better seems than ours,
Easier his pathway,
Strewn with choicer flowers,

He hath well deserved it;
We his life will bless,
In his joy rejoicing,
Wish him happiness.

Lift we then our voices
In a joyous lay;
God would have us happy,
Happy every day. Amen.

339

Monkland.

7s.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us sound His name abroad,
Let the worlds His power applaud,
For His mercies, etc.

He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For His mercies, etc.

All things living He doth feed,
His full Hand supplies their need;
For His mercies, etc.

He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
For His mercies, etc.

Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies, etc.

Glory to our bounteous King,
Glory let creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One, Amen.

†John Milton.

340

St. Casimir.

8.7.D.

LIFE is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait. Amen.

H. W. Longfellow.

341

Ephraim or University College.

7s.

LIFE of ages, richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flowing in the poet's word,
And the people's liberty!

Never was to chosen race,
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Shaping noblest thought and deed,
Still inspiring truth and good.

Consecrating heart and song,
Holy book and pilgrim way,
Quelling strife and tyrant wrong,
Widening freedom's sacred sway.

Life of ages richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flow still in the poet's word,
And the people's liberty!

Glory to the Father be;
Equal glory to the Son;
Glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee;
One in Three, and Three in One. Amen.

Rev. Samuel Johnson.

342

Wilton.

11.6.11.6. *

LIGHT of the world ! for ever, ever shining,
There is no change in Thee;
True Light of Life, all joy and health enshrining,
Thou canst not fade nor flee.

Thou hast arisen, but Thou descendest never;
To-day shines as the past;
All that Thou wast, Thou art, and shalt be ever,
Brightness from first to last.

Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;
Day fills up all its blue—
Unfailing beauty and unfaltering gladness,
And love for ever new.

Light of the World ! undimming and unsetting,
O shine each mist away;
Banish the fear, the falsehood and the fretting;
Be our unchanging Day.

Light of the world ! O Father, Son and Spirit,
Eternal Three in One,
Clear sight of Thee O grant us to inherit,
Thou art our Star, our Sun. Amen.

Dr. H. Bonar.

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343

Haydn.

6.5.T.

LIKE a river glorious is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious in its bright increase;
Perfect, yet it floweth fuller every day—
Perfect, yet it groweth deeper all the way.
Stayed upon our Master, hearts are fully blest;
Finding, as He promised, perfect peace and rest.

Hidden in the hollow of His blessed Hand,
Never foe can follow, never traitor stand;
Not a surge of worry, not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry, touch the spirit there.
Stayed, etc.

Every joy or trial falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial by the Sun of Love.
We may trust Him fully all for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly find Him wholly true.
Stayed, etc. Amen.

Frances R. Havergal.

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344

Textor.

Irregular.

LIKE warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast;
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.

Pluck but one thread and the web ye mar,
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the painful jar
Through all will run.

Back to thyself is measured well
All thou hast given;
To wrong a neighbour, thy present hell,
To help, a heaven.

All which is real now remains
And falleth ne'er;
The Hand which upholds it now, sustains
The soul for e'er.

The cloud itself which before thee
Lies dark in view,
Shall with light from the inner glory
Be stricken through.

And like meadow-mist through autumn's dawn
Uprolling thin,
Its thickest folds around thee drawn
Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be, and what is done,
Why quierest thou?
The past and the future both are one.
And both are now.

Then to Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The Three in One,
From men and from the Angel Host
Be homage done. Amen.

Anon.

345

The Blessed Rest.

10.10.10.4.

LORD CHRIST, Thou Life unending, unbegun,
Thou Light of Light, Whose shadow is our sun,
Flame from the Dark, Word of the Silent One,
O Christ our Lord.

O Christ, Thou very Name of God most high,
Descending, in a wondrous mystery,
To be the Life of our humanity,
O Christ our Lord.

'Tis Thou dost unto deepest depths descend,
And Thou, far, far above all heavens, ascend,
Thus filling all things, ever, without end,
O Christ our Lord.

Through all the Universe Thy Light is poured;
In many a shrine we worship Thee as Lord;
'Tis Thee all love in each dear face adored,
O Christ our Lord.

Truth for Whom eager minds, aspiring, pray,
Wisdom of God, clear, unbecclouded Day;
The Way art Thou, and Light upon the Way,
O Christ our Lord.

Thou art our Peace, in Whom all sorrows end;
Thou art our Bliss, to Whom all longings tend.
O Mighty Love, Who all dost comprehend,
O Christ our Lord.

Thou art of every soul the Mother-Soul,
Thine are the sheltering arms when tempests roll;
Thou art the Path itself, and Thou the Goal,
O Christ our Lord.

Lo, in our being's whisper breathes Thy Name,
And, bright amid the darkest deeps of shame,
We live, as sparks of Thine eternal Flame,
O Christ our Lord.

Through these, our hearts, so often dark and chill,
O Christ, Thou everlasting Sunshine, thrill;
Life, with Thyself Thy living temples fill,
O Christ our Lord.

Open, O Love, Thine eyes in us, that we
May, with our spirits' wakening vision, see
Thee manifest in all, and all in Thee,
O Christ our Lord.

Judge of the universe, O patient, strong,
Standing through all the age of ages long,
Thou in Thy Holy Body sufferest wrong,
O Christ our Lord.

Behold mankind, bewildered, torn, distressed,
Thy little ones, Thy creatures, sore oppressed;
Until all come to rest, Thou canst not rest,
O Christ our Lord.

Yet Thou, in them that know as they are known,
Thou, God made man, in men to Manhood grown,
Art ever rising to Thy Father's Throne,
O Christ our Lord.

When Thy great night calls home our restless day,
When heaven and earth, as clouds, dissolve away,
In Thee, in Thee we rest, we live, for aye,
O Christ our Lord. Amen.

Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff.

346

Sandon.

10.4.10.4.10.10.

LORD God Almighty, Thee we glorify;
Thy Love doth pour
For ever from Thy great white throne on high,
And evermore
O Thou, who dwellest where the central sun
Doth light the worlds, Thou art the Self, the One.

Thou art our strength, O Christ, our staff, our stay.
Our heavenly Guide;
Thou givest joy upon our earthly way;
Now at Thy side
May we be found when Thou dost come once more,
To lead Thy servants through the golden door !

O Holy Spirit, mystic Power divine,
Thou heavenly Dove,
Thou art our peace, that wondrous golden wine,
Come from above,
Fill all our hearts with Thy great glory, flow
Through all our lives, and flood the world below !

Thou, God the Father, Holy Spirit, Son,
The Trinity,
Holiest of Holies, Thou, the Three in One,
The One in Three.
Thou art in us and we in Thee the same,
We praise Thee, bless Thee, magnify Thy name ! Amen.

M. Bright.

New York.

347

7.6.D.

LORD God, so strong and tender,
Whom, yet unseen, we love,
In unimagined splendour
Thou reignest far above.
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our Holy Lord and King.

O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O God of love, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

O grant the consummation
Of this our song above
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Of love the Lord and King.

Now unto God the Father
And eke to God the Son
And God the Holy Spirit
Be endless honour done.

We worship Him, we bless Him,
To Him o'er all we sing,
We praise Him and confess Him
Our very God and King. Amen.

†Frances R. Havergal.

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348

Hursley.

L.M.

LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow of Thy love the sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love;
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

To God the Father glory be.
All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore,
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

†Oliver Wendell Holmes.

349

Charitas or Rex Gloriæ.

8.7.D.

LORD, to Thee we lift our voices,
Joined in faith and hope and love,
As we follow in Thy footsteps,
Journeying to our home above;
Lord, with thankful hearts we praise Thee,
Who dost guide us on our way;
Through the sunshine, through the storm-clouds
Thou, O Christ, art still our stay.

For the great, who nobly struggling
In the world have won a name,
And to us, their heirs in promise,
Left a legacy of fame;
Lord, with thankful hearts we praise Thee,
Who didst cheer them on their way;
Thou, who dost reward the worthy,
Thou, O Christ, hast been their stay.

For the lowly, who unheeded
Battle bravely for the right,
Passing, by the world unhonoured,
Unrewarded through the fight;

Lord, with thankful hearts we praise Thee,
Who dost cheer them on their way;
Thou, Who seest what men see not,
Thou, O Christ, art still their stay.

Thus for all who, gladly taking
Thee as Brother, Thee as Friend,
Manfully have done their duty,
Faithful soldiers to the end;
Lord, with thankful hearts we praise Thee,
Who didst cheer them on their way;
Thou, Who dost uphold the weary,
Thou, O Christ, hast been their stay.

We, to whom the future beckons,
We may tread where they have trod;
We may choose the path that leads us
Onward, upward to our God;
Lord, with thankful hearts we praise Thee,
Who wilt guide us on our way;
Through the years that lie before us
Thou, O Christ, be still our stay. Amen.

†H.L.D.

350

Amicus or Amor.

S.7.D.

LOVE Divine! through all things flowing,
Thou through us dost ever flow—
Little channels, larger growing
As we learn to love and know—
As we learn the joy of giving,
Finding, as the days go by,
Love is life—the only living—
When we love no more, we die.

Love Divine, O, take us ! make us
In Thy service swift and free,
Thou wilt use us, not forsake us,
Glad Thy messengers to be;
To that service, sweet and lowly,
All our time and strength be given,
Till that service, high and holy,
Makes the waiting earth a heaven.

Love Divine ! Thy Saints adore Thee;
Full of love, we worship Thee;
Prostrate now we lie before Thee;
Let us all Thy beauty see.
God the Father, King immortal,
Christ, our Lover and our Guide,
Spirit, Keeper of the Portal,
Evermore be glorified ! Amen.

Adelaide A. Procter.

351

Martyrdom.

C.M.

MAKE channels for the streams of love
Where they may broadly run,
And love hath overflowing flood
To fill them every one.

But if at any time you cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for you
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share if we would keep
This blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, you cease to have—
Such is the law of love.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

†Abp. R. C. Trench.

352

Textor or Exsurgat Deus.

8.4.8.4.

MEN vex themselves with troubled thought
That God may be
A God Whose "mercy" must be bought
With misery.

There is no wrath to be appeased
In God above;
No hate with bitter anguish pleased,
For God is Love.

No pleasure from our suffering
Our God could draw;
Nor loves He those their hands who wring
In cringing awe.

For Love rejoiceth not in pain
Of good or bad,
But beareth all, and still is fain
To make us glad.

Love circles us with kindness sweet,
And guides our way,
And sheds its Light around our feet
By night and day.

Love we the Father and the Son
And Holy Dove;
Proclaim aloud to everyone
That God is Love. Amen.

†Rev. Walter C. Smith.

353

St. Flavian.

C.M.

MOST ancient of all mysteries !

Before Thy throne we lie;
Unveil Thy glory, wondrous Lord,
Most Holy Trinity.

O God, how marvellous Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright !
Resplendent is Thy heavenly throne
In depths of burning light.

How grand are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord !
By hosts of Angels day and night
Incessantly adored.

When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou in Thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone.

How glorious creation is,
The work which Thou didst bless;
And O what then must Thou be like,
Eternal loveliness !

How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be !
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power
And crystal purity.

Most ancient of all mysteries,
We lift our hearts to Thee;
Pour out Thy love, most gracious God.
Most Holy Trinity. Amen.

354

Charitas or Deerhurst.

8.7.D.

NEVER hasting, never resting,
With a firm and joyous heart,
Ever onward, constant tending,
Act thou e'er a brave man's part;
With a high and holy purpose,
Doing all thou hast to do,
Seeking ever man's upraising,
With the highest end in view.

Slowly moves the march of ages,
Slowly grows the forest king,
Slowly to perfection cometh
Every great and glorious thing;
Acorns which the winds have scattered
Future navies may provide;
Thoughts at midnight whispered softly
Prove a people's future guide.

Such the laws enforced by nature
Since the earth her course began,
Such to thee she teacheth daily,
Eager, ardent, restless man!
Never hasting, never resting,
Glad in peace and calm in strife,
Quietly thyself preparing
To perform thy part in life.

Earnest, hopeful and unswerving,
Weary though thou art and faint,
Never yield to thoughts despairing,
Perseverance makes the saint;

Stumbleth he who runneth quickly,
Dieth he who standeth still,
Not by haste or rest can ever
Man his destiny fulfil. Amen.

Anon.

355

Nearer Home.

D.S.M.

NO matter whence I came,
Nor whither I shall go,
The fact stands clear that I am here
In this world of bliss and woe;
And out of the mist and murk
Another truth shines plain—
It is in my power each day and hour
To add to its joy or pain.

I know that the earth exists,
It is none of my business why;
But if there are burdens I can lift
I am surely right to try.
One life is a brief, brief thing;
I am here for a little space,
But while I stay I should like, if I may,
To brighten and cheer the place.

I find myself in a home;
At least this much is sure—
My duty is to gladden it,
To keep it sweet and pure.
How soon we could raise the world,
How easily right all wrong,
If nobody shirked and each one worked
To help his fellows along.

Cease wondering why you came;
Search not for faults and flaws;
Rise up to-day in your might and say
"I am part of the Great First Cause."
However full the world,
There is room for an earnest man;
It had need of me or I should not be;
I am here to aid the plan. Amen.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

356

Robur or Armour.

8.5.D.

NOT a life so mean and lowly,
But, if love be there,
Both ingrowing and outflowing,
May be strong and fair.
Love for every unloved creature,
Lonely, poor or small;
'Tis our work to show how truly
Love makes life for all.

Not a life so high in station,
But without love's breath,
Neither giving nor receiving,
Is a living death.
Love, etc.

Love by love alone is ripened;
Hearts through it grow true;
Life is bounded, filled and rounded,
By its power to do.
Love, etc. Amen.

†Ellen T. Leonard.

357

Lumen Verum.

S.M.

NOT so in haste, my heart !
Have faith in God, and wait;
Although He seems to linger long,
He never comes too late.

He never comes too late;
He knoweth what is best;
Vex not thyself; it is in vain;
Until He cometh, rest.

Until He cometh, rest;
Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that wait for God—'tis they
Are soonest at the goal.

Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed;
Then hold thee still, O restless heart,
For I shall wait His lead.

For I shall wait His lead
And fill the hours with praise;
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Our joyous songs we raise. Amen.

B. T.

358

Winchester Old.

C.M.

NOW let us see Thy beauty, Lord,
As we have seen before;
And by Thy beauty quicken us
To love Thee and adore.

'Tis easy when with simple mind
Thy loveliness we see,
To consecrate ourselves afresh
To duty and to Thee.

Our every feverish mood is cooled,
And gone is every load,
When we can lose the love of self,
And find the love of God.

'Tis by Thy loveliness we're won
To home and Thee again,
And as we are Thy children true
We are more truly men.

Lord, it is coming to ourselves
When thus we come to Thee;
The bondage of Thy loveliness
Is perfect liberty.

So now we come to ask again,
What Thou hast often given,
The vision of that loveliness
Which is the life of heaven. Amen.

Benjamin Waugh.

By permission of W. Garrett Horder.

359

Deo Gratias.

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;

Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God,
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Martin Rinkart (A.D. 1586), tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

360

Victory.

8.8.8.4.

O BACKWARD-LOOKING son of time !
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

Our life shall on and upward go;
The eternal step of progress beats
To the great anthem calm and slow
Which God repeats.

Though He destroy, He builds again;
A charmèd life all goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night;
Wake thou and watch; the world is grey
With morning light.

The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
Let men and let the Angel Host
Praise evermore. Amen.

J. G. Whittier.

361

St. Helena.

S.M.

O EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay;

O Everlasting Health,
From Whom all healing springs,
Our Bliss, our Treasure, and our Wealth,
To Thee our spirit clings !

O Everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure Guide of erring age and youth,
Lead us, and teach us too !

O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold us in the way;
Bring us, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day !

O Everlasting Love,
Wellspring of cheer and peace;
Pour down Thy fullness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.
To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

Dr. H. Bonar.

By permission of James Nisbet & Co., Ltd.

362

Victory.

8 8.8.4.

O GOD, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
For Thou art Love.

O Christ, the Lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?
For Thou art Love.

Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
Before the insufferable blaze
The Angels veil their starry eyes;
For Thou art Love.

Yet free as air Thy bounty streams
On all Thy works; Thy Love's glad beams
Diffusive as Thy sun's arise,
For Thou art Love.

High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is;
For Thou art Love.

Fountain of good ! all blessing flows
From Thee; no want Thy fullness knows;
Thou art Thyself eternal bliss,
For Thou art Love.

O God, of good the unfathomed sea !
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
For Thou art Love.

O Christ the Lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?
For Thou art Love. Amen.

Angelus Silesius (A.D. 1624), tr. by J. Wesley.

363

Spohr.

C.M.

O GOD of Truth, Whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Deceit and error hold Thy world
Fast in a grip of death.

Set up Thy standard, Lord, that they
Who claim a heavenly birth
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy beauteous earth.

Lord, we would join that blest array,
And follow in the night
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white.

Who fights for truth must needs be true;
If we Thine ensign bear,
Shed Thy strong light within our hearts
To slay the falsehood there.

Tried by that light as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

O God of Truth, let truth prevail;
Then all the world shall raise
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
A mighty hymn of praise. Amen.

†T. Hughes.

364

St. Anne.

C.M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne,
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the Same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Dr. Isaac Watts.

365

Frech or St. Francis.

C.M.

O GOD ! Whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love runs always clear,
To Whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear !

Sweeten our bitter-thoughted hearts
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in love,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

When we ourselves least kindly are,
We deem the world unkind;
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
Only the poison find.

But they have caught the way of God,
To whom self lies displayed
In such clear vision as to cast
O'er others' faults a shade.

All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from Thee;
My God ! for evermore be Thou
Fountain and fire in me ! Amen.

†Rev. F. W. Faber.

366

Kocher.

7.6.7.6.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Christ our Lord as Leader,
To Christ our Lord as Head !

O happy if ye labour
As He hath done for men;
O happy if ye love them
As He hath loved them then !

The Faith by which ye see Him,
The Hope in which ye yearn,
The Love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;

What are they but His heralds
To lead you to His sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated Light?

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but a ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

O happy band of pilgrims,
Give glory to your Lord,
With Father and with Spirit
As Three in One adored. Amen.

‡Dr. J. M. Neale.

367

Angelus.

L.M.

O HEART of Pity, move in me
Compassion for the sick or sad,
The weak, the fallen everywhere—
Yea, whether they be good or bad.

O Heart of Happiness, inspire
Joy in the meanest thing's delight,
Whether the pleasure be of earth
Or won from out the Heart of Light.

O Heart of Love, Thou Flame divine,
Burn lovelessness and self from me,
That all my thoughts may be of love
And men may feel the glow of Thee.

O Heart of Calm and utter Peace,
I know that wrongs will not remain;
They are but forces gone astray
Which turn and come to Thee again.

O Heart of Life, great Three in One,
Thee will I worship and adore;
Thrice Holy, Father, Spirit, Son,
O make me love Thee more and more ! Amen.

†Beatrix.

368

Verulam or Yorkshire.

10s. (six lines).

O HOLY Church, we love the influence shed
Upon us when thy peaceful courts we tread;
Within thine aisles we breathe a higher air,
We thrill responsive to the Presence there;
Before the Throne of Light and Love we stand,
And catch a glimpse into the Spirit Land.

Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses come and go,
Words are inadequate their joy to show;
Wrapt in this cloud of light we seem to be
Awhile what we would be eternally.
We fain would stay upon this heavenly hill
And in its atmosphere would linger still.

We take it with us when we homeward go
To daily life and duty there below;
While here the bliss of higher joy we share
The plough lies waiting in the furrow there;
Here seek we God, that we may know His Will,
There must we do it—serve Him, seek Him still.

If man aspire to reach the Throne of God
The dull brown plains of earth must first be trod
Who best performs the lowly duties here
Will mount the highest in a nobler sphere.
At God's own Feet all spirits seek their rest,
And he is nearest Him who serves Him best.

O Christ our Lord, Thy Church's glorious Head,
Her Priest, her Teacher, and her Living Bread,
We praise Thee, bless Thee, love Thee evermore!
For evermore we worship and adore
The Triune God, the Father and the Son
And Holy Ghost, with Them in glory One. Amen.

Based on Samuel Greg.

369

Faith or Stella.

85. (six lines).

O LIGHT, Whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray;
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what Seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Master, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave.
Thou art our Hope, our Joy, our Head,
Lord of the living and the dead. Amen.

Dean E. H. Plumptre.

370

St. Alban or Bridehead.

8 8.6.D.

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

We cannot trust Thee as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, may these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers
That they from self may cease;
Leave all things to Thy holy will,
And taste, before Thee lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

O Father, glorious King of Light,
So far beyond our mortal sight,
We trust Thee utterly,
Whom with Thy holy Son we bless,
And with the Paraclete confess
One God in Persons Three. Amen.

371

Benares.

9.8.9.8.8 8.

O LORD of hosts, all heaven possessing,
Behold us from Thy sapphire throne,
In doubt and darkness dimly guessing,
We might Thy glory half have known;
But Thou in Christ hast made us Thine,
And on us all Thy beauties shine.

Illumine all, disciples, teachers,
Thy law's deep wonders to unfold;
With reverent hand let wisdom's preachers
Bring forth their treasures, new and old;
Let oldest, youngest, find in Thee
Of truth and love the boundless sea.

Let faith still light the lamp of science,
And knowledge pass from truth to truth,
And wisdom, in its full reliance,
Renew the primal awe of youth;
So holier, wiser, may we grow,
As time's swift currents onward flow.

Bind Thou our life in fullest union
With all Thy saints from sin set free;
Uphold us in that blest communion
Of all Thy saints on earth with Thee;
Keep Thou our souls, or there or here,
In mightiest love that casts out fear.

O Father God, Whose vast designing
Hath made the worlds in which we live,
O God the Son, Whose Love is shining
On those whose life that Love did give,
O Spirit, Who Thy Fire dost pour,
We praise and love Thee evermore. Amen.

Dean E. H. Plumptre.

372

Bethlehem Shepherds or Noel.

D.C.M.

O LORD, Who taught to us on earth
 This lesson from above,
 That all our works are nothing worth
 Unless they spring from love;
 Send down Thine unction from on high,
 And pour in all our hearts
 That precious gift of charity
 Which peace and joy imparts.

The healing balm, the holy oil
 Which calms the waves of strife;
 The drop which sweetens every toil,
 The breath of our new life.
 Without this blessed bond of peace
 God counts the living dead;
 O Lord, in us may it increase
 Through Christ, the living Head !

Heal our divisions, banish hate
 From lips that should speak peace;
 Let jealousy and strife abate,
 And only love increase.

O Father, Who dost reign above,
 O Christ, co-equal Son,
 O Holy Spirit, Fire of Love,
 To Thee be honour done ! Amen.

†Richard Massie.

373

Walton.

L.M.

O LOVE Divine, Whose constant beam
 Shines on the eyes that will not see,
 And waits to bless us, while we dream
 Through life with scarce a thought of Thee;

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts that love by Thee are lit,
And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and ages sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st;
Wide as our need Thy favours fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop unseen o'er the heads of all.

O Beauty ! old, yet ever new,
Eternal voice, and inward word,
The Logos of the Greek and Jew,
The music which the Samian heard !

Truth which the sage and prophet saw,
Long sought without, but found within,
The law of Love beyond all law,
The Life o'erflooding death and sin.

Shine, Light of God ! our dazzled eyes
Can never see Thee as Thou art;
Yet help us more to realize
How all-embracing is Thy Heart.

O Love Divine, Thine Angel-host
For ever worships Thee, its Sun,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Thee shall we praise while ages run. Amen.

‡J. G. Whittier.

374

Quam Dilecta.

6.6.6.6.

O LOVE that casts out fear,
O Love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

True Sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.
Great Love of God, come in;
Wellspring of heavenly peace,
Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up, and never cease.
Love of the Living God,
Of Father, and of Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one. Amen.

Dr. H. Bonar.

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375

St. Margaret.

8.8.8 8.6.

O LOVE, that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.
O Light, that followest all my way.
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That, in Thy sunshine's blaze, its day
May brighter, fairer be.
O Joy, that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I will not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be. Amen.

Rev. G. Matheson.

376

Aurelia or Day of Rest.

7.6.D.

O MASTER, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Helper and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me feel Thee near me;
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But in Thy holy presence,
I shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak sweet words of counsel,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

O Master, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servants be;
And, Master, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
May I find strength to follow
My Master and my Friend.

O let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.

O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in bliss receive me,
My Master and my Friend. Amen.

‡Rev. J. E. Bode.

377

St. Denio or Whiter than Snow (omitting Refrain) 11s. (Iambic)

O MASTER, we long to be working for Thee,
To bear some small part in this plan that we see,
Thy wonderful plan for the helping of men
Proclaiming the true Ancient Wisdom again.

What part can we play in so high an emprise?
Each man can give aid if he earnestly tries;
The Lord of the Universe, Father of Light,
Invites us our efforts with His to unite.

His strength is Almighty, and ours is as naught;
With wonder we gaze on the works He hath wrought;
Yet He will accept each attempt that we make
To succour our comrades for brotherhood's sake.

Our acts are but clumsy, our lights are but dim,
How can we begin to be useful to Him?
Be pure as the crystal, to mirror His face;
Be emptied of self, to be filled with His grace.

All thought of yourselves lay ye wholly aside,
Embrace ye the world in your sympathy wide;
Enlighten your path with your strong common-sense,
And live, neither giving nor taking offence.

Keen, watching for openings to help, shall ye live,
Your object in life not to get, but to give;
Reflecting the radiance that shines from above,
Your heart a pure channel for Infinite Love.

Thus tread ye the path which our Master hath trod,
Forth showing the will and the purpose of God;
Be sure He will use you to further His plan,
To help in displaying God's love unto man.

O praise we the Father, Who reigneth above;
O praise we the Son, the Incarnated Love;
O praise we the Spirit, the Splendour of Flame;
O Triune Almighty, all praise to Thy Name. Amen.

C.W.L.

Tune 126 in Sacred Songs and Solos is also suitable.

378

Missionary.

7.6.D.

O MASTER, when Thou callest
No voice may say Thee nay,
For blest are they that follow
Where Thou dost lead the way;

In freshest prime of morning,
Or fullest glow of noon,
The note of heavenly warning
Can never come too soon.

O Master, where Thou callest
No foot may shrink in fear,
For they who trust Thee wholly
Shall find Thee ever near;
And chamber still and lonely
Or busy harvest field,
Where Thou, Lord, rulest only,
Shall precious produce yield.

O Master, whom Thou callest
No heart may dare refuse;
'Tis honour, highest honour,
When Thou dost deign to use
Our brightest and our fairest,
Our dearest—all are Thine;
Thou Who for each one carest,
We hail Thy love's design.

They who go forth to serve Thee,
We too, who serve at home,
May watch and work together
Until Thy Kingdom come;
In Thee for aye united,
Our song of hope we raise,
Till that blest shore is sighted,
Where all shall turn to praise. Amen.

379

Hanover or Houghton.

10.10.11.11.

O PRAISE ye the Lord, praise Him in the height;
Rejoice in His Word, ye Angels of light;
Ye heavens, adore Him by Whom ye were made,
And worship before Him, in brightness arrayed.

O praise ye the Lord, praise Him upon earth,
In tuneful accord, ye sons of new birth;
Praise Him Who hath brought you His grace from above,
Praise Him who hath taught you to sing of His love.

O praise ye the Lord, all things that give sound;
Each jubilant chord, re-echo around;
Loud organs, His glory forth tell in deep tone,
And sweet harp, the story of what He hath done.

O praise ye the Lord ! Thanksgiving and song
To Him be outpoured all ages along;
For love in creation, for heaven restored,
In high jubilation O praise ye the Lord. Amen.

Sir H. W. Baker.

380

St. Gabriel.

8 8 8.4.

O SELF of All, Thou central Sun,
Thou art the Father, Spirit, Son,
Thou art the mystic Three in One,
The Self Divine.

O may Thy light for ever flow,
Spread far and wide through realms below,
Till all the worlds the Self shall know,
The Self Divine.

Lead us upon the narrow way,
Keep us, that we may never stray,
But seek Thee ever day by day,
Thou Self Divine.

Touch Thou our hearts with living fire,
That we may burn with strong desire,
To find Thee, who to Thee aspire,
Thou Self Divine.

Thou art the spirit in each heart,
O may we never from Thee part,
But find and know Thee as Thou art,
O Self Divine.

O Self of All, Thou central Sun,
Thou art the Father, Spirit, Son,
Thou art the mystic Three in One,
The Self Divine. Amen.

M. Bright.

381

Ernan.

L.M.

O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea !
Thy depth would every heart appal
That saw not Love Supreme in Thee.

We cannot grasp Thy great abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know Thee truly but in this,
That Thou bestowest all our good.

Great Lord of boundless time and space,
O, grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well !

Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only Guide.

Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tones of reverent awe;
Make pure Thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love Thy law.

Great Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Blest Trinity Whom all adore,
Commander of the Angel Host,
We love Thee ever more and more. Amen.

†John Sterling.

382

Sandon.

10.4.10.4.10 10.

O STAR of Love, O Star of Love Divine,
Light Thou our way;
That we may find Thee, know Thee, see Thee shine,
Send out one ray,
That we may follow Thee through all our days,
And sing Thy praise, O Star, and sing Thy praise.

O Star of Peace, O Star of endless peace,
Shine on us all,
That we may watch for Thee and never cease
To heed Thy call;
For Thou dost know us; seek we all our days,
To sing Thy praise, O Star, to sing Thy praise.

O Star of Joy, O Star of Joy most fair,
Send out Thy light;

That we may seek Thee, find Thee everywhere,
Shine through our night,
That we may find Thee, know Thee all our days,
And sing Thy praise, O Star, and sing Thy praise. Amen.

M. Bright.

383

Prospect.

Irregular.

O TO have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the Star of the Lord shone bright,
To have sheltered the holy Wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night;
To have kissed the tender way-worn feet
Of the Mother undefiled,
And with reverent wonder and deep delight,
To have tended the Holy Child !

Hush ! such a glory was not for thee,
But that care may still be thine;
Are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the Child Divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now
To thy heart and thy home to take?
Are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Mary's sake?

O to have knelt at the Master's Feet
And have learnt His heavenly lore,
To have heard the gentle lessons He taught
On mountain and sea and shore !
While the rich and the mighty knew Him not,
To have meekly done His Will !
Hush ! for the world rejects Him, yet
You can serve and love Him still.

O to have seen what we now adore,
And, though veiled to faithless sight,
To have known in the Form that the Master wore,
The Lord of Life and Light !
Hush ! for He dwells among us still,
For His Word can ne'er deceive;
Go where His lowly Altars rise,
And worship and believe. Amen.

†Adelaide A. Procter.

384

Melita.

8s. (six lines).

O WONDROUS radiant golden Light,
That floodest earth and sky and sea,
That reachest far into the night,
Thou wakest us to seek for Thee,
That we may find Thee, Lord of All,
Before Whose feet the Angels fall.

O wondrous rosy Star of Love,
That shinest o'er our darkened way,
Pour out Thy beams, and from above
Light all our hearts with one great Ray,
That we may see Thee, Lord of All,
Before Whose feet the Angels fall.

O wondrous glowing Fire divine,
That burnest all earth's dross away,
Burn in our hearts, that love like Thine
May bring us all to that glad day
When we shall know Thee, Lord of All,
Before Whose feet the Angels fall.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory, radiant Son, to Thee,
All glory to the Holy Ghost
From all Thy saints' triumphant host;
So may we hymn Thee, Lord of All,
Before Whose feet the Angels fall. Amen.

M. Bright.

385

Hanover.

10 10.11 11.

O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above;
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of glory the thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
Its streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While Angels delight to hymn Thee above,
Thy loving creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

O Father and Son, and Spirit above,
We pledge Thee our trust, our worship and love;
Thy kindness how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Inspirer and Friend ! Amen.

†Sir R. Grant.

386

Lugano.

8.7.D.

O'ER the earth the dawn is breaking,
Angels whisper through the gloom,
Man from his long sleep is waking
To the life beyond the tomb.
Let us then be all united,
One great army of the free,
And the watchword on our banner—
Union strong with liberty !
All around the fields are whitening,
For truth's golden harvest near;
All around men need enlightening,
They no longer death shall fear.
Let us then be up and doing,
Gather round, where'er they be,
Every soul who truth is seeking—
Union strong with liberty !
Bigotry and hate are falling,
Man is freed from every chain;
Angel voices now are calling—
"When we die we live again !"
Rich and poor, and great and humble,
Swell the army of the free;
Mortals join with those departed—
Loving light and liberty ! Amen.

Anon.

387

University College.

7s.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life !

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Onward then in battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !

Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Christ our Master, praise to Thee
With the Spirit ever be. Amen.

H. K. White and others.

388

Besthorp.

8.7.D.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall,
Some are coming, some are going,
Try to make the best of all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee—
Shadows, passing through the land.
Do not linger in regretting,
Or for passing hours despond,
Nor, the daily task forgetting.
Look too eagerly beyond.

Every hour that flies so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy
When each gem is set with care.
One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall,
Some are coming, some are going,
Try to make the best of all. Amen.

†Adelaide A. Procter.

389

Hursley.

L.M.

ONE LORD there is, all Lords above;
His Name is Truth, His Name is Love;
His Name is Beauty, it is Light;
His Will is everlasting right.

But unto wrong, what is His Name?
Our Lord is a Consuming Flame
To every wrong beneath the sun;
He is our Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame,
Shall I not lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, Lord, to rule in me?

If I be ruled in other wise
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night, and miss the gate—

The happy gate, which leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with an everlasting Name.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

†W. B. Rands.

390

Lewes.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

ONE Thy Light, the Temple filling
Holy, Holy, Holy Three;
Men on earth and brightest Angels
Wait alike the word from Thee;
Highest musings, lowliest worship,
Must their preparation be.

When Thou speakest, may we listen;
From the glory comes a Voice:
Who accepts our Master's mission?
Who will make Christ's work his choice?
Who for Him proclaim to sinners,
Turn, reform, endure, rejoice?

Here are we, great Master, send us !
But because Thy work is fire,
And our hearts, not yet perfected,
Reach but rarely high desire;
Send Thy Seraph from the Altar
Glorious in his bright attire.

Cause him, Lord, to fly full swiftly
With the mystic coal in hand,
Sin-consuming, soul-transforming
(Faith and love will understand);
Touch our lips, O loving Master,
With Thine own keen healing brand.

Thou didst come that fire to kindle;
Fain would we Thy torches prove,
Far and wide Thy beacons lighting
With the undying spark of love;
Only feed our flame, we pray Thee,
With Thy breathings from above.

Now to God, the soul's Creator,
To His Word and Wisdom sure,
To His all-enlightening Spirit,
Guest of those whose hearts are pure.
Three in One, be praise and glory
Here and while the Heavens endure. Amen.

†Rev. John Keble.

391

Bishop, Ernan or Old Hundredth.

L.M.

OUR CHRIST shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Dr. Isaac Watts

392

Walton or Alstone.

L.M

OUR days are few and full of strife;
Like leaves our pleasures fade and fall;
But Thou, Who art the All in all,
Thy Name is Love, and Love is life.

We walk in sleep and think we see;
Our little lives are clothed with dreams;
For that which to us substance seems
Is shadow twixt ourselves and Thee.

We are immortal now and here
Chances and changes, night and day,
Are landmarks in the eternal way;
Our fear is all we have to fear.

Our lives are dewdrops in Thy sun;
Thou breakest them, and lo ! we see
A thousand gracious shapes of Thee—
A thousand shapes, instead of one.

The man that drifts, all darkly dim,
Through floods that seem outside of grace
Is only surging towards the place
Which Thou hast made and meant for him.

For this we know; ill could not be
Were there no power beyond the ill;
Our wills are held within Thy Will;
The ends of goodness rest with Thee.

O praise the Father; praise the Son;
O Holy Spirit, praise to Thee;
Almighty Godhead, One in Three,
And yet eternal Three in One. Amen.

Alice Cary.

393

St. Flavian.

C.M.

OUR FATHER, while our hearts unlearn
Such creeds as wrong Thy Name,
Still let our hallowed altars burn
With faith's undying flame.

Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath
Thy flock Thy Face shall see;
The Star of Love must light the path
That leads Thy sons to Thee.

Help us to read our Master's Will
Through every darkening stain
That clouds His sacred image still,
And see Him once again,

Our glorious Lord, yet Brother still,
Our truest, closest Friend;
Though boundless is His Strength and Will
His Love is without end.

If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy Love will not withhold.

Accept our love; fresh courage give;
Our youthful zeal renew;
Shape for us holier lives to live,
And nobler work to do.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Undying Fount of Love,
From men and from the Angel Host
Be praise below, above. Amen.

‡Oliver Wendell Holmes.

394

Horsley. ✓

C.M.

OUR GOD is other than we think,
His ways are far above—
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The insight that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where royal Right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blinded eye.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul !
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with the workers to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

His justice is a bed, where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin. Amen.

Rev. F. W. Faber.

395

Celeste.

L.M.

OUR MASTER has called us to work,
Devoting our lives to His cause,
And ill it becomes us to shirk
Or fail to remember His laws.

He cometh full soon to His world,
The Christ we have worshipped of old;
E'en now is His banner unfurled,
E'en now His approach is foretold.

But what will He have us to do
To make ready the path He will tread?
Cast aside every feeling untrue,
Every vestige of selfishness shed.

When thus our own hearts are laid bare
To receive His ineffable Love,
We shall strive other souls to prepare
For the message which comes from above.

Of old but one herald cried out,
 "Prepare ye the way of the Lord";
This time there are thousands who shout
 This joy-giving Gospel abroad.

O man, from thy torpor arouse,
 And answer the call of thy Lord!
Let us speak for the cause we espouse,
 By conduct as well as by word.

Let us work in the strength of our Lord,
 Let us stand in the power of His Name;
The fire which His Love has outpoured
 Has kindled our hearts with its flame.

All praise to the Father above,
 All praise to His glorious Son,
All praise to the Spirit of Love,
 Who with Them for ever is One. Amen.

C.W.L.

396

Salem.

Irregular.

OUR MASTER hath a Garden which fair flowers adorn;
There will I go and gather both at eve and morn.

Naught's heard therein but Angel hymns with harp and
 lute,
Loud trumpets and bright clarions, and the gentle soothing
 flute.

The Lily white that bloometh there is Purity,
The fragrant Violet is surnamed Humility;
Naught's heard therein, etc.

The lovely damask Rose is here called Patience,
The rich and cheerful Marigold Obedience;
Naught's heard therein, etc.

One plant there is with crown bedight, the rest above,
With crown imperial, and this plant is Holy Love;
Naught's heard therein, etc.

But still of all the flowers the fairest and the best
Is Jesus Christ, the Lord Himself, His Name be blest;
Naught's heard therein, etc.

O Master, my chief Good and sole Felicity,
Thy little garden make my ready heart to be;
So may I once hear Angel hymns with harp and lute,
Loud trumpets and bright clarions and the gentle soothing
flute. Amen.

Mediaeval, tr. from the Dutch by the Rev. S. S. Greatheed.
From the New Office Hymn Book by permission of Mr. W. Knott.

397

Over and over.

7.7.8.7.D.

OVER and over again,
No matter which way we turn,
We always find in the book of life
Some lessons we have to learn.
We must take our turn at the mill,
We must grind out the golden grain,
We must work at our task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We have no power to stay
The forces of sun or shower;
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again

The brook through the meadow flows,

And over and over and yet again

The ponderous mill-wheel goes.

Once doing will not suffice,

Though doing be not in vain;

And a blessing, failing us once or twice,

May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod

Is never so rough for the feet;

And the lesson we once have learned

Is never so hard to repeat.

Though sorrowful tears may fall,

And the heart to its depths be riven

With storm and tempest, we need them all

To render us fit for heaven. Amen.

Anon.

398

Palermo.

8.7.8 8.6.

OVER and over and over

These truths I will weave in song—

That God's great plan needs you and me,

That will is greater than destiny,

And that love moves the world along.

However mankind may doubt it,

It must learn this glorious creed—

That God may ever be found within,

That the worship of self is the only sin,

And the only devil is greed.

Over and over and over

These truths I will say and sing,
That love is mightier far than hate,
That a man's own thought is a man's own fate,
And that life is a goodly thing.

Over and over and over

The glory of God we sing;
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
From men and from the Angel Host
Shall praises ever ring. Amen.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

399

AT THE END OF A SERVICE

Sicilian Mariners or St. Sylvester.

8.7.8.7.

PART in peace ! is day before us?

Praise His Name for life and light;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless His care who guards the night.

Part in peace, with deep thanksgiving;
Rendering as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Loving memory to the dead.

Part in peace; such are the praises
God our Maker loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Part in peace; our duties call us;
We must serve as well as praise;
Ask not what may here befall us;
Leave to God the coming days.

Part in peace, yet ever praising
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Triune God, Whose Love amazing
Thrills with awe the Angel Host. Amen.

Sarah Adams

400

SPRING

Cor.

8.7.8.7

PLOUGHING the fields in the spring-time,
Marking the furrows with care;
Earnestly, patiently striving
The soft rich soil to prepare.

Sowing the seed in the spring-time,
Hiding it deep in the earth;
Trusting the rain and the sunshine,
To hasten the glad new birth.

Waiting with hope in the spring-time,
Singing a joyful refrain;
Knowing the autumn will yield us
A harvest of golden grain.

Sowing our thoughts in the spring-time,
Painting the pictures of life,
Brightened with truth, love and kindness,
Or darkened with hatred and strife.

Master, the Lord of the spring-time,
 Thou who at Easter didst rise,
 Thou, with the Father and Spirit,
 Thou art our Joy and our Prize! Amen.

Anon.

Suitable for Eastertide (in the Northern Hemisphere only).

401

Consolation or Strength and Stay.

11.10.11.10.

POWER of all Powers! O fill and flood my being;
 O Sun Eternal, whelm me in Thy Light;
 Vision itself need ask no eyes for seeing,
 And boundless Life no wings to mount the height.

I am Thy Light, by mortal lamp enshrouded,
 Thy Bliss, beyond all shifting joys and pains;
 Above their glooms and gleams is Peace unclouded;
 Shatter the lamp; the Light, the Light remains.

Father of spirits, Love for ever burning,
 Burn Thou all forms that hold my Life from Thee;
 Lost in my selfhood, to Thyself returning,
 Find Thou Thine own and my Eternity.

Almighty Father, Maker and Destroyer,
 All-glorious Son, our Master and our Friend,
 Spirit, of man, Inspirer and Employer,
 We worship Thee in glory without end. Amen.

‡Anon.

This was originally written as a Hymn to Shiva.

402

Nottingham or Lübeck.

7s.

PRACTICE of the Law of Love,
 Bringeth blessing from above;
 Joy serene is mine for aye
 While I walk in wisdom's way.

Love divine embracing all
In the world, both great and small,
Will be mine in that degree
That I let it shine through me.

Happy they who gain in youth
Knowledge of the Law of Truth,
Health of body and of mind
In obedience they find.

All the spirit's glorious powers,
Joy and truth and love are ours,
We are one with Christ and He
Wills that we His Light shall see.

Now in truth, in joy, in love,
We will join the choirs above,
Praising with the heavenly Host
Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Anon.

403

March or St. George.

7s.D.

PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love,
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

Praise the Lord, His goodness trace;
Praise His providence and grace.
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son;

Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

Praise the Lord, His Love unfold,
Though the half can ne'er be told;
Love, it flameth in the sun—
Love, its stream doth ever run
From the Father and the Son
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Triune God, Whom we adore—
Praise Him, praise Him evermore. Amen.

†Rev. H. F. Lyte.

404

Alla Trinita.

8.7.D.

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore Him,
Praise Him, Angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light;
Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee;
Young and old Thy praise expressing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His Saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of every nation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name!
All the Saints in Heaven adore Thee,
Holy Father, Spirit, Son;
As Thine Angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done. Amen.

†Anon.

(From Hymns of the Foundling Hospital, A.D. 1796).

405

Consolation or Dawning.

11.10.11.10.

PRAISE we our Master; praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the weary, girds with strength the weak;
Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with His glad smile welcome those who seek.

Praise we our Master for His loving-kindness
And all the tenderness that He hath shown,
Who by His Wisdom cures all mental blindness,
Who calls us sons, and seals us for His own.

Praise we our Master, source of every blessing,
Beside Whose gifts earth's richest boons are dim;
He gives Himself, and life in Him possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in Him.

Praise we the Father, Lord of all creation;
Praise we the King of Saints, His glorious Son;
Praise we the Holy Ghost; through every nation
Let praise resound unto the Three in One. Amen.

‡Lady Mary C. Campbell.

406

(FOR THE ORDER OF THE STAR IN THE EAST)

Sound the battle-cry.

10.8.10.9.

RAISE a song of joy, pure without alloy,
Heart and voice employ full and clear;
May we all our days on truth's noonday blaze
Fix our steadfast gaze with hearts sincere.
Star most Holy! symbol of our Order,
May we practise what is taught in thee;
Onward, upward, go our way rejoicing
And in wisdom, truth and love be free.

Thankful may I be for this blessing free,
Christ thus maketh me rich in sooth;
This advantage great none can overrate
Through philosophy we learn the truth.
Star most Holy! 'etc.

When truth shineth here knowledge conquers fear
Life has purpose clear with beauty rife;
Scan we history's page, learn from every age
Death is but a stage in endless life.
Star most Holy! etc.

Karma's mighty law worketh without flaw;
From this truth we draw courage and peace;
When its power we trust naught can seem unjust;
Freed from envy's lust all pain doth cease.
Star most Holy! etc.

Let Love shine within, drive far every sin,
Never weary in sowing the seed,
Lift our banner high, teach philosophy,
By nobility in word and deed.
Star most Holy! etc. Amen.

C.W.L.

407

Aurelia or New York.

7, G. D.

REJOICE ye, Christ's disciples,
Who learn His sacred lore;
The hearts that know His wisdom
Still love Him more and more.
Many there be who grasp not
The Faith that He doth teach;
We thank Him for the doctrine
Here placed within our reach.

This wider wisdom gives us
A touch with things unseen;
It wakens dormant memories
And tells us what they mean.
It links this life with others
Far in the mystic past;
It shows us how their karma
Is still around us cast.

It teaches us that justice
Doth ever rule the world,
That o'er us ever floateth
The flag of love unfurled,
It tells how understanding
Doth drive all fear away;
It shows the certain dawning
Of truth's unclouded day.

The wisdom that is taught us
Fills all our souls with light,
Brings an unfailing touchstone
To know the true and right.

It gives a wider outlook,
Strengthens the power of will,
The selfishness it crushes
That wrought so much of ill.

It lightens every sorrow,
Broad tolerance it gives,
With sympathy it fills us,
With love for all that lives.
And most of all it bids us
Cast thoughts of self away,
And first consider others
In all we do or say.

Great cause for deep rejoicing
Have we in what we know;
Then let us seek to share it
With all who suffer woe;
Aye bringing help and blessing
To living and to dead,
From glory unto glory
Triumphantly we tread.

O Father ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all-victorious
Thrice Holy Three in One.
Great God of every nation
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore. Amen.

408

Trichinopoly.

7.6.D.

RICHER than famed Golconda,
More worth than gems or gold
Is that eternal wisdom
Which Christ hath taught of old.
Thy jewels may be stolen,
Thy riches melt away,
But wisdom, once thou hast it,
Dwells in thy heart alway.

The wise man holds it dearer
Than aught of earth's delight,
Earth's glee is evanescent,
Death puts it swift to flight.
But he who hath the wisdom
Watches with vision clear;
With life and death familiar,
He knows nor doubt nor fear.

True wisdom pierceth darkness,
Illumining the mind;
An open eye is wisdom,
Who hath it not is blind.
It solves all vexing questions,
Glimpsing God's mighty plan;
It drives away all sadness,
It cheers the heart of man.

Blind faith is not religion,
Nor will pretence avail;
True wisdom shows in action
And love that will not fail.

God loveth all His creatures,
And he who doth God's will
Obeys that Great Exemplar,
And love his heart doth fill.

A balanced mind and body
Can all their powers employ
Discreetly in God's service,
And thus taste keenest joy.
Who gains discrimination
Between the good and ill,
He shows forth truest wisdom
In loving service still.

True wisdom straightway leads us
To worship God above,
The never-failing Fountain
Of wisdom and of love;
And so to God the Father,
To His all-glorious Son,
And to the Holy Spirit
Be endless honour done. Amen.

From an ancient Indian scripture (doxology added).

409

London New.

C.M.

SINCE all the downward tracks of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot
And regulate our ways?

Good, when He gives, supremely good !
Nor less when He denies;
Even crosses from His sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

Why should we doubt His equal love,
Immeasurably kind?
To His unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

Thy Wisdom, Love and Justice, Lord,
Shine ever more and more,
O Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore. Amen.

J. Hervey.

410

St. Anne.

C.M.

SING forth His high eternal Name
Who holds all powers in thrall,
Through endless ages still the same—
The mighty Lord of all.

His goodness, strong and measureless
Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless—
The gentle Lord of all.

His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
Our strong defence and wall;
His providence our life surrounds—
The changeless Lord of all.

He every thought and every deed
Doth to His judgment call,
Oh, may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous Lord of all !

When, turning from forbidden ways,
Low at His feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise—
The loving Lord of all.

Unwearied He is working still,
 Unspent His blessings fall,
 Almighty, loving righteous One,
 The glorious Lord of all.

Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 Our Triune God we call,
 Commander of the Angel Host,
 Forever Lord of all. Amen.

†Samuel Longfellow.

411

Attolle paulum

8.7.8.7.8 8.7.

SING praise to God Who reigns above,
 The God of all creation,
 The God of power, the God of love,
 The God of every nation;
 With healing balm our hearts He fills,
 And every faithless murmur stills;
 To God all praise and glory.

The Angel Host, O King of Kings,
 Thy praise for ever telling,
 In earth and sky all living things
 Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
 Adore the wisdom which could span,
 And power which formed creation's plan;
 To God all praise and glory.

What God's almighty power hath made,
 His Will unchanging keepeth;
 By morning glow or evening shade
 His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
 Within the kingdom of His might
 Lo! all is just, and all is right;
 To God all praise and glory.

The Lord is never far away,
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace and joy and blessing;
As with a mother's tender hand,
He leads His own, His chosen band;
To God all praise and glory.

Thus all my toilsome way along
I sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises;
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart;
Both soul and body bear your part;
To God all praise and glory. Amen.

†Johann Jakob Schütz (A.D. 1640), tr. by Frances E. Cox.

412

Nativity.

C.M.

SING to the Lord the children's hymn,
His wondrous love declare,
Who bends amid the Seraphim
To hear the children's prayer.

Christ at a Mother's breast was fed,
Though God's own Son was He;
He learnt the first small words He said
At that dear Mother's knee.

Close to His loving heart He pressed
The children of the earth;
He lifted up His hands and blessed
The babes of human birth.

Lo ! from above His face doth turn
On us with glances mild;
The Angels of His Presence yearn
To bless the little child.

Keep us, O radiant Lord, with Thee,
That so, by Thy dear grace,
We, children of the Font, may see
Thy glory face to face.

Great Prince of the angelic host,
The Church's Head; to Thee,
With Father and with Holy Ghost
All praise and glory be. Amen.

†Rev. R. S. Hawker.

413

St. Ethelwald or Amerton.

S.M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son;

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in our Holy Master trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With stainless virtue shod,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on,
Climbing the narrow way;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may obtain, through Christ alone,
A crown of joy at last.

O Christ, Eternal Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

†Rev. C. Wesley.

414

Orientis Partibus.

7s.

SOLDIERS, who are Christ's below,
Strong in faith resist the foe;
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the Lord.

'Tis no crown of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.

For the souls that overcome
Waits the beauteous heavenly home,
Where the Blessèd evermore
Tread, on high, the starry floor.

Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth;
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
God Himself is thy Reward.

Father, Who the crown dost give,
Son of God, by Whom we live,
Spirit, Who our hearts dost raise,
Three in One, Thy Name we praise. Amen.

†From the Paris Breviary of 1736, tr. by J. H. Clarke.

415

St. Francis or St. Anthony.

C.M.

SOMETIMES so strong corruption seems,
So weak appears the good,
That we have hardly held our own,
The evil scarce withstood.

There's peace and rest in Paradise,
In weary hours we say;
And O that we had wings like doves
That we might flee away!

But in our stronger hours we grasp
The warrior's sword again,
And burn the good fight yet to fight,
The faithful watch maintain.

We fain would tread the famous way
Martyrs and saints have trod;
The hours ebb fast of this one day
Of noblest war for God.

The Lord Himself hath need of us;
On! till the fight be won;
And the King's words shall thrill the heart:
"Servants of God, well done!"

O praise the Father, praise the Son
And Him Whose gifts are seven,
The Holy Ghost, through Whom alone
Our hearts are raised to heaven. Amen.

†J. R. Vernon.

416

Prospect.

9.7.9.7 and Refrain.

SOMEWHERE is waiting a blessed work
That your hand alone can do;
Work that the Master in wisdom planned,
And placed in this world for you.
Search for it, find it! God's holy work;
It never is far away;
Find it by doing with heart and soul
The duty that calls to-day.

Duty may bring you to heights of fame,
Or lead to some lonely vale;
Either will yield you a golden crown;
Then never despair or fail.
Search for it, etc.

Whether you toil in the busy world,
Or brighten some humble place,
Blessed the work of the Master will be,
It will bring you to see His Face.
Search for it, etc.

Somewhere is waiting—O slight it not!—
The work that you best can do;
Seek through the pathway of labour and love
The service God meant for you.
Search for it, etc. Amen.

†Lanta W. Smith.

417

Nottingham, Innocents or Culbach.

7s.

SONGS of praise the Angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluias rang,
When creation was begun,
When God spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heaven and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No ! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Songs of praise on earth begun
To the holy Three in One
Shall, amidst eternal joy,
Still on high our powers employ.

Praise the Name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly Host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

†Rev. J. Montgomery.

418

Sound the battle-cry.

10.8.10.9.

SOUND the battle cry ! See, the foe is nigh;
Raise the standard high for the Lord;

Gird your armour on, stand firm every one,
Rest your cause upon His holy word.

Rouse, then, soldiers, rally round the banner;
Ready, steady, pass the word along;
Onward, forward, shout aloud Hosanna;
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

Strong to meet the foe, marching on we go,
Whilst our cause, we know, must prevail;
Shield and banner bright gleaming in the light,
Battling for the right, we ne'er can fail.

Rouse, etc.

O Thou God of all, hear us when we call;
Help us one and all by Thy grace;
When the battle's done, and the victory won,
May we wear the crown before Thy Face.

Rouse, etc. Amen.

W. F. Sherwin.

419

Amerton.

S.M.

SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Cast it where thorns and thistles grow;
Cast it upon the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found,
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive
 The late or early sown;
 Love keeps the precious germs alive
 When and wherever strown;

And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

Thou can'st not toil in vain,
 Light, heat, and moisture—all
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For harvest in the fall.

God of the harvest, hear,
 And grant us good success;
 We waste no effort, far or near,
 For Thou our work wilt bless. Amen.

‡Rev. J. Montgomery.

420

Dresden* or Fleury.

7.6.T.

SPEAK kindly, O speak kindly,
 And drop a genial ray
 Of merry golden sunshine,
 O'er those who cross your way.
 A word, a smile, like magic
 A throbbing heart may still,
 And chords that long were buried
 In sudden rapture thrill.

*In place of the rest at the end of the eighth line a minim must be inserted for the first word of the refrain.

Speak kindly, O speak kindly,
And drop a genial ray
Of merry golden sunshine,
O'er those who cross your way.

When in some lonely desert
One verdant spot appears,
O how a single leaflet
The weary traveller cheers !
So words of kindness, spoken
When sorrow weaves her chain,
Bring back life's withered roses,
And bid them bloom again.
Speak, etc.

Like seed that drops in springtime
Fresh from the sower's hand,
Like gentle showers descending
To lave the thirsty land;
Like dews that in the twilight
On nature's bosom fall,
Let words of love and kindness
Make glad the hearts of all.
Speak, etc.

The Christ spoke ever kindly;
His words were pure and good,
His speech for ever tending
To love and brotherhood.
So we, who are His children,
Should follow in His way,
And pour His glorious sunlight
Around us day by day.
Speak, etc. Amen.

421

Adeste Fideles.

Irregular.

STAR of our love !

Pour out Thy golden light,
Turn Thou the hearts of all to seek above,
That we may find Thee, see Thee in the night.
O fill us with Thy glory,
O fill us with Thy glory,
O fill us with Thy glory, sweet Star of love.

Star of our joy !

Light Thou our night of sorrow,
Fill Thou our souls with light, our cares destroy,
Till on the world shall dawn a glad to-morrow.
O fill us with Thy glory,
O fill us with Thy glory,
O fill us with Thy glory, sweet Star of joy.

Star of our peace !

Fill Thou our hearts with gladness,
That we may know Thee, that our sorrows cease,
Till all our tears are banished, and our sadness.
O fill us with Thy glory,
O fill us with Thy glory,
O fill us with Thy glory, sweet Star of peace. Amen.

M. Bright.

422

Ruth.

6.5.D.

SUMMER suns are glowing over land and sea;
Happy light is flowing, bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices in the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices swell the psalm of praise.

God's free mercy streameth over all the world,
And His banner gleameth, everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious, as the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious His eternal Love.

Lord, upon our blindness Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness make us love Thee more;
And, when clouds are drifting dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting, Father, be Thou nigh.

We will never doubt Thee, though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee; death with Thee is bright.
Light of Light! shine o'er us on our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us to the endless day.

Unto God the Father joyful songs we sing;
Unto Christ our Master thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing now and evermore. Amen.

Bp. W. W. How.

423

Nottingham.

7s.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
Only as Thou dost approve;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
 Not a mite would I withhold;
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart; it is Thine own;
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
 At Thy Feet its treasure-store;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all, for Thee ! Amen.

Frances R. Havergal.

By permission of James Nisbet & Co., Ltd.

424

(FOR A CHILDREN'S SERVICE)

Præceptor.

11.10.11.10.

TEACHER of men and of Angels, O hearken,
 Light of the World, in Thy splendour be near,
 Let not the shadows of ignorance darken
 Souls of Thy little ones praising Thee here.

Lord of Compassion, O smile on our daytime !
 Thou art its radiance, and Thine may it be;
 Guard us and keep us at work and in playtime,
 And when we sleep may we waken in Thee.

Bless all our teachers, defend and uphold them,
 Fill them with wisdom, Thy patience impart;
 When they are weary, then shelter and fold them.
 Teacher of teachers, at rest in Thy heart.

Master, beside Thee the strongest and wisest
Are but as children, unknowing and weak,
Greatest and least of us, none Thou despisest,
Hear us and help us, great Lord Whom we seek.

Thou of the world art the Helper and Lover,
Deep are its needs and its longings to-day,
Gleam through the darkness, Thy glory discover.
Lord, Thou hast promised. Come quickly, we pray. Amen.

Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff

425

Epenetus.

P.M.

TELL it out among the people that the Lord is King;
Tell it out, tell it out;
Tell them all His wondrous Love, that they may shout and
sing;
Tell it out, tell it out;
Sing with joy and adoration that He shall increase,
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace;
Chant it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the waterfloods, our King for evermore.
Tell it out among the people that the Lord is King;
Tell it out, tell it out;
Tell them all His wondrous Love, that they may shout and
sing—
Tell it out, tell it out.
Tell it out among the people that our Father reigns;
Tell it out, tell it out;
Send out word among the nations, bid them burst their
chains;
Tell it out, tell it out;

Make it known among the weeping that there's comfort here;
 Cry aloud among the weary men that rest is near;
 Tell the news among the weaklings, that they may be brave;
 Trumpet forth among the dying that we triumph o'er the
 grave;

Tell it out among the people, etc.

Tell it out among the people that Christ reigns above;

Tell it out, tell it out;

Make it clear to every doubter that His reign is Love;

Tell it out, tell it out;

Send the news along the highways and the lanes at home,

Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam;

Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,

Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea.

Tell it out among the people, etc.

Tell it out among the people that the Spirit lives;

Tell it out, tell it out;

Let them know the joyous tidings that His Fire He gives;

Tell it out, tell it out;

Sing the truth in sweetest music that His beacon bright

Guides us ever through the darkness into God's own Light.

Tell it out in ringing anthem, spread it far abroad,

That the Father, Son and Spirit make One glorious Triune

Lord.

Tell it out among the people, etc. Amen.

†Frances R. Havergal.

By permission of James Nisbet & Co., Ltd.

426

Rhineland.

8.6.8.6.8.6.

THE beacon star of mankind's birth

At midnight dimly lours,

But shining eyes watch o'er the earth

Until the joyous hours

When men shall rise
 'Neath sunlit skies
Of Dawn, like Lotus flowers.
And Angel voices echo clear
 Across the ages dim;
And when light failed, some mighty seer
 Caught up the ancient hymn,
 Or prophets came
 On scroll of fame,
The eternal truths to limn.
And now a clarion voice rings out,
 That men should helpers be,
From East to West an answering shout
 Is borne across the sea;
 And o'er all lands
 Stretch golden strands
From hearts in sympathy.
Hope's sacred light shall upward gleam
 With greater hearts to link,
Wherein shall rise a living stream
 Of truth, upon whose brink
 The Lotus grows,
 And where it flows
The parchèd earth shall drink.
O Father, glorious in Thy might,
 O Christ, immortal Son,
O Holy Spirit, Fount of Light,
 Eternal Three in One,
 Thy Name we praise
 Through endless days,
Thou art our Star, our Sun. Amen.

Captain G. Herbert Whyte.

427

St. Theresa.

7.6.T

THE good time is unfolding,
And on the rim of night
Our glad eyes are beholding
The blossoming of light.
The thunder and the terror,
The weary doubts and aches,
The evil and the error
Shall pass as love awakes.

The good time is unfolding,
And on the rim of night
Our glad eyes are beholding
The blossoming of light.

The world for warful ages,
Hath suffered and hath sought,
While prophets, teachers, sages,
And all who loved and wrought
Have told the one great story,
Inspired from above,
How men shall grow to glory
When they have learned to love.
The good time is unfolding, etc.

What martyrs strove and hoped for
In many an age and clime,
What generations groped for,
The sweet and splendid time.
When men no more shall perish
Unhelped, misunderstood,
Shall come, and all earth cherish
Truth, love and brotherhood.
The good time is unfolding, etc.

For sure as from the seed-time
The honest harvest grows,
The dream-time brings the deed-time,
The cornfield and the rose.
Right from the sun's beginning
All things, below, above,
Have wrought, and now are winning
The world to light and love.

The good time is unfolding, etc. Amen.

Anon.

428

St. Agnes (Langran).

10s.

THE King is perfect; lift your eyes to Him.

The King is strong, who well has won His strength
From labouring in the desert drear and dim,
To make it blossom like the rose at length.

Your life, O Knight, is but a sorry dream,

Your vows are weak, your love is pale and poor,
Until His chrism on your head shall stream,
And your heart open wide its temple door.

Stooping to pluck earth's ever-withering flowers,

Do you forget your knightly sword and shield—
The slaying of the dragon of fell powers—
The watch and ward above the battle-field?

The King is still the Warrior and the Guide,

Who never stays to seek for ease or rest;
Tread the dark valley—He is by your side;
Never will He desert you on the quest.

Climb the steep mountain He has climbed before;

There, where the cloud-veiled Temple stands, He waits,
Watchful and faithful, ready to restore
All the spent strength you gave to reach the gates.

Follow the King; the way is sometimes rough,
 Yet lit by joys that pay for every pain.
 Is not the Holy Grail reward enough,
 And the white mantle, pure from every stain?

Follow the King; all honour, glory, praise
 Be unto Him Who leads us on the way;
 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost we raise
 Our hymns of worship through the endless day. Amen.

Augusta White.

429

Dominus regit me.

8.7.8.7.

THE King of Love my Shepherd is,
 Whose goodness faileth never;
 I nothing lack if I am His,
 And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
 My happy soul He leadeth,
 And where the verdant pastures grow
 With food celestial feedeth.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
 With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
 Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
 Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a Table in my sight;
 Thy Unction grace bestoweth;
 And O what transport of delight
 From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
 Thy goodness faileth never;
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
 Within Thy house for ever. Amen.

Sir H. W. Baker.

430

Corpus Christi or St. Alphege.

7.6.7.6.

THE light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day.

So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er life as free,
And fill all human spirits
As waters fill the sea.

Our thought can shed a glory
On every work well done;
For even things most lowly
Are radiant in the sun.

Then let each waiting spirit
Enjoy the vision bright,
And spread the truth of heaven
Wide as the heaven's own light;

Till earth becomes a temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part;

And God shall be our Master,
And all His service own,
And men shall stand as brothers,
Before the Great White Throne.

Almighty, heavenly Father,
O co-eternal Son,

Life-giving Holy Spirit,

We hail Thee, Three in One. Amen.

John Gostick.

431

Melcombe.

L.M.

THE Name of God my heart adores,
The Almighty Three, the Eternal One;
Up towards Thy Face my spirit soars
As blossoms turn towards the sun.

Thy voice produced the sea and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine;
But what of Thee Thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of Thine?

Still restless nature dies and grows,
From change to change Thy creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all Thy vast designs are one.

A glance of Thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Of light Thou form'st Thy dazzling robe,
Thy ministers are living flame.

And how shall we who mortals are,
Attain unto Thy heavenly place?
Beneath Thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of Thy Face.

Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but Thy Wisdom knows Thy might,
None but Thy Word can speak Thy Name.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel Host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

†Dr. Isaac Watts.

432

Castle Rising.

D.C.M.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
There is a day that cannot wane,
An ever fadeless light;
It shines within the heart of those
Who win the inner sight.

O'er the dull ocean broods the night,
And all the strand is dark,
Save where a line of broken foam
Lies at low-water mark;
There is a world of deep delight
Where darkness is unknown,
Where tideless seas of soft clear light
With gleaming stars are strown.

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
There is a robe that none can stain,
A body ever pure,
Where naught of ill can find a home,
From passion's storms secure.

That radiant world is with us now,
That robe we all possess;
That higher light shines on our brow
In all its nobleness.

Let Christ our Lord within us reign-
Our own true Life to be,
Nor self nor sin can touch or stain
That inmost purity. Amen.

Based on Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

433

Christiania.

D.C.M.

THE story comes from long ago
Of weird and solemn stream,
Where lies forgotten all we know,
And life seems but a dream.
Not all forgotten, not all void,
The chain that links the past,
Now only hidden, not destroyed,
Still binds us sure and fast.

Our many lives in days of old,
Our many lives in store,
Are joined as by some thread of gold,
Till death shall come no more.
Death is the meeting of the ways,
Where past to future yields;
The garnered thoughts of former days
We bear to other fields.

From life to life we passing seem
To vanish 'neath the tide,
Like footprints hidden by a stream
But seen on either side.
Then may each life ring true and clear,
And yield its harvest rare
To that bright Self, forever dear,
Whose wondrous life we share.

Great Lord of life, Thy Name we praise
For this sagacious plan
Of deaths and births, like nights and days,
That Thou hast given to man,

That he may, with Thy Angel host
Rejoicing do Thy Will,
And learn, with them, to love Thee most,
Whose Love the world doth fill.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee
While endless ages run.
Great Three in One, and One in Three,
We worship and adore,
O help us all Thy Face to see
And love Thee more and more. Amen.

D. Spence Whyte (vv. 4, 5 added).

434

Palestine.

D.O.M.

THE world has much of beautiful,
If man would only see;
A glory in the beaming stars,
The lowest budding tree;
A splendour from the farthest east
Unto the farthest west;
Aye, everything is beautiful,
And we are greatly blest!

There is a host of Angels who
With every moment throng,
If we could only list awhile
The cadence of their song;
They speak in every sunny glance
That flashes on the stream,
In every holy thrill of ours
And every lofty dream.

The world is good and beautiful,
We all may know it well,
For there are many thousand tongues
That every day can tell
What love has cheered them on their way,
Like an o'ershadowing dove;
It only needs a goodly heart
To know that all is love.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.
Great Three in One, and One in Three
We worship and adore,
O help us all Thy Face to see
And love Thee more and more. Amen.

Author uncertain, ascribed to Anne Warner.

435

St. Finbar or Stella.

8s. (six lines).

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower;
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy splendour and renown;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with strong desire.

I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, Holy Three in One
Whose rays have calmed my doubting mind;
I thank Thee, Lord, Whose quickening Voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the arduous race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
My inmost heart, O Lord of Might,
Transfigure with Thy Heavenly Light.

Thy justice will I praise, Great Three!
This happy lesson I have learned—
Or good or ill, what comes to me
Is just the fate that I have earned.
I know, when earth has passed away,
Thee shall I love in endless day. Amen.

†Angelus Silesius (A.D. 1624), tr. by J. Wesley (v. added).

436

Speculum.

Irregular.

THERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true—
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honour will honour meet,
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn;
You will gather, in flowers, again
The scattered seeds from your thought outborne
Though the sowing seemed but in vain.

For Life is the mirror of king and slave;
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you. Amen.

From the Lotus Songs.

437

St. Flavian.

C.M.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

'Tis Christ who lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill;
The Saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Chanting angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic Heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

†Rev. John Keble.

438

Refuge.

7.6.T.

THERE is a grand old doctrine,
Joyous and full of hope;
We by its power are strengthened,
Able with sin to cope.

If we had one life only
Little could we achieve;
Knowledge that we have many
Brings us a glad reprieve.
Glorious the song of progress
Through all the worlds it rings:
Blessed the opportunity
Reincarnation brings.

Many the faults to conquer,
Feeble as yet our will;
Well might the task seem hopeless
But for the fact that still
Life after life before us
Opens its vista grand,
Offering repeated chances,
Teaching us how to stand.
Splendid the opportunity
Reincarnation brings;
Glorious the song of progress
Through all the worlds it rings.

Heartrending are the sufferings
Seen as we look around;
Grave are the inequalities
Which in the world abound.
If life were just beginning,
If this one birth were all,
None could believe that justice
Reigneth supreme o'er all.
Lucid the explanation
Reincarnation brings;
Love is the note of progress
Through all the worlds it rings.

Sometimes in quiet moments
Strange thoughts within us rise
Quaint half-forgotten memories
Born beneath distant skies.
Part of ourselves we know them,
Yet not of this our day,
Whence come these vivid pictures,
Dreams which around us play?
Brilliant the explanation
Reincarnation brings;
Love is triumphant ever
Through every age it rings. Amen.

C.W.L.

439

Shiplake.

10s.

THERE is a hidden side to all we see,
Grander, more lustrous, more alive and free;
'Tis only with the inner eye that man
The fuller glories of God's world may scan.
Some beauteous scene we view, and count it fair,
Yet we are blind to half the grandeur there;
For where to our dim eyes seems empty air
God's Angel Hosts are massed in splendour rare.
The organ's swell sheds light as well as sound;
Singing God's praise, we all are wrapped around
With colour bright as rainbow-arch above,
The blue of worship and the rose of love.
If we could open our fast-holden eyes
We should behold from every church arise
Far-circling colour-clouds of praise and prayer,
For humblest worship finds its echo there.

While as the pulsing clouds rise high and higher,
 Adown their track sweeps forth the heavenly fire
 In instant answer; may we gain the sight
 To see that radiance round us day and night.

To God the Father endless glory be;
 Eternal praise, O glorious Son, to Thee;
 Homage to Thee, O Holy Ghost, we give
 Great Three in One, in Whom all spirits live. Amen.

Anon.

440

Castle Rising.

C.M.

THERE is an Eye that never sleeps,
 Beneath the wing of night;
 There is an Ear that never shuts,
 When sink the beams of light.

There is an Arm that never tires,
 When human strength gives way;
 There is a Love that never fails,
 When earthly loves decay.

That Eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
 That Arm upholds the sky;
 That Ear is filled with Angel songs;
 That Love is throned on high.

But there's a power which man can wield,
 When mortal aid is vain,
 That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,
 That listening Ear to gain.

Our human love may soar on high
 To Christ upon the throne;
 So wondrous is the graciousness
 Our Lord to man hath shown.

Great Prince of the angelic host,
The Church's Head; to Thee,
With Father and with Holy Ghost
All praise and glory be. Amen.

J. C. Wallace.

441

Nikê.

8.7.T.

THERE is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And we might have many a happy day
If we had but the wit to make it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beauteous love ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevailleth.
So march we on in happiness
To the splendid goal before us,
For life is a grand and a glorious thing
If the flag of love wave o'er us.

Hope still, though the clouds are hanging low;
Still keep your glad eyes lifted;
The sweet sunny sky will be peeping through
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night but had a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
The darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.
So march we, etc.

'Tis better to weave in the web of life
The most beautiful golden filling,
To do life's work with a cheerful heart,
And with hands that are swift and willing,

Than to snap the frail and tender threads
Of our curious lives asunder;
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit still and grieve and wonder.
So march we, etc. Amen.

‡Mary A. Kidder.

442

Hesperus.*

8.8.10.6.

THERE is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-souled deeds,
With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these selves of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers,
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the heart of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestic
In life or death since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all—
The Angel-heart of Man.

To God Who made the human heart,
To Christ Whose teachings set it free,
To Him Who as Inspirer bore His part,
All praise and honour be. Amen.

James Russell Lowell.

*See Lotus Songs, No. 3.

443

Stella.

Irregular.

THERE lies in the centre of each man's heart

A longing and love for the good and pure;

And if but an atom, or larger part,

I tell you this shall endure—endure—

After the body has gone to decay—

Yea, after the world has passed away.

The longer I live and the more I see

Of the struggle of souls towards the heights above,

The stronger this truth comes home to me,

That the Universe rests on the shoulders of love;

A love so limitless, deep, and broad,

That men have renamed it and called it—God.

And nothing that ever was born or evolved,

Nothing created by light or force,

But deep in its system there lies dissolved

A shining drop from the Great Love-source;

A shining drop that shall live for aye—

Though kingdoms may perish and stars decay. Amen.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

444

Fleury.

7.6.T.

THERE lives a voice within me,

The angel of my heart,

Whose whisperings try to win me

To act a noble part.

Up evermore it springeth,

Like some sweet melody,

And evermore it singeth
 This blessed truth to me—
 The world is full of beauty,
 The coldest heart to move,
 And if we do our duty
 It will be full of love.

The leaf tongues of the forest,
 The flower lips of the sod,
 The birds that trill their rapture
 In joyful praise to God,
 The summer wind that bringeth
 Joy over land and sea,
 Have each a voice that singeth
 This blessed truth to me—
 The world is full of beauty, etc.

O voice of God most tender,
 So wondrous, so divine,
 Still be my strong defender
 Till every thought is Thine.
 My heart in gladness bringeth
 Its song of praise to Thee,
 While all around me singeth
 This holy truth to me—
 The world is full of beauty, etc. Amen.

†Gerald Massey.

445

Shall we gather

P.M.

THERE'S a bright and shining River
 Where no earthly foot hath trod;
 See its mighty flood for ever
 Flowing forth from the throne of God.

Hail, O never-failing River,
O wonderful, O beautiful River!
Sing the glories of that River;
Its name is the Love of God.

In the mirror of that River
We may see our Father's Face,
High majestic King of Glory,
Grand Creator of our race.
Hail, etc.

'Tis the current of that River
Brings our Master down to birth,
Us from error to deliver
By His sojourn upon earth.
Hail, etc.

In the ripple of that River
See the Holy Spirit's love,
Who, of Sacraments the giver,
Streameth ever from above.
Hail, etc.

Through the flowing of that River
All the worlds have come to be;
'Tis its melody unceasing
That upholds eternity.
Hail, etc.

In the water of that River
All may bathe for evermore,
There's no limit to its bounty,
Ever full from shore to shore.
Hail, etc.

Come, all nations, to that River;
Come, ye people, high and low;
There's enough for countless millions,
Blessings more than we can know.
Hail, etc. Amen.

C.W.L.

446

Auld Lang Syne or Vox Dilecti.

D.C.M.

THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God hath placed it there.
The glory of the Lord flames out
Through earth and sky and sea;
The wise see God in everything,
For there is naught but He.

There's not of grass a single blade
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.
The glory, etc.

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But God has given it birth.
The glory, etc.

There's not a place on earth's vast round
In ocean deep or air,
Where skill and wisdom is not found,
For God is everywhere.
The glory, etc. Amen.

J. C. Wallace. (Refrain added.)

447

Bishop.

L.M.

THESE things shall be! a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire, and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

These things—they are no dreams—shall be
For happier men when we are gone;
Those golden days for them shall dawn,
Transcending all we gaze upon. Amen.

†J. A. Symonds.

448

St. Anthony.

8.7.8.7.

THIS world is bright and fair, we know.
Its skies are arched in glory;
The stars shine clear, the sweet flowers blow
And tell their wondrous story.

But softer than the summer air,
 And sweeter than the roses,
 That world of stars and flowers so fair,
 Whose gates Love's touch uncloses.

That world where souls in beauty shine,
 And, fragrant as the flowers,
 Justice and Charity entwine
 To build its summer bowers.

O Love Divine ! with us abide,
 The inner eyes unsealing.
 Our darkness turn Thou to noontide,
 That spirit-world revealing.

O Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 With fragrant censers swinging
 Thy people, with the Angel Host,
 Thy praise are ever singing. Amen.

Anon.

449

Verulam or Yorkshire.

10s. (six lines).

THOSE happy souls, returning to the Light,
 In exultation mount the shining way;
 Who sought their Master 'midst earth's fevered night,
 Now love, now serve, through calm, unbroken day;
 With strength untiring, clearer vision, blest,
 Love brings no sorrow, labour asks no rest.

O Christ, immortal Life, unclouded Sun,
 From mortal shadows Thou dost set them free,
 Accomplishing Thy work in them begun,
 Drawing them nearer—ever nearer—Thee;
 Till, in the stillness of Thy holy place,
 They gaze upon the wonder of Thy Face.

They are at peace—for they have overcome;
Earth's darkest terrors leave them undismayed;
The storms of life for them are fallen dumb.
Now, out of weakness more than conquerors made,
Now (to its end the Path of Victory trod)
They rise, they live, for ever one with God.

New-born, where bright the Star of Welcome gleams,
From death-in-life to Life that knows no death,
They waken now from dark and empty dreams,
They breathe eternal morning's radiant breath;
And in that Life, their Father's and their own,
Know, as from endless ages they are known. Amen.

Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff.

450

St. Francis.

C.M.

THOU art gone up, O Lord, on high
And reignest on Thy throne;
And yet Thy help is just as nigh
To those who are thine own.

For though we cannot see Thy power
As when Thou wert on earth,
Thy love has kept us every hour
Up from our very birth.

And still Thy righteous eyes behold
Each action good or ill;
And us, the weak ones of Thy fold,
Thou gently ledest still.

And still Thy gracious word is true—
O bear it well in mind,
Ask and it shall be given to you,
And seek, and ye shall find.

Surely Thy wisdom and Thy love
Will lead us all our days,
Till in the nobler life above
Radiant we sing Thy praise.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
By men on earth be honour done
And by the heavenly host. Amen.

Dr. J. M. Neale.

451

Faith or Melita.

8s. (six lines).

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee;
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

When night with wings of starry gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath Thy kindling eye;
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

Therefore to Thee, great King above,
In Godhead One, in Persons Three,
The Source of light and life and love,
Homage we pay on bended knee;
For everywhere Thy glories shine
And all infinity is Thine. Amen.

Thomas Moore.

452

St. James.

C.M.

THOU art the Way; by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth; Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering Arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Great Prince of the angelic host,
 The Church's Head; to Thee,
 With Father and with Holy Ghost
 All praise and glory be. Amen.

Bp. G. W. Doane.

453

Belmont.

C.M.

THOU, LORD, art Love—and everywhere
 Thy name is brightly shown,
 Beneath, on earth Thy footstool fair,
 Above, in heaven Thy throne.

Thy word is Love—in lines of gold
 Thy kindness prints its trace;
 In Nature we Thy steps behold
 Thy Church doth show Thy face.

Thy ways are Love—though they transcend
 Our feeble range of sight,
 They wind through darkness to their end
 In everlasting light.

Thy thoughts are Love—our Master is
 The living voice they find;
 His love lights up the vast abyss
 Of the Eternal Mind.

Thy Sacraments are Love—more deep
 They stamp the seal divine;
 And by their strengthening sweetness keep
 Our spirits nearer Thine.

Thy heaven is the abode of Love—
 O blessèd Lord, that we
 May there, when time's dim shades remove,
 Be gathered home to Thee;

There with Thy resting saints to fall
Adoring round Thy throne;
Where all shall love Thee, Lord, and all
Shall in Thy love be one.

O holy Father, Spirit, Son,
Eternal Fount of Love,
All praise to Thee, the Three in One,
Here as in heaven above. Amen.

†Rev. J. D. Burns.

454

Alstone.

L.M.

THOU One in all, Thou all in One,
Source of the grace that crowns our days,
For all Thy gifts 'neath cloud or sun,
We lift to Thee our grateful praise.

We bless Thee for the life that flows
A pulse in every grain of sand,
A beauty in the blushing rose,
A thought and deed in brain and hand.

For life with all its pain and joy,
For all that makes our lives divine,
For duties that our hands employ—
Thank-offerings bring we to Thy shrine.

Be ours in beauteous lives to own
The truth that sets Thy children free,
The law that binds us to Thy throne,
The love that makes us one with Thee.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel Host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

Anon.

455

Moscow.

6 6.4.6 6 6.4.

THOU, Whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, our Strength and Stay,
And where the gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Thou, Who didst come to bring
On Thy resplendent wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O ! now to all mankind
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

Holy and Blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light. Amen.

456

The Battle Hymn.

P. M.

THOUGH the cause of evil prosper,
Yet the truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now,
We see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall Angels,
To enshield her from all wrong;
The truth goes marching on !
Truth is great, and it prevaieth;
Love Divine, it never faileth;
Naught against them e'er availeth,
So truth goes marching on.

Truth so often on the scaffold,
Wrong so often on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own;
The truth goes marching on !
Truth is great, etc.

Unto every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife with truth and falsehood
For the good or evil side;
When it comes stand firm and steady,
And be truth your only guide;
The truth goes marching on !
Truth is great, etc.

Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Calls us in its glowing youth;
New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth,
For truth goes marching on!
Truth is great, etc.

Shout we then a ringing greeting
To the lands beyond the sea,
Till the people of all nations
Shall be through the truth made free,
And shall join the swelling chorus
In our song of jubilee;
The truth goes marching on!
Truth is great, etc. Amen.

Based on James Russell Lowell.

457

Portal.

Irregular.

THREE doors there are to the Temple--

To know, to work, to pray;
And they who wait at the outer gate
May enter by either way.

O Father, give each his answer,
Each in his kindred way;
Adapt Thy light to his form of night,
And grant him his needed day.

O give to the yearning spirits
Who only Thy rest desire,
The power to bask in the peace they ask
And feel the warmth of Thy fire.

Give to the soul that seeketh
'Mid cloud and doubt and storm,
The wisdom sure that shall aye endure
And for him all life transform.

There be who nor pray nor study,
But yet can work right well;
Lord, give them to do such service true
As will bring them with Thee to dwell.

And give to the hearts o'erweighted
With the strain of earthly care
The certain cure of the knowledge sure
That their burden Thou dost share.

For dividing walls shall be broken
And the light expand its ray
When the burdened of brain and the soother of pain
Shall be ranked with the men who pray.

Three doors there are to the Temple—
Devotion and work and thought;
All lead to the Feet of the Triune God,
Whose Love hath this wonder wrought.

All glory and praise to the Father,
All glory and praise to the Son,
All glory and praise to the Holy Ghost,
The Three Who forever are One. Amen.

Based on Rev. G. Matheson

458

St. Peter.

G.M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The Hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
And praise in universal song
The crownèd Lord of all.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Tate and Brady.

459

St. Oswald.

8.7.8.7.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

Clear before us through the darkness,
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His loving people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread.

One the object of our journey,
One the faith that never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun.

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with our Masters' aid;
We shall conquer in the battle
If on Them our hope is laid.

Soon shall come our mighty Teacher,
Lord of Wisdom and of Love;
March we steadfastly to meet Him,
Fix our gaze on things above. Amen.

†B. S. Ingemann (A.D. 1789), tr. by Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

460

Missionary.

7.6.D.

THY Hand, O God, has guided
Thy flock, from age to age;
The wondrous tale is written,
Full clear, on every page;

Our fathers owned Thy goodness,
And we their deeds record;
And both of this bear witness,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

Thy heralds brought glad tidings
To greatest, as to least;
They bade men rise, and hasten
To share the great King's feast;
And this was all their teaching,
In every deed and word,
To all alike proclaiming
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

When shadows thick were falling,
And all seemed sunk in night,
Thou, Lord, didst send Thy servants,
Thy chosen sons of light.
On them and on Thy people
Thy plenteous grace was poured,
And this was still their message,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

Through many a day of darkness,
Through many a scene of strife,
The faithful few fought bravely,
To guard the nation's life.
Their gospel of redemption,
Sin pardoned, man restored,
Was all in this enfolded,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

And we, shall we be faithless?
Shall hearts fail, hands hang down?
Shall we evade the conflict,
And cast away our crown?

Not so; in God's deep counsels
Some better thing is stored;
We will maintain, unflinching,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

Thy mercy will not fail us,
Nor leave Thy work undone;
With Thy right Hand to help us,
The victory shall be won;
And then, by men and Angels,
Thy Name shall be adored,
And this shall be their anthem,
"One Church, one Faith, one Lord." Amen.

Dean E. H. Plumptre.

461

Ewing.

7.6.D.

THY love for all Thy creatures
What tongue, O God, may tell?
The morning, noon, and evening,
Alike our praise compel;
The morning, noon, and evening,
Whene'er they rise or fall,
Unite to hymn Thy praises,
Great Maker of them all.

Behold, the sun in splendour
Hath lit his fires on high,
The farther on his journey,
The higher in the sky;
And when again he sinketh
Beneath the western wave,
A radiant crown of glory,
Shall kindle o'er his grave.

May we to whom our Master
A brighter light has given,
The farther on our journey,
The nearer be to heaven;
And when the shades of evening
Shall lengthen o'er our heads,
May rays of heavenly glory
Illume our dying beds.

Shine, shine, Thou Sun eternal,
And cast a ray divine;
On those who hymn Thy praises,
Both now and ever shine;
For then no cloud of evening
Shall gather round the past,
But Thou, O Christ, shalt light us
Safe home, safe home at last.

O Father ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice Holy Three in One—
Great God of every nation
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore. Amen.

Rev. G. Thring.

462

Lux vera.

P.M.

TRUE Light, that lightest all in heaven and earth.
Light us, Thou Light Divine;
Children Thou madest us by a second birth.
Children, O Lord, of Thine;

Heirs of a life undying,
The hidden life above,
Strong on Thy strength relying,
Safe in a Father's love.

The earth, erewhile so oft bedewed with tears,
Shall be, like man, new-born;
The heavens—unrolled through unimagined years—
Be bright with endless morn;
No room is there for sorrow,
Toil, trouble, want, or care,
None anxious for the morrow,
There is no morrow there.

Light there, eternal light and life shall reign
O'er all without, within;
No stricken soul e'er bow beneath the pain
Of unforgotten sin;
The day shall have no ending,
No night its shadows cast,
All present gladness blending
With gladness in the past.

We darkly now, as in a mirror, see
These wondrous worlds on high;
Help us, O Lord, to live our life in Thee,
The Life that cannot die;
Till heavenward ever soaring,
By Thy sustaining grace,
Before Thy throne adoring
We see Thee face to face. Amen.

Rev. G. Thring.

463

St. Flavian.

C.M.

UNHEARD the dew's around us fall
And heavenly influence shed;
And silent on this earthly ball
Celestial footsteps tread.

Night moves in silence round the pole,
The stars sing on unheard,
Their music pierces to the soul,
Yet borrows not a word.

Noiseless the morning flings its gold,
Still is the evening's place,
And silently the earth is rolled
Amidst the vast of space.

In quietude God's Spirit grows
In man from hour to hour;
In calm eternal onwards flows
His all-inspiring power.

Lord, grant us power to hear at length
Thy deep and silent voice;
To work in stillness, wait in strength,
With calmness to rejoice.

So, strong in calm, our thoughts and speech
And acts Thy peace shall own;
So shall we to Thy Presence reach,
And know as we are known.

On Father, Son and Holy Ghost
Our Triune God, we call,
Commander of the Angel Host
Forever Lord of all. Amen.

†George W. Briggs. (Verse added.)

464

St. Agnes.

C.M.

WALK in the Light; so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the Light, and sin, abhorred,
Shall ne'er defile again;
Our love for Christ our holy Lord
Shall strengthen us amain.

Walk in the Light; and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined
In Whom no darkness is.

Walk in the Light; and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the Light; for then the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

Walk in the Light, and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God in love shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light. Amen.

†B. Barton.

465

Belmont.

C.M.

WE ask not, Father, the repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have, through all life's woes,
Thy Peace within our breast;

That Peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee;

That Peace which, through the billows' moan
And angry tempests' roar,
Sends forth its calm, sweet undertone
Of joy for evermore;

That Peace which dwells in depths of love,
In souls from self set free,
With truth and light sent from above,
To bless humanity;

That Peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

O praise the Father, praise the Son,
And Him Whose gifts are seven,
The Holy Ghost, through Whom alone
Our hearts are raised to Heaven. Amen.

Anon.

466

Salutas.

Irregular.

WE bow at the feet of the Master,
We stand to obey His call,
We live but to practise His teachings
To offer our service, our all.
But the clamour of earth is insistent,
Its confusion, its hurry and din,
So ceaseless and keen be our vigil,
That we lose no hint from within.

Waiting the word of the Master,
Watching the Hidden Light;
Listening to catch His orders
In the very midst of the fight;
Seeing His slightest signal
Across the heads of the throng;
Hearing His faintest whisper
Above earth's loudest song.

What then is the word of the Master,
And what will He have us to do?
Perchance He hath watchword or motto—
A war-cry to carry us through.
Yes, this is the word of the Master,
The mandate that comes from above,
The command from the royal headquarters—
The paramount order is "Love." Amen.

Six lines anon.; the rest C.W.L.

467

Christiania.

D.C.M.

WE limit not the truth of God
To our small reach of mind,
By notions of one age and sect,
Crude, partial and confined;

A wider, grander hope than that
Within our hearts is stirred;
His Church finds ever-growing truth
In Christ's most holy word.

We dare not bind by our dull sense
The oracles of heaven,
For all the nations, tongues and climes,
And all the ages given.
His universe, how little known!
An ocean unexplored;
His Church finds ever-growing truth
In Christ's most holy word.

Darkling our great forefathers took
The first steps of the way;
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
Into the perfect day.
And grow it will; our Lord and Sun
Will fervid rays afford;
His Church finds ever-growing truth
In Christ's most holy word.

The foot-hills past, ascending still,
Lord, we would higher climb,
And look back with a wider love
On all that bygone time.
Upward we press towards vision clear,
Our Master's call is heard;
His Church finds ever-growing truth
In Christ's most holy word.

O Father, Son and Spirit, shower
Thine increase from above;
Strengthen, expand Thy servants' hearts
To comprehend Thy love.

And help us as we grow to know
Through nobler powers conferred,
His Church finds ever-growing truth
In Christ's most holy word. Amen.

C.W.L., based on G. Rawson.

468

Shall we gather.

Irregular.

WE must work and strive together,
Working, striving for the right;
We must fight against the evil
Till we conquer by our might.
Be strong to do, be strong to dare,
In faith and hope be strong !
United thus in bonds of love,
We'll help the world along.

In defence of truth and justice,
Like a bulwark we must stand;
And the soul that's full of courage
Will give courage to the hand.
Be strong to do, etc.

We must work and not be weary,
Though we conquer not to-day;
For the rescue of our brothers
We must plan and work alway.
Be strong to do, etc.

Hark ! the crystal streams and fountains
Swell the chorus of our song,
And they seem to be rejoicing
As they help mankind along.
Be strong to do, etc. Amen.

†Anon.

469

Karma.

8.8.8.6.

WE shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming days are made,
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colours all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Dante's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's Angel throng
Has vanished from his side?

O no ! we live our life again;
Or warmly touched or coldly dim,
The pictures of the past remain;
Man's works shall follow him.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
From men and from the Angel Host
Be glory evermore. Amen.

†J. G. Whittier.

470

St. Alphege or Corpus Christi.

7.6.7.6.

WE thank Thee for the guerdon
Which Thou hast given to man,
The higher life around us
Which all may share who can.

The light which hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolable, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.

For fury, greed and scandal
Oft threaten peace below;
But strifeless peace and ageless
That higher life doth know.

For none can e'er be jealous
And none will e'er contend;
Fraud, clamour, pride, unkindness
And selfishness shall end.

That peace—but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way.
Who keep the ranks of battle,
And mean the thing they say.

O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distressed !

I know not, O I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

Strive, man, to win that glory,
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it
Till hope be lost in sight.

Almighty, heavenly Father,
O co-eternal Son,
Life-giving Holy Spirit,
We hail Thee, Three in One. Amen.

‡Bernard de Morlaix (A.D. 1122), tr. by Dr. J. M. Neale.

471

Alstone.

L.M.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea;
For all their beauty, all their worth.
Their light and glory, come from Thee;

From Thee the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
 On all the gifts Thy love has given,
 Help us in Thee to live and die,
 By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.
 To Thee, O Nature's Lord, to Thee
 All praise for evermore ascend,
 The Three in One, the One in Three
 In Whom is life that hath no end. Amen.

Bp. G. E. Cotton.

472

Salem.*

Irregular.

WE will make the highway level,
 All the flinty edges bevel
 For the aged feet and weary,
 That they stumble not, nor stray.
 In our work of love we revel,
 As we make the highway level,
 For the feet of little children
 Who will take the joyous way.
 And all along the highway plant the asphodel of Patience;
 She will yield her fragrance whatsoever wind may stir;
 Plant the asphodel of Patience, and Purity the snowdrop,
 Humility the violet, and gentle lavender.

Stars of Faith and Hope shall quicken
 In the wounded heart and stricken;
 Stars of Bethlehem and Michael
 Shall illumine the shadowed space;
 For, wherever sorrows thicken,
 Stars of Faith and Hope shall quicken,
 And ever by the road we find
 The tender herb of Grace!

*See form in St. Alban Hymnal (Supplementary Tunes).

And all about the wayside grass, for Glory and for Worship,
 Alleluia flowers we plant for Joy and Melody;
 Daisies for their Innocence; the pansy, Heart's Contentment;
 The rose, with glowing heart aflame, for perfect Charity.

In the joy of consecration,
 In perpetual adoration,
 We will beautify the highway,
 Bringing gifts of heart and mind;
 We will offer self-negation,
 In the strength of consecration,
 With passion-flowers of suffering
 And hearts of Love, entwined.

For He Who hallowed while on earth the lily-of-the-valley,
 Christ the Master, He for Whom our longing spirits yearn,
 He Himself will meet us, on the path of our preparing.

Dawns the day that heralds in the hour of His return !
 Amen.

Maud M. Burnell.

473

Comrades.

8.6.7.6.

WE'RE all in one boat together,
 On, brothers ! brothers, on !
 Come fair or come foul weather,
 We must push on, push on !

We're all in one boat together,
 Together, brothers, row;
 Come fair or come foul weather,
 We shall fare better so.

We're all in one boat together,
 The voyage is long, is long,
 Come fair or come foul weather,
 The stream is strong, is strong.

We're all in one boat together,
Let each for his brother strive;
Then come the foulest weather,
All, all are sure to thrive.

We're all in one boat together,
Divided we are undone;
Come fair or come foul weather,
United, the goal is won. Amen.

Anon.

474

Evangelium (Farmer).

10.8.8.7.9.7.9.7.

WE'VE a story to tell to the nations
That shall turn their hearts to the Right—
A story of truth and sweetness
A story of peace and light;
We've a song to be sung to the nations
That shall lift their hearts to the Lord—
A song that shall conquer evil
And shatter the spear and sword;
For the darkness shall turn to dawning
And the dawning to noonday bright,
And Christ's great Kingdom shall come on earth,
The Kingdom of Love and Light.

We've a message to give to the nations
That the Lord who reigneth above
Will come down to earth to help us,
And show us that God is Love;

For the Teacher shall come to the nations
 Who the Eightfold Path has trod,
 That all of the world's great peoples
 May come to the Truth of God;
 For the darkness, etc. Amen.

†H. Ernest Nichol.

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 Mr. Nichol's original tune to this hymn will be found at No. 116
 of The Sunday School Hymnary.

475

Salem.*

P.M.

WHEN mothers of Salem brought children to our Master
 The stern disciples drove them back, and bade them depart;
 Our Master saw them ere they fled,
 And sweetly smiled and kindly said:

“Suffer the children to come unto Me.”

“For I will receive them, and fold them to My bosom,
 I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs; O drive them not away.

For if their hearts to Me they give

They shall with Me in glory live;

Suffer the children to come unto Me.”

How kind was our Master to bid those children welcome!

But there are many thousands who have never heard of Him;

Dear Master, shed Thy glorious Ray,

That they may hear Thee to them say:

“Suffer the children to come unto Me.”

And soon may Thy people, of every tribe and nation,

Unclose their minds and hearts towards Thee, that they may
 understand—

How wondrous is the God of Love,

How Thou art ever from above

Willing Thy children to come unto Thee. Amen.

†W. M. Hutchings.

*See Sunday School Hymnary, No. 22.

476

Armageddon.

G. S. T.

WHEN o'er earth is breaking rosy light and fair,
Morn afar proclaimeth sweetly—God is there.
See the morning sunbeams lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming God is ever good.

Naught could ever harm us if we understood,
God is ever present, God is ever good.

When the spring is wreathing flowers rich and rare,
On each leaf is written, nature's God is there.
See the shining dewdrops on the flowers strewed,
Showing as they sparkle God is ever good.
Naught, etc.

When the storm is howling through the midnight air,
Fearfully its thunder tells us God is there.
Hear the mountain streamlet in its solitude,
With its ripple saying, God is ever good.
Naught, etc.

In the leafy tree-tops where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing, God is ever good.
Let our life be ever filled with gratitude;
All things join to tell us God is ever good.
Naught, etc. Amen.

Anon.

477

Nearer Home or Leominster.

D. S. M.

WHEN skies are clouding dark
And strife is sterner grown,
Around us swells the trump that tells
We do not fight alone.

The standard bearers fall;
Spent and outnumbered we;
Yet unseen legions onward call
To more than victory.

When craven hands hang down
And quake the feeble knees,
God's eager host, in Him who boast
Know no such fears as these.
Till Thy salvation fails,
Till Thy right arm decays,
Thou art our might, our song, our right,
Our glory and our praise.

What though the young men faint,
The youths fall utterly;
On eagle wing we'll mount to sing
Their strength who wait on Thee.
That strength by Thee renewed,
We shall nor faint nor fall
Till glory roll from pole to pole
And God be All in all.

Our trust is all in Thee
And never shall it fail;
Were all the world in ruin hurled
Still would Thy might prevail.
Be God the Father blest,
And the co-equal Word,
And Holy Ghost, by Angel host
Triumphantly adored. Amen.

†C.H.B. (v. added).

A fine original tune has been written to this hymn by Mr. George Sampson, Cathedral Close, Brisbane, and can be obtained from him.

478

Flame.

P.M.

WHEN the Lords of Flame in splendour came
To train our youthful earth,
And man, like a flower 'neath the sunbeam's power,
Rose up in his glorious birth,
The dark grew bright and the night grew light
When that era of growth began,
And a joyous thrill ran through vale and hill
In sympathy with man.

Hour after hour, like an opening flower,
Shall truth after truth expand.

The sun may pale, and the stars may fail,
But the Law of God shall stand.

While the stars rang out with a tuneful shout
To the mountains and the sea,
And the world's great heart, with a quickened start,
Beat time to their melody—
Like a seed in the ground grew a thought profound
As that dawn of Mind began,
And the Soul was taught through that primal thought
Of the latent God in man.

Hour after hour, etc.

Through the ages dim has that holy hymn
Come down to our listening ears,
And still shall it float with a sweeter note
Through the vista of coming years;
And a voice made known from the viewless throne,
"As it has been, it shall be,"
On, on from the past, still on to the last,
Like a river that seeks the sea.

Hour after hour, etc. Amen.

Adapted by C.W.L.

479

Pilgrims.

11.10.11.10.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean
And billows fierce contend with angry roar,
We know, far down beneath the wild commotion
That perfect stillness reigneth evermore.
Peace of the Father, peace of the Son,
Peace of the Holy Ghost, Who with Them both is One.

Far, far beneath the noise of tempests dieth,
Currents unseen glide ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce so'er it flieth,
Disturbs the calmness of that deeper sea.
Peace, etc.

So in the heart that in Thy Love rejoices
There is a temple, holy evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its sacred door.
Peace, etc.

Far, far away the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise gently, peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce so'er it flieth,
Disturbs the heart that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.
Peace, etc.

O God of Peace, Whose Name all passion quelleth
Fountain of Love, Thou Sea without a shore,
Within the secret of Thy Presence dwelleth
Fullness of joy, both now and evermore.
Peace, etc. Amen.

†Harriet Beecher Stowe.

480

Lumen Verum or Trentham.

S.M.

WHERE is thy God, O man?
Is He within thy heart,
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?
Where is thy God, O man?
Only in stars and sun?
Or have all holy words of truth
His Light in every one?
Where is thy God, O man?
Confined to scripture's page?
Or does His Spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age?

O Ruler of the sky,
Rule Thou within my heart;
O great Adorner of the world,
Thy Light of Life impart.
Giver of holy words
Bestow Thy wondrous power,
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

In Thee I have my help,
As all my fathers had;
And whether joy or sorrow come
Thy service makes me glad.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

†T. T. Lynch.

481

St. Anthony.

C.M.

WHO fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God ! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

And in the maddening maze of things,
When tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed ground my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His justice underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O Christ our Lord, by Whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
In utter trust and peace I lean
My loving heart on Thee ! Amen.

†J. G. Whittier.

482

St. Theresa.

6.5.T.

WHO is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King,
Who will be His helpers, other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?

By Thy love constraining, by Thy power divine,
We are on the Lord's side; Master, we are Thine.

We are faithful soldiers in our Captain's band;
Called to such high duty, steadfast will we stand.
In the service royal let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal, noble, true and bold.
By Thy love, etc.

Not for weight of glory, not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army, raise the warrior-psalm;
With Thy blessing filling each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free.
By Thy love, etc.

Fierce may be the conflict, strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army none can overthrow;
Round His standard ranging, victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging makes the triumph sure.
By Thy love constraining, by Thy power divine,
We are on the Lord's side; Master, always Thine !

Amen.

†Frances G. Havergal.

483

Voluntas.

8.6.8.6.8.4.

WITH a right good will let us do our work,
Though the toil seem hard and long;
Let us stand up bravely and never shirk,
But singing a hearty song;
 With a right good will, with a right good will, a
 right good will !
Let us boldly stand in the storm of life,
With its mingled right and wrong !
We can do our work in the midst of strife,
Still singing a hearty song;
 With a right good will, etc.
We have each our work that none else can do,
In the busy human throng;
Let us find it out with a purpose true,
Still singing a hearty song;
 With a right good will, etc.
There is God on high, in the heaven of light,
He will help us all life long;
We can know no fear if we do the right,
Still singing a hearty song;
 With a right good will, etc. Amen.

H. Ernest Nichol.

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484

Winchester New.

L.M.

WITH noiseless steps Good goes its way;
The earth shakes under Evil's tread,
We hear the uproar, and 'tis said,
The world grows wicked every day.

It is not true. With quiet feet,
In silence, Virtue sows her seeds;
While sin goes shouting out his deeds.
And echoes listen and repeat.

But surely as the old world moves,
And circles round the shining sun,
So surely does God's purpose run,
And all the human race improves.

Despite bold Evil's noise and stir,
Truth's golden harvests ripen fast;
The present far outshines the past;
Men's thoughts are higher than they were.

Who runs may read this truth, I say;
Sin travels in a rumbling car,
While Virtue soars on like a star;
The world grows better every day.

For that great truth to God in praise
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
His Church and His angelic host
Unite their thankful songs to raise. Amen.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox (doxology added).

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485

Madrid or Dix.

7s. (six lines).

WITHOUT haste and without rest,
Bind the motto to thy breast.
Bear it with thee as a spell,
Storm or sunshine, guard it well.
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar the spirit's steady speed,
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might;
Haste not—years may not atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not—life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die,
Something worthy and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Something which shall live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not, rest not—calm in strife,
Steadfast bear the storms of life;
Duty be thy polar guide,
Do the right whate'er betide;
Haste not, rest not—conflicts past,
Peace shall crown thy work at last.

Unto God's great Name we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be,
Now, and through eternity. Amen.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe.

486

Diligence.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours,
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;

Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for when night-time cometh
Earthly work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for this earthly body
Soon can work no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth
Into the golden west,
Then it has done its duty;
Let the body rest.

Work, for the night is coming;
Brave men are wanted here,
Men who will toil and faint not,
Strive and persevere,
Sure if they use each talent
God will increase their store,
Sure that determined effort
Strengthens them more and more.

Work when the night hath fallen,
Work on the astral plane;
Work while the sweet sleep healeth
Wearied hand and brain.

Work like our glorious Master,
 Following the path He trod;
 Work through the endless ages,
 Work is the Law of God. Amen.

‡Anna L. Coghill (v. 4 added).

487

Robur.

8.5.8.5.D.

WOULD you like to be a hero
 After God's own heart?
 Would you like in life's great drama
 Well to play your part?
 Take these words then as a motto,
 And a guiding light—
 "Whatso'er thy hand be doing,
 Do it with thy might!"

Be not one of those who linger
 Over tasks undone;
 Only in the fire of action
 Victory can be won.
 As the smith upon the anvil
 Shapes his work aright,
 "Whatso'er thy hand be doing,
 Do it with thy might!"

So whatever comes before you,
 Whether work or play,
 When you set about some study,
 Whether grave or gay—
 Put your heart in every duty,
 Be it great or slight;
 "Whatso'er thy hand be doing,
 Do it with thy might!" Amen.

H. Ernest Nichol.

488

Nottingham.

7c.

WOULD you live the life of Love?
See that you be pure and bright,
Open to the world above,
Showing forth its glorious light.

Let each thought be true and sweet,
Fit for Him to use at need,
Lay each action at His Feet,
Every kindly word and deed.

Bravely do your earthly part,
Gladly serving great and small,
Keep Him ever in your heart,
Nearest, truest Friend of all.

Follow humbly in the Way
Which His blessed Feet have trod,
Drawing nearer, day by day,
To your brothers, and to God.

Hear the voice of Love Divine;
Never shalt thou part from Me;
I have loved thee, thou art Mine,
Now, and through eternity.

Glory to the Father be;
Equal glory to the Son;
Glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee;
One in Three and Three in One. Amen.

C.V.M.

489

Benson.

P.M.

YOU never can tell when you send a word,
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind, be it cruel or kind,
Just where it may chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm;
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though the harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil.
You may not know, but the tree shall grow,
With shelter for those who toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do,
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier dove.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind. Amen.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

490

Aurelia.

7.6.D.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Christ our Holy Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word;

Through her His Life is flowing
In Sacraments divine;
Through her His Love is glowing,
By Him her splendours shine.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth,
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;

O happy ones and holy !
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee. Amen.

†Rev. S. J. Stone.

491

New York.

7.6.D.

O FATHER sempiternal,
For evermore the same,
Whose mighty Love paternal
In its unchanging flame,
In bonds of blessing golden
Did join the primal twain,
That benediction olden
O Father, grant again !

O Christ, Whose Love for ever,
Strong as eternity
Hath willed that nought should sever
Thy Holy Church from Thee;
O by that great communion,
That none shall e'er divide,
We pray Thee, bless this union,
This bridegroom and this bride !

Spirit of peace and gladness,
Whose holy graces seven
Can make this world of sadness
A borderland of heaven;
O Leader and Defender,
Be theirs to guard and guide,
Now in life's mid-day splendour
On to the eventide.

O Triune Power and Glory
O Undivided Three,
Grant that these twain before Thee
Be ever one in Thee;
One now in ways of duty
Made bright by holy love,
And one in bliss and beauty
Eternally above. Amen.

‡Rev. S. J. Stone.

492

Deerhurst.

8.7.D.

ROUND the Sacred City gather
Moab, Edom, Babylon;
All the warring hosts of error
Joined against her, move as one.
Vain the leaguer ! her foundations
Are upon the holy hills,
And the love of the Eternal
All her stately temple fills.

Get thee, watchman, to the rampart !
Gird thee, warrior, with thy sword !
Be ye strong as ye remember
That amidst you is the Lord;
Like the night mists from the valley
These shall vanish one by one,
Moab's malice, Edom's envy,
And the hate of Babylon.

But be true, ye sons and daughters,
Lest the peril be within;
Be alert, lest while ye slumber,
Stealthy foemen enter in;

Safe the mother and the children,
If their will and love be strong,
While their loyal hearts go singing
Thanks and praise for battle-song.

Church of God, our hearts remember
All the debt to thee we owe,
All the gracious help thou givest
All the powers through thee that flow.
So to thee shall we be steadfast,
Though the world's foundations shake,
Love of thee is love for ever,
Love of thee for Christ's dear sake.

Church of Christ, upon thy banner
Gleams the splendour of His sign;
By His own most gracious promise
Thou art His, and He is thine;
From the heart of the Eternal
Flows thy Sacramental tide;
From the height of Christ's Ascension
Flows the love which is thy guide.

God the Spirit dwells within thee,
His Society Divine,
His the living word thou keepest.
His thy Apostolic line.
Ancient chant and song liturgic,
Creeds that change not to the end,
As His gift we have received them,
As His charge we will defend.

Alleluia, Alleluia,
To the Father, Spirit, Son,
In Whose will the Church at warfare
With the Church at rest is one;

So to Thee we sing in union,
 God in earth and Heaven adored,
 Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Amen.

‡Rev. S. J. Stone.

493

Verulam.

10s (six lines).

THOU, Who at Thy first Eucharist didst pray
 That all Thy Church might be for ever one,
 Grant us at every Eucharist to say
 With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be done,"
 O, may we all one Bread, one Body be,
 Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

For all Thy Church, O Lord, we intercede;
 Make Thou our sad divisions soon to cease;
 Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,
 By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of peace;
 Thus may we all One Bread, one Body be,
 Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

We pray Thee too for wanderers from Thy Fold;
 O bring them back, Good Shepherd of the sheep,
 Back to the Faith which Saints believed of old,
 Back to the Church which still that Faith doth keep;
 Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,
 Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

So, Lord, at length when Sacraments shall cease,
 May we be one with all Thy Church above,
 One with Thy Saints in one unbroken peace,
 One with Thy Saints in one unbounded love;
 More blessed still, in peace and love to be
 One with the Trinity in Unity. Amen.

Colonel W. H. Turton.

494

In Nomine Tuo.

7.4.7.4.

IN Thy Name to think, to feel,
 And dedicate;
 In Thy Name the will to steel,
 And consecrate;
 In Thy Name each hour to plan
 My worth to prove;
 In Thy Name the world to span
 With heart of love;
 In Thy Name with patience true
 To bear all pain;
 In Thy Name when skies are blue
 To smile again;
 Thus my heart on Thine to bind
 Is purity;
 Thus alone each day I find
 Security. Amen.

C. Jinarajadasa.

495

Maryland.

D.L.M.

O GOD of God, O Light of Light,
 Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of Kings;
 To Thee, where Angels know no night,
 The hymn of praise for ever rings;
 To Him Who sits upon the throne,
 Yet reigneth in the hearts of men,
 Laud, honour, might to Him alone,
 Glory and praise; Amen, Amen!
 Nations beheld their coming Lord
 Slowly in type from age to age,
 Grand in the poet's wingèd word,
 Deep in the prophet's sacred page;

Till, through the deep Judæan night,
Rang out the song, "Goodwill to men,"
Hymned by the first-born sons of light,
Re-echoed now, "Goodwill, Amen."

His life of truth, His deeds of love,
Steadfast through good report and ill,
These all are past, and now above
He reigns our King, yet with us still.
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
So sang His Hosts, unheard by men;
Lift up your hearts, for you He waits;
We lift them up; Amen, Amen !

Nations afar in slumber deep,
Isles of the sea where darkness lay,
These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,
And throng with joy the upward way.
They cry with us, "Send forth Thy light,
Teacher of Angels and of men;
Burst evil's bonds, O Lord of might,
Set all men free;" Amen, Amen !

Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to His Name, His love forth tell;
Sing on, heaven's Hosts, His praise prolong;
Sing ye who now on earth do dwell;
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
From Angels praise; and once again
From all His Church's mighty host
Glory and power; Amen, Amen ! Amen.

496

Ruth.

6.5.D.

MOTHER-MAID all-holy, throned upon thy knee,
Evermore the Almighty Child and Lord we see,
While with awe thou gazest on the wondrous face—
Blest among all women, Mary, full of grace.

Sung by countless thousands, since the distant day
When she walked among us her sweet stainless way;
How should we unworthy to her praise draw near;
How uplift the chorus meet for heaven to hear?

Of that perfect childhood, of that youth-time fair,
Scarce a whisper lingers what thou wast, and where;
Flower amid the flowers faith beholds thee go,
Mystic Rose of Sharon, Lily pure as snow.

Angels and Archangels now are round the Maid,
Where the world's Creator on her knees is laid;
Where she worships o'er Him, God and Man in one,
Son of highest heaven, Mary's royal Son.

On the Babe thou smilest, He on thee the while;
But His Father's business calls Him from thy smile;
In the secret archives it is writ above,
Sevenfold swords shall pierce thee, sevenfold wounds of
love.

Now, through rest translated to the realm assigned,
Crowned with grace we greet thee, Crown of human-kind;
Yet, through all the ages, throned upon thy knee,
Mother-Maid, the Almighty Child and Lord we see.

Now to God the Father and to Mary's Son
And the Holy Spirit be all honour done;
Mary, Queen of heaven, take us for thine own;
Lady of the Angels, lead us to His Throne. Amen.

†F. T. Palgrave.

From "In Our Lady's Praise," by permission of Dr. E.
Hermitage Day.

497

Consolation.

11.10.11.10.

HAIL, Mary, hail! the western sky is glowing,
The sun sinks down 'neath yon empurpled hill,
From distant shores the fresh sea-breeze is blowing,
Sweet falls the music of the plashing rill.

Hail, Mary, hail! that solemn stillness breaking,
Sure on the ear a sweeter music fell,
The distant echoes of the valley waking;
Hark! 'tis the summons of the vesper-bell.

Hail, Mary, hail! like words from the departed
Speaks the monition of that saint-bell's toll—
Of blessings slighted to the thankless-hearted,
Of peace and gladness to the earth-wearied soul.

Hail, Mary, hail! the heavens are faintly lighted,
The sun is down, the flickering star-beams shine
Pale through the mist-wreaths, while on eyes benighted
Streams a mild radiance from the tapered shrine.

Hail, Mary, hail! the bell hath ceased its ringing,
The wearied labourer sinks to early rest.
But hark! within the choir is sweetly singing
Of Him Who lay, dear Mother, on thy breast.

Hail, Jesus, hail ! to Thee our nightly greetings
Wakeful we raise, though men around us sleep;
Thou wilt not chide Thy Church's oft repeatings;
Do Thou our souls from works of darkness keep! Amen.

Rev. H. N. Oxenham.

From "In Our Lady's Praise," by permission of Dr. E.
Hermitage Day.

498

FOR THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR LADY

St. Alphege or Corpus Christi.

7.6.7.6.

WE keep the Feast in gladness,
In joy and holy mirth,
When our dear Lady Mary
Triumphant left the earth.

The Rod, foretold in story,
Which sprang of Jesse's kin,
The Rod which bore the Flower
That makes us pure within.

The oracles of heaven,
The word of prophets sure.
Announced that wondrous Mother,
The Virgin ever pure.

The blessed among women,
Of mortals honoured most,
In symbol overshadowed
By God the Holy Ghost.

A stainless Maiden, springing
From David's kingly line,
She bore the Everlasting,
She bore the King Divine;

The King of men and Angels,
The Prince of perfect Peace,
Whose might hath no beginning,
Whose might shall never cease.

To Christ the Son of Mary
Be honour, glory, laud,
With Father and with Spirit,
The Everlasting God. Amen.

†Dr. R. F. Littledale.

This hymn can be adapted for the Nativity of Our Lady by substituting Dr. Littledale's original first verse for that given above—as follows:

We keep the Feast in gladness,
When first that Gem of earth,
The Mother of Christ Jesus,
The royal Maid, had birth.

From "In Our Lady's Praise," by permission of Dr. E. Hermitage Day.

499

Nottingham or Orientis Partibus.

7s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Life divine,
Breathe on us Thy life benign;
Life, to join ourselves to Thee,
Life, our life in Thee to see.

Holy Spirit, Fire divine,
With Thy fire our souls refine;
Fire, to purge all sins away,
Fire, to cleanse us for Thy day.

Bounteous Spirit, Light divine,
Cause on us Thy light to shine;
Light, our path in life to see,
Light, to lead our feet to Thee.

Gentle Spirit, Love divine,
With Thy love all love entwine;
Love, in trial peace to give,
Love, for all through life to live.

Royal Spirit, King divine,
Reign within this heart of mine
With the Father and the Son
Who with Thee are ever One. Amen.

Canon John Julian.

500

Maryland.

D.L.M.

TO God most High our hearts belong,
All-glorious in His works and ways;
Lift up your voice in joyous song,
Pour forth your hymns of love and praise;
To Him Who rules the Angel-host
All worship be, below, above,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The King of light and life and love.

All that we have to Him we owe,
All that we are is by His power;
By Him alone we onward go,
He is our Rock, our Strength, our Tower.
To Him Who rules, etc.

The light that shines upon our way,
The ray of truth that guides our feet,
His loving care for man display,
His patience, His compassion sweet.
To Him Who rules, etc.

All that there is of beautiful
In earth's fair fields, in sea and sky,
In splendour set, most wonderful,
The garment is of God most High.
To Him Who rules, etc.

The love and peace that fill the heart,
The hope and joy within the breast—
All these our Father doth impart;
They are His love made manifest.
To Him Who rules, etc.

Encouragement and sure defence—
These giveth God unto His knight;
He resteth on omnipotence
If he but keep his armour bright.
To Him Who rules, etc.

Then thank we God for all His love,
For all His gifts bestowed on man;
Fix we our hearts on things above,
Give all our strength to His great plan.
To Him Who rules, etc. Amen.

C.W.L.

501

St. Cecilia or Quam dilecta.

6s.

HAIL thou, once Mother mild
Of that most wondrous Child,
Whose words, so fair, so sweet,
Still draw men to His feet!

Hail thou, who followedst Him
Far from these regions dim,
Into those clearer skies
To which He bade us rise !

Hail thou, who stoodest free
In that great company
Of conquerors, thine heart
Athirst to know its part !

Hail thou, who, life laid bare
In sevenfold beauty there,
Chosest at length thy post
Amid the Angel-host !

Hail, in the work begun
By thy beloved Son
On earth, for His dear sake,
Who thy glad part dost take !

Hail, treader of the Way !
Hail, victor in the fray !
Hail, teller of love's tale !
Thrice glorious Spirit, hail ! Amen.

D. W. M. Burn.

502

Cross of Jesus.

8.8.8.7.

IN its giving and its getting,
In its smiling and its fretting,
In its peaceful years of toiling,
In those awful days of war,
Ever on the world is moving,
And all human life is proving
It is reaching toward the purpose
That our Father meant it for.

Through its laughing and its weeping,
Through its losing and its keeping,
Through its follies and its labours,
Weaving in and out of sight,
To the end from the beginning,
Through all virtue and all sinning,
Reeled from God's great spool of Progress
Runs the golden thread of Right.

Cease we then from vain repining;
All the while God's love is shining;
May He then such wisdom give us
That we see His hand in all;
Then to Him our anthem raising,
Father, Son and Spirit praising,
In supreme and loving worship
Grateful at His feet we fall. Amen.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

503

Thrones.*

7.5.8.8.7.5.

MIGHTY Angels, Flames of Fire,
Cherubim and Seraphim,
Thrones and Powers and Dominations,
Serving in your lofty stations
God, the Universal Sire,
Glorying in Him;

*In the first verse, two crotchets must be substituted for the first minim in the fourth bar.

In our less exalted place,
In our human ways,
We too serve Him and adore Him,
We too yearn to stand before Him,
See the splendours of His Face,
Hear creation's praise.

We shall stand so, see, and hear—
All that bliss shall know;
When these worlds, their labour ended,
Vanish, utterly transcended,
In their own God-litten sphere
All shall come and go.

One in wisdom, one in will,
One in knowledge then;
Let us now, though separate-seeming,
See that Oneness ever gleaming,
Men of Angels mindful still,
Angelry of men !

So while yet the worlds endure—
Yet delays that hour—
Joys of common service, move us,
Great, small, unseen, seen we prove us
One grand channel, perfect-pure,
Of God's love and power. Amen.

D. W. M. Burn.

504

Salutas.

9.8.D.

COME, sing the sweet song of the ages,
The song of Emmanuel sing;
There comes through the portals eternal
An anthem of praise to the King.

Then loud let our carols of gladness
Re-echo the song of the skies;
Once more to the tidings of glory
The earth in its fullness replies.

Foretold by the word of the prophets,
Decreed by the Wisdom divine,
We hail Him the Hope of the ages,
We offer our hearts at His shrine.
Then loud, etc.

The centuries sing of His coming,
The nations His wonders proclaim;
So, rising from glory to glory,
We sing of His wonderful Name.
Then loud, etc.

The song that is sweetest and noblest
We sing to the Lord we adore;
We crown Him who cometh to help us
Emmanuel, King evermore.
Then loud, etc.

All honour and praise to the Father,
All honour and praise to the Son,
All honour and praise to the Spirit,
The Three Who forever are One.
Then loud, etc. Amen.

Adapted by C.W.L.

505

Bexfield or St. Nicolas.

7.5.7.3.

GOD, That reignest in the Height,
Yet in each dost hide,
Through this year our steps aright
Guide, O guide!

Whatsoe'er before us lie—
Danger, dark distress—
These our hearts with courage high
Bless, O bless !

If aloneness we must face,
And the desert drear,
These our hearts with Thy sweet grace
Cheer, O cheer !

Mark us, from our pathway wide,
Swept by passion's surge;
These our hearts from hate and pride
Purge, O purge !

Saw we, all that lives were dear—
Severance none could make;
These our hearts to vision clear
Wake, O wake !

Slow our climb; to lift us higher,
All too weak our will;
These our hearts with Thy pure fire
Fill, O fill !

God, That reignest in the Height,
Yet in each dost hide,
Through the year our steps aright
Guide, O guide !

D. W. M. Burn.

It will be found necessary to assign two notes each to the first and second words of the last line of each verse.

506

Niké.

Irregular.

WE march, we march to victory,
With the Cross of the Lord before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above
And His holy arm spread o'er us.
We come in the might of the Lord of Hosts,
And our courage will not falter,
For our Captain Himself guards well our coasts
To defend His holy Altar.

We march, we march to victory,
With the Cross of the Lord before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is meditation;
Our banner the Cross we glorify,
Our watchword the Incarnation.
The choir of Angels with song awaits
Our march towards the golden Zion,
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, etc.

We tread to the roll of the organ swell
With our watchword duly given,
For we know there's a triumph no tongue can tell
For those who have bravely striven.

We will fall at the feet of the Lord we love,
We will bring Him our deep devotion,
We will join with the Angels in heaven above
In praising His Love's vast ocean.
We march, etc. Amen.

Rev. Gerard Moultrie.

507

Good Christian men.

P.M.

GOOD Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say.
News! News!
Jesus Christ is born to-day!
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now.
Christ is born to-day!

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss.
Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave.
Peace! Peace!

Jesus Christ was born to save !
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall.
Christ was born to save ! Amen.

Dr. J. M. Neale.

508

Stella.

8s. (six lines).

BEHOLD, our Elder Brothers say,
Time and again as on we press
Through gate on gate that bars the Way
That leads from death to deathlessness,
In His white presence shall we stand
Who holds their keys in His strong hand.

And there will come, They say, an hour
When on our inner eyes will gleam—
All beauty, purity, and power—
The God Incarnate of our dream;
When we shall truly know us His,
For we shall see Him as He is.

Blest words, may they for ever ring
Within our hearts, and urge us still
To make us clean, that so the King
Receive us on His holy hill;
To make us strong to bear the stress
Of His supernal loveliness.

So shall we from the Temple pass
With hearts athrob, with eyes ashine;

So shall our lives thereafter glass
 That radiance humanly divine;
 So shall our fellows wondering trace
 God's glory in a human face. Amen.

D. W. M. Burn.

This hymn was written for the Festival of the Transfiguration.

509

Niké.

Irregular.

THY Love, Lord God, enfoldeth us;
 We are led by its vision splendid;
 We shall love Thee and serve Thee with all our might
 Till the ages of ages be ended.
 Great Father, we bow at Thy sacred Feet,
 All that we have we offer;
 Though weak in ourselves, we are strong in Thee,
 So our service we humbly proffer.

Thy love, Lord God, enfoldeth us;
 We are led by its vision splendid;
 We shall love Thee and serve Thee with all our
 might,
 Till the ages of ages be ended.

The silver thread of the soul of man
 Stretches down through the bygone ages,
 And its brilliant beads are successive lives
 Engraven on history's pages.
 Through the countless years of that progress vast
 Thy Love hath brooded o'er us;
 On every step of that upward Path
 Thy Light hath shone before us.
 Thy love, etc.

From birth Thou hast loved us and watched o'er our weal,
Thou hast stayed us in grief and sorrow,
On many a day that was shrouded in gloom
Thou hast shown us a bright to-morrow.
Thou hast granted us friends who have sweetened our life,
And comrades staunch and loyal;
Thine Angels have sped from Thy heavenly Throne
To bring us Thy blessing royal.
Thy love, etc.

Our grateful hearts Thou hast filled with power
Through Sacraments supernal;
Thou hast given us for mother Thy holy Church,
With her hymns of praise eternal.
Is there naught we can do, O Lord most High,
Our gratitude to tender?
We can use our strength for our brother man,
And loving service render.
Thy love, etc.

All glory to God the Father's Name,
To God the Son all glory;
And to God the Spirit, the Heavenly Flame,
Who shares in the wondrous story.
With the praise of Thee, great Three in One,
The courts of heaven are ringing;
In every land beneath the sun
Thy Church to Thee is singing.
Thy love, etc. Amen.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN

510

Let it pass.

Irregular.

BE not swift to take offence;
Let it pass, let it pass.
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass.
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song,
Let it pass.

Echo not an angry word,
Let it pass, let it pass.
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass.
Since our joys must pass away
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass.

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass, let it pass.
O, be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass.
Time at last makes all things straight,
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass. Amen.

Anon.

511

Sunshine.

8.7.D.

CATCH the sunshine ! though it flickers
Through a dark and dismal cloud;
Though it falls so faint and feeble
On a heart with sorrow bowed;
Catch it quickly, it is passing,
Passing rapidly away;
It has only come to tell you,
There is yet a brighter day.

Catch the sunshine ! though life's tempest
May unfurl the chilling blast,
Catch the little hopeful straggler,
Storms will not for ever last;
Don't give up and feel forsaken;
Don't begin to say you're sad;
Look ! there comes a gleam of sunshine,
Catch it, O ! it seems so glad.

Catch the sunshine ! don't be grieving
O'er that darksome billow there;
Life's a sea of stormy billows—
We must meet them everywhere;
Pass right through them, do not tarry,
Overcome the heaving tide,
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine
Waiting on the other side.

Catch the sunshine ! catch it gladly,
Messenger in hope's employ;
Sent through clouds, through storm and billows,
Bringing you a cup of joy;

Don't be sighing, don't be weeping;
 Life, you know, is but a span;
 There's no time to sigh or sorrow,
 Catch the sunshine while you can. Amen.

†Anon.

By permission of Messrs. Curwen.

512

Robur.

8.5.D.

CHERISH kindly feelings, children,
 Nurse them in your heart,
 Don't forget to take them with you
 When from home you start;
 In the schoolroom, in the home place,
 At your work or play,
 Kindly thoughts and kindly feelings
 Cherish every day.

Cherish kindly feelings, children,
 Toward the old and poor,
 For you know they've many blighting
 Hardships to endure;
 Try to make their burden lighter,
 Help them in their need
 By some sweet and kindly feeling
 Or some generous deed.

Cherish kindly feelings, children,
 While on earth you stay;
 They will scatter light and sunshine
 All along the way;
 Make the path of duty brighter,
 Make your trials less,
 And whate'er your lot or station,
 Bring you happiness. Amen.

Anon.

513

Ruth.

6.5.D.

CHILDREN'S happy voices,
Fresh, and sweet, and bright,
How we love to hear them
In the morning light!
Singing songs of gladness
Through the summer air,
Singing in the meadows,
Singing everywhere.

Singing by the streamlet,
Singing by the sea,
Singing on the moorland,
Singing on the lea;
Singing in the sunlight,
Joy in every breast,
Singing in the moonlight
Songs of peace and rest.

Singing in the schoolroom,
Singing in the choir,
Singing in the homestead,
Singing by the fire;
Blessed children's voices,
Sent from God above,
Filling life with sunshine,
Filling hearts with love! Amen.

H. Ernest Nichol.

514

Day of rest.

7.6.D.

COME, let us sing together,
As leaves sing on the tree
When through the swaying branches
The wind pipes merrily.

Let us repeat a lesson
And unto each impart
That he shall be most blessed
Who keeps the purest heart.

Each child may make his spirit
An Angel clad in clay,
And do an Angel's mission
To others every day,
To live a life of helpfulness,
To act a noble part,
And know he is most blessed
Who keeps the purest heart.

Then let us join together
And try with all our might,
Amid earth's dust and tumult
To keep each action right,
To think or do no evil,
To hurl no venom'd dart,
For he shall be most blessed
Who keeps the purest heart.

Then God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of His grace,
We shall behold for ever
And worship face to face.
Almighty, heavenly Father,
O co-eternal Son,
Life-giving Holy Spirit,
We hail Thee, Three in One. Amen.

Anon.

515

Marguerite.

P.M.

(A) DAISIES of the meadow
In our hands we bear,
Children of the sun and wind
So fresh and fair;
White and pure, with crimson tips
Closing up at night,
Opening wide each golden eye
To greet the morning light.

(B) Roses of the garden
In our hands are seen,
For the rose of all the flowers
Is crowned the queen;
Scented buds of pink and red
Coming into birth,
Opened blooms with ruby hearts,
A touch of heaven on earth.

(A & B) O the lovely flowers,
Bright with morning dew !
Gifts of beauty straight from God
To me and you.

(Repeat)

(A) Daisies are like noontide,
Daisies are the best;

(B) Roses have the lovely tints
That crown the west.

(A) Daisies look towards the sky,

(B) Heaven the roses prove,

(A) Daisies shine with faith and hope,

(B) But roses glow with love.

(A & B) Let us strive no longer
Which the best to call;
God the perfect Father 'tis
Who giveth all.
Windblown daisies, roses fair,
E'en the grassy sod,
Touch our hearts with loving thoughts
And speak to us of God.
O the lovely flowers, etc. Amen.

H. Ernest Nichol.

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The children should be divided into two groups, A and B. Group A to carry daisies; B roses. The portions to be sung by each group are indicated by letters.

516

The Fairies.

P.M.

DO you wonder where the Fairies are
That folks declare have vanished?
They're very near, yet very far,
But neither dead nor banished.
They live in the same green world to-day
As in bygone ages olden,
And you enter in by the ancient way,
Through the ivory gates and golden.

'Tis the land of dreams; O fair and bright
That land to many a rover,
But the heart must be pure and the conscience light
That would cross its threshold over.
The worldly man for its joys may yearn
When pride and pomp embolden;
But never for him shall the hinges turn
Of the ivory gates and golden.

While the innocent child, with eyes undim
As the sky in its blueness o'er him,
Has only to touch its portal's rim,
And it opens wide before him.
Some night when the sun in darkness dips
We'll seek that dreamland olden,
And you shall touch with your finger-tips
The ivory gates and golden. Amen.

Anon.

The tune, "The Fairies," by Dolores, is published as a song by Messrs. Boosey & Co., 295 Regent Street, London, and can be ordered through any music-dealer. The last two lines of each verse should be repeated very softly.

517

Wenceslas.

7.6.D. (Trochaic).

All sing.

GOOD King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

Treble Solo.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou knowest it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

Tenor Solo.

"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

Treble Solo.

“Bring me food and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither.”

All Sing.

Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together,
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

Tenor Solo.

“Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer.”

Treble Solo.

“Mark my footsteps, good my page !
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.”

All Sing.

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing. Amen.

Dr. J. M. Neale.

The parts in this carol are usually wrongly distributed. Wenceslas was at this time a boy of thirteen, and would therefore sing in a treble voice; while the so-called page was a grizzled and hardy warrior, the squire who had attended the young King's father Uradislas on the battlefield.

518

Liberi.

6.5.8.4.

HAPPY little children,
Stand we here to-day,
Ready for the Master's service,
Work or play.

We have hands to serve Him,
Tiny though they be,
They can help in loving actions
Fair and free.

We have eyes to see with,
Bright and wide awake;
They can guide our hands to duty
For His sake.

We have lips to utter
Simple words of love,
With the grace of Christ the Master
Hearts to move.

We have ears to listen
What our teachers say;
We can try to do their bidding
Day by day.

We have feet to hasten,
Quick to run and aid;
For the Master's willing service
They were made.

Linked to one another
In the bonds of love,
In the love of our dear Master,
Christ above. Amen.

H. Ernest Nichol.

519

Sunbeam.

P.M.

IF I were a sunbeam,
I know what I would do,
I'd seek the whitest lilies,
The rainy woodland through;
Stealing in among them,
The softest light I'd shed,
Until each graceful lily
Raised its drooping head.

If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I would go,
Into the lowliest hovels,
All dark with want and woe.
Till sad hearts looked upward
I there would shine and shine,
Then would they think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.

Art not thou a sunbeam,
O child, whose life is glad,
With still an inner radiance
That sunshine never had?
As the Lord has blessed thee,
O scatter rays divine,
For there can be no sunbeam
But must die, or shine. Amen.

By permission of Messrs. Curwen.

Anon.

520

St. Denio or March onward.

11th.D.

IT is time to be brave, it is time to be true,
It is time to be finding the thing you can do.

It is time to put by the dream and the sigh,
And plead for the cause that is holy and high.

Then gird on the armour of love and of light,
Dispel every shadow of darkness and night;
Step forth in the glory of Truth's noonday sun;
The victory is yours; life's battle is won.

It is time to be kind, it is time to be sweet,
To be scattering roses for somebody's feet,
It is time to be sowing, it is time to be growing,
It is time for the flowers of life to be blowing.

Then gird, etc.

It is time to be lowly and humble of heart,
It is time for the lilies of meekness to start;
For the heart to be white, the steps to be right,
The hands to be weaving a garment of light.

Then gird, etc. Amen.

Anon.

521

Christine.

P.M.

KIND words can never die,
Cherished and blest;
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast;
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
And in all years and climes,
Distant and near.

Kind words can never die,
No, never die.

Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours;
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue
They bloom again.
Sweet thoughts can never die,
No, never die.

Childhood can never die;
Thoughts of the past
Float in the memory
Bright to the last;
Many a happy thing,
Many a sunny spring,
Come on time's ceaseless wing
Back to the heart.
Childhood can never die,
No, never die.

Mankind can never die,
Though in the tomb
Our mortal bodies lie,
Wrapt in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay?
The soul will pass away,
And through eternity
Will live and love.
Mankind can never die,
No, never die. Amen.

522

St. Theresa.

6.5.T.

LEAD us, Star of Childhood !
Over life's rough way,
Shine before and guide us
Lest we go astray;
Lead us on, not knowing
What our life may be;
Lead us on, bestowing
Grace to live for Thee.
Jesu, ever near us,
Unto Thee we sing,
Child of Mary, hear us,
Be Thy children's King.

Thou for our salvation
Deigned a Child to be,
And each child's temptation
It is known to Thee;
Thou canst feel its power,
Therefore, Lord, we pray,
In temptation's hour
Be Thy children's stay;
Thus their strength sustaining
To Thee may they cling,
All their victories gaining
Through the children's King.

So while here we're living,
Shield us from all ill,
Guardian Angels giving,
If it be Thy will;
Keep us meek and lowly
O Thou sinless Child,
Like Thee pure and holy,
Like Thee undefiled;

For each child's endeavour,
Passions conquering,
Is but to be ever
Like the children's King.

And our childhood's pleasures,
Lord, to Thee we give,
Talents, time and treasures,
All the days we live.
May we strive to use them
All aright for Thee,
Thou wilt not refuse them,
Worthless though they be;
For each gift, though lowly,
That a child can bring,
Is an offering holy
To the children's King.

Still Thy grace supplying,
Jesu, Saviour dear,
On Thy grace relying,
May we persevere;
Here as faithful children
Of the Church we love,
And hereafter children
Of the Church above.
For in heaven praising,
Children too may sing,
Alleluias raising
To the children's King.

There may we all-glorious
Join the Angel-throng,
And with Saints victorious
Sing the eternal song;

Evermore addressing
 Father, Spirit, Son,
Evermore confessing
 God the Three in One;
 And with worship blending
 Love for evermore,
May we, without ending,
 Love Thee and adore. Amen.

Colonel W. H. Turton.

523

Amicus.

8.7.D.

LITTLE children, you are sowers
 In the fertile fields of life,
Day by day your weak hands scatter
 Seeds of peace or seeds of strife,
Seeds of woe or seeds of gladness,
 Seeds of smiles or seeds of tears,
Seeds of joy or seeds of sadness,
 Seeds of hopes or seeds of fears.

Seeds of never-dying beauty,
 Seeds of bitterness and wrong,
Seeds of holy, fadeless duty
 Sweet as Angels' purest song,
Fair the fertile soil is lying,
 And the seeds your hands must sow
While the golden hours are flying;
 As you scatter they will grow.

Sow the weed, vile weeds will flourish,
 Sow the flowers and flowers will bloom,
For the self-same soil will nourish
 Light and joy or doubt and gloom;

But your hands must do the gleanings
When the harvest has been grown.
Do you grasp the solemn meaning?
Each shall reap as he has sown.

None can put aside the wormwood,
Though its bitterness you quaff,
None can gather up the brambles,
None can winnow out the chaff;
And if harvests fair of beauty
You would gather by and by,
You must scatter seeds of duty,
O'er the fields that round you lie.

Little children, you are sowers
For the better land above,
May your hands, by Angels guided,
Only sow the seeds of love
So that when shall fall around you
Sunlight of the harvest day,
You will find no thorns to wound you
And no wrongs to bar your way. Amen.

†Emma Train.

524

Catena.

Irregular.

LITTLE links of gold are we
In a chain of love,
Reaching from this earth of ours
Up to God above.

May my link be ever bright,
Shining with a heavenly light,
A heavenly light.

Every little link must be
Strong and pure and fine;
With the other little links.
Closely must it twine.
May, etc.

Glowing with eternal love
May we ever last,
Quick to clasp all broken links,
Hold them close and fast.
May, etc.

Love to lower creatures dumb,
Love to birds and flowers,
Is the duty of each link
In this chain of ours.
May, etc.

Love to parents, teachers, friends,
In each link should move;
Love to Christ the Holy One,
Love to God above.
May, etc.

Stretching downward, upward, round,
See this chain unfold,
Binding all the world in one
With its links of gold.
May, etc. Amen.

H. Ernest Nichol.

525

Maryland.

D.L.M.

NAY, speak no ill ! a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind,
And to repeat each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide,
Would fain another's fault efface;
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No; let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then O, the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can. Amen.

Charles Swain.

526

Hermas.

G.S.T.

PANSIES, lilies, roses,
Flowers of every hue,
Take each one as bringing
Thoughts of God to you.

Telling wondrous story
Of the power divine,
Whispering of beauty
In each hue and line.

O those lowly Angels,
Bright with sun and dew,
Listen to the message
Which they bring to you.

Just as yon bright star-world
Shows the might of God,
So does every floweret,
Springing from the sod.
He who guides the star-world
Curbs the ocean's power,
With the same hand painteth
Every leaf and flower.
O those, etc.

Let your hearts be flowers,
Fragrant, beauteous, bright,
Like us gladly glistening
In the morning light,
Showing forth the glory
Of diviner love,
Whispering more clearly
Of a God above.
O those, etc.

Fairer than the flowers,
Greater than the sky,
Are the little children,
Sons of God most high;

Shining with a glory
Far above the sun
In his splendour rising
Through the heavens to run.
O those, etc. Amen.

Based on Frances R. Havergal.

By permission of James Nisbet & Co., Ltd.

527

Moscow.

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy Name to sing,
And here our children bring
To sing Thy praise.

Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife.
In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
Our Christ our glory is
Who gave us life.

Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our Pride,
Our Staff and Song.
We sing Thy praise, Most High;
Let earth and sea and sky
From depth to height reply
Both loud and long.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praise on high,
And joyful sing.
Children and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King. Amen.

Based on Tr. by H. M. Dexter.

The original of this is the earliest known Christian hymn. It appears about 200 A.D., and is mentioned by St. Clement of Alexandria as already well known. The above version has, however, been much modified.

528

Salutas.

P.M.

SOW flowers and flowers will blossom,
Around you wherever you go;
Sow weeds and of weeds reap the harvest;
You'll reap whatsoever you sow.
Sow flowers and blessings will ripen;
Sow hatred and hatred will grow;
Sow kindness and reap sweet compassion;
You'll reap whatsoever you sow.
You'll reap whatsoever you sow,
You'll reap whatsoever you sow,
The harvest is certainly coming,
You'll reap whatsoever you sow.

Sow love and its sweetness uprising
Shall fill all your heart with its glow;
Sow hope and receive its fruition;
You'll reap whatsoever you sow.

In faith sow the truths that are taught us;
To someone a blessing will flow,
And souls shine like stars through your efforts;
You'll reap whatsoever you sow.
You'll reap, etc. Amen.

Ella Lauder.

The last four lines of the tune must be repeated. A more suitable tune is to be found in Sacred Songs & Solos, No. 403.

529

Trichinopoly or Westridge.

7.6.D.

THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their gold;
And some may bring their greatness,
And glories new and old.
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth nor wisdom,
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls nobly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.

And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them—
Yet these a child may bring. Amen.

Anon.

530

Innocents or Nottingham.

7s.

THOUGH our lives have little length,
Though our hearts have little strength,
Though our hands have little skill,
Each may do a something still.

Each will meet on life's rough road
Some one with a heavier load;
Each may bring a little rest
To some weak and weary breast.

Each may plant some spot of earth
With a flower of purer birth;
Each may sow beside his door
Better seeds than grew before.

Each may check unholy might
With some whispered word of right:
Each may aim a shaft at wrong
Every day his whole life long.

Let us ask each morn anew,
What for others can I do?
And at each declining sun,
What for others have I done?

Now in truth, in joy, in love,
We will join the choirs above,
Praising with the heavenly Host
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

†A. Hume

531

In Memoriam.*

7.6.D.

TRIP lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong;
We only make grief double,
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though all the way be dark;
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gaily sing the lark.
Fair hopes have not departed,
Though roses may have fled;
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom,
We've pearls to string of gladness,
On this side of the tomb,
While stars are nightly shining,
And heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead. Amen.

†J. H. Leslie.

*Omit the first note of the first line in each verse.

532

FOR CHRISTMAS

Onyx.

6.5.6.5.

WAKEN ! Christian children,
Up and let us sing
With glad voice the praises
Of our new-born King.

Up ! 'tis meet to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children
"Let them come to Me."

In a manger lowly
Sleeps the Heavenly Child;
O'er Him fondly bendeth
Mary, Mother mild.

Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star out-shineth,
Watching silently.

Fear not then to enter.
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense
Fitting for a King.

Gifts He asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

Brighter than all jewels
Shines the kindly eye;
Best of gifts He loveth
Infant purity.

Haste we then to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day. Amen.

533

Alstone.

L.M.

WE are but little children weak,
Not born in any high estate,
What can we do for Christ's dear sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

We hear that Holy Innocents
Laid down for Him their infant life,
And martyrs brave and patient Saints
Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learned like vows to pay;
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Him to-day?

O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A sleepless vigilance to keep,
A weary war to wage with sin.

When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

With smiles of peace, and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humour brighten there,
And do all for our Master's sake.

There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Christ's sweet sake. Amen.

‡Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

534

Somnus.

7s.D.

WHEN the children go to sleep,
Little stars their kind watch keep,
Shining down so calm and clear,
Whispering gently, "Do not fear!"
Then the Angels from above
Bid them come with words of love
Into realms of pure delight,
There to bide till morning light.

When the stars have gone to sleep,
And the sun his watch doth keep,
Pouring forth his light and heat,
Laden rich with promise sweet.
Then the Angels from on high,
Gently breathe a soft "Good-bye!"
And the children wing their flight
Back to earth till starry night. Amen.

Anon.

535

St. Casimir.

8.7.D.

WITH the light be up and doing,
For there's danger in delay;
Hope deferred but leads to ruin,
"Now or never" wins the day.
With the thought the deed begin it,
Act at once upon the spot.
What you'd gain, the way to win it
Strike the iron while it's hot.

Good advice, ye need not spurn it;
 But the man who'll soonest rise
 Faces danger but to turn it,
 And upon himself relies.
 Never wait another's aiding—
 You yourself may be forgot,
 Lose no time in vain upbraiding,
 Strike the iron while it's hot.
 Would ye do a kindly action?
 Though your aid be vainly lent,
 There is still the satisfaction
 That the act was kindly meant.
 Pause not then to ask another
 If to do the deed or not;
 Look on each as on a brother;
 Strike the iron while it's hot. Amen.

Amen.

A tune specially written for these words may be found in
 The Church of England Temperance Society's Hymns and
 Songs, No. 177.

536

Nottingham.

7s.

YOUNG and loving as we are,
 We would be like yonder star;
 Shining always pure and bright,
 Evermore a source of light.
 We would be like laden trees,
 Bearing plenteous fruits that please—
 Fruits of kindness, winsome, rare,
 Fruits of love without compare.
 We would be like scent of flowers,
 Making rich this world of ours
 With the fragrance of our deeds,
 Satisfying human needs.

We would be like streamlets clear
Murmuring songs of health and cheer,
Active, innocent, and sweet,
E'er refreshing all we meet.

We would be like larks in spring
When the fields are blossoming—
Sing enraptured as we rise,
Gaze on earth with tender eyes.

We would be like Angel choirs
Wakened by celestial fires,
Praising with the heavenly Host
Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Anon.

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ORDER OF ARRANGEMENT.

The metres in the following metrical index have been arranged in the following order:—

- C.M. (common metre) 8.6.8.6.
- D.C.M. (double common metre).
- L.M. (long metre) 8.8.8.8.
- D.L.M. (double long metre).
- S.M. (short metre) 6.6.8.6.
- D.S.M. (double short metre).

The above are the metres most commonly in use. All others are arranged according to the number of syllables in the first line. Thus, for example, metres with six syllables in the first line (6s.) come first, then those with seven (7s.), and so on.

Within each group the same scheme is followed; for example, the metre 7.4.7.4 (seven syllables in the 1st line, four in the 2nd, seven in the 3rd, and four in the 4th) comes before the metre 7.5.7.3, because the number of syllables in the second line is less in the first case than in the second.

Tunes with a smaller number of lines precede those with a greater number of lines, provided the number of syllables in each line is equal, for instance, 6.5.6.5 precedes 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5, written 6.5.D. (double meaning 8 lines); 6.5.T. (triple meaning 12 lines).

Tunes with irregular or peculiar metre come last of all, and are arranged alphabetically.

It will be understood that A. & M. means Hymns Ancient and Modern; C.H. stands for The Church Hymnal; S.S.H.

indicates The Sunday School Hymnal; L.S. denotes Lotus Songs; and St. A. signifies the St. Alban Musical Supplement.

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10s.

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O Quanta Qualia ..	235	..	187
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10s. (six lines).

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Yorkshire (Stockport)	61	35

10s. (twelve lines).

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A. & M. C.H. S.S.H. L.S. St. A.

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Lux benigna	266	509			
Lux vera					24
Marguerite				2	
Mitis				24	
Nicæa	160	416	415		
Nikè					5
Portal					14
Prospect					29
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